

# CHATELAINE

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

I TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE  
COURTESAN OF THE SEINE--

A Story About Paris by Eva-lis Wuorio

Ten Simple Steps to Easy Wallpapering

SEPTEMBER 1951 15 CENTS

CHATELAINE INTRODUCES  
THE GLADCAP  
SEE PAGE 104



She wears the cleanest clothes  
in town

... her mother swears by *TIDE*!

She wears the cleanest clothes in town—  
So does her little brother.  
Their clothes are always washed with Tide—  
They've got a clever mother! 

# NEW *Tide* GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!



**P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?**

With new Tide you can skip rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!

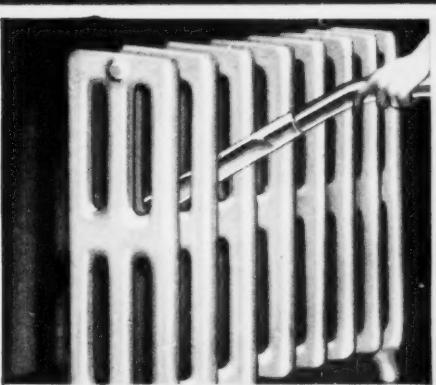
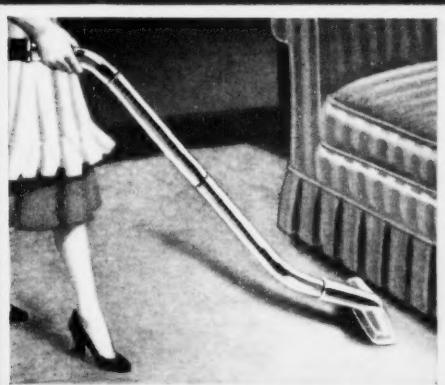
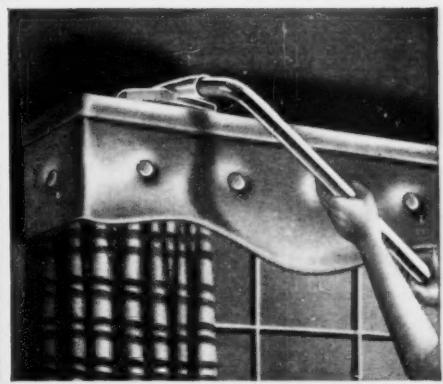
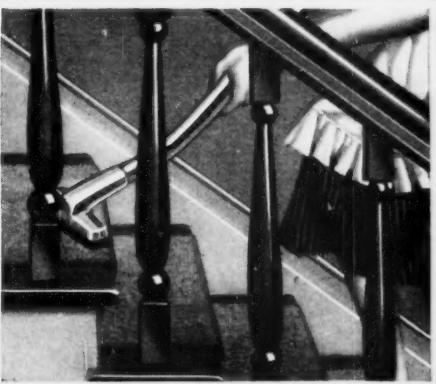
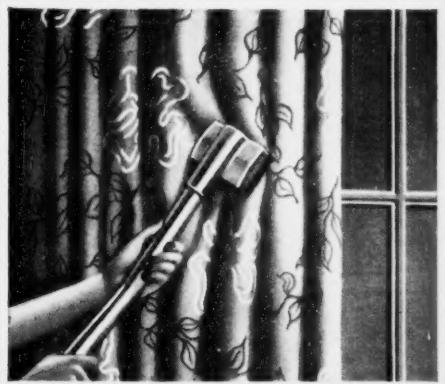
**No soap—no other product sold in all Canada will wash as clean as *TIDE*!**

**NEW STEPPED-UP WASHING POWER!** Every grain of new Heavyweight Tide does more work—gets clothes *cleaner*! Just try it in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a *cleaner* wash than you'll get with any soap—or any other washing product sold from coast to coast! You'll get the *cleanest* wash in town!

**NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO!** Yes, Ma'am! In hardest water, new Heavyweight Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be so *shining white* . . . so radiantly *clean*, you'll never want to trust them to anything else but Tide!

**AND BRIGHTER!** Just wait till you see how your soap-dulled colors *glow* after a Tide wash! Your wash prints look so *crisp* and *fresh* . . . the fabric feels so *soft* . . . irons so *beautifully*, you'll say there's nothing like Tide! And there *isn't*! Get new Tide today—and hang the *cleanest* wash in town on *your* line!

# Dirt can't hide anywhere from...



## GENERAL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANERS



Guarding your investment in expensive rugs, drapes and other home furnishings — and preserving their beauty — is a job your G-E Vacuum Cleaner will do efficiently and with minimum effort.

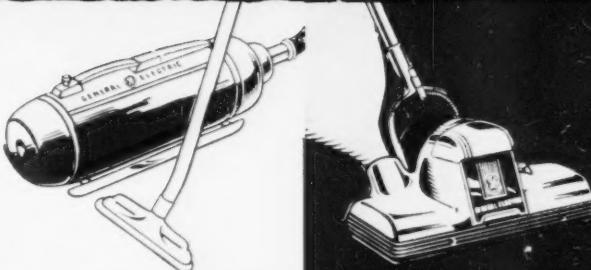
A G-E Vacuum Cleaner — with its set of handy attachments — offers a most convenient way of doing all your house cleaning, from basement to attic, from floor to ceiling . . . removing deep-down dirt that cuts into the life and beauty of your rugs and carpets . . . brightening up drapes and curtains . . . cleaning in and around radiators and hard-to-get-at places.

A demonstration at your nearest G-E Dealer's store will convince you that here is the answer to easier, faster, more thorough housecleaning . . . you'll understand why Canadian housewives have, for years, put their confidence in G-E Vacuum Cleaners.

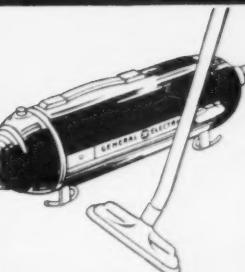
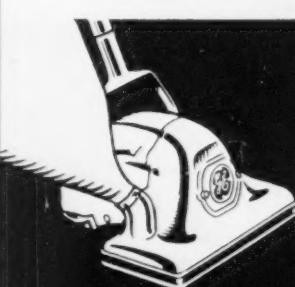
**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY  
LIMITED**

Head Office: Toronto — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

**A Cleaner for every need...every budget**



Deluxe Home Cleaner



Cylinder Model



Along with your Regular Hair-Washing...

## Never Omit the Listerine Antiseptic Massage

The "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*) is one of the stubborn germs associated with dandruff.



### There's a Reason, Lady:

It's the simply delightful way of guarding against dandruff which troubles so many women and raises hell with the scalp and the appearance of the hair. It's the treatment that has helped so many.

At any moment the germs associated with dandruff, particularly the "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*), may be on your scalp threatening real trouble.

Don't expect too much help from soap and water or other hair-washing preparations. They are not designed to be pernickety and pernickety action is called for when you have dandruff. So, it's Listerine Antiseptic and massage for you, every time you wash your hair.

As it spreads over scalp and hair, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the germs associated with dandruff including the "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*).



### If dandruff has started

If you have any evidence of persistent flakes, scales and itching get busy with Listerine Antiseptic and massage every day... twice a day is better.

You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear... how wonderfully fresh and healthy your scalp feels... how well your hair looks.

Such prompt early treatment may head off a real case of trouble. Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatments brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouth-wash and gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO.  
(Canada) Ltd.  
Toronto, Ontario

As a precaution, as a treatment for **DANDRUFF**

PS. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Made in Canada

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VOLUME 24

NUMBER 9

Cover photograph by Paul Rockett—Panda

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## WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT

# Chatelaine MAGAZINE?

My job as editor of Chatelaine is an enthralling one. I realized it again on a blue Monday recently, when I found myself saying vehemently to our teen-agers: "Look, kids—if after many years on the same job, you can go to work with the same sense of excitement and expanding horizons as I do—you'll be mighty lucky!"

I believe all Canadian editors feel that sense of excitement and growth—because our magazines are keyed to the expansion of Canada itself. Our country is developing a mind of its own; a national consciousness, a vital personality. It's stimulating just trying to keep up with it.

Also, it's increasingly difficult, for many reasons. The Massey Report on Arts, Sciences and Letters reveals some of them. It points out, for instance, that American publications outsell Canadian two to one. "Canadian magazines," says the report, "unlike Canadian textiles or Canadian potatoes, are sheltered by no protective tariff, although the growing extent of the Canadian market has attracted the attention of American advertisers and magazines so that competition from the south has become increasingly vigorous."

Yet Canadian magazines are growing lustily. Something very tangible happened to our Canadian consciousness during World War II, and as an editor I can see it reflected in your reading habits. For instance today you will read about unknown Canadians, eagerly. Ten years ago few of you would bother.

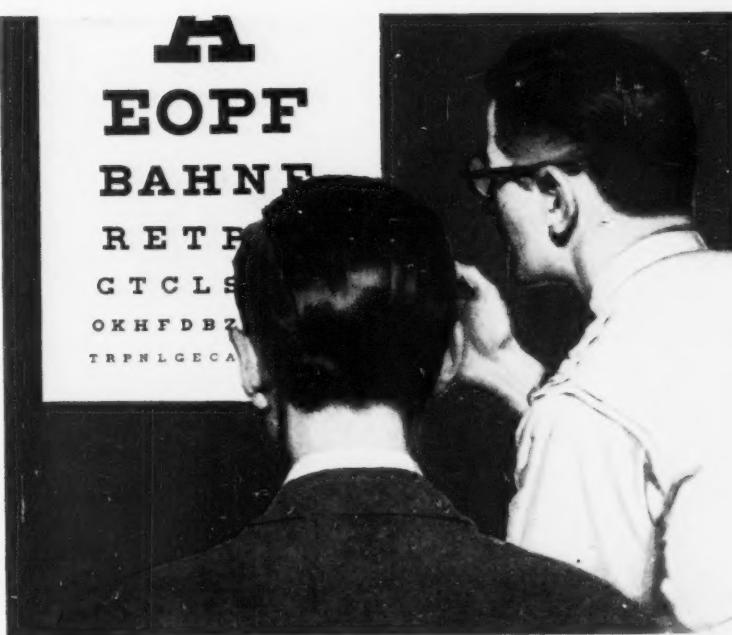
Canadian magazines are working hard to interpret Canada to Canadians. Someone pointed out to me the other day that there are only three cross-country channels of communication—the railways, the CBC and national magazines. Says the Massey Report, "The periodical press . . . does undoubtedly make a conscious and, it seems to us, a successful appeal to the country as a whole; and in our periodical press we have our closest approximation to a national literature."

About 80% of the contents of Canadian magazines is Canadian in authorship and material. The remainder, on the whole, represents part of our fiction which must be bought elsewhere. There are as yet not enough top artists in the fiction field in Canada. Even when there are, I believe we will always use a percentage of writers from other countries. Who wants to confine our fiction to one country's output alone?

Are you really interested in Canadian magazines? One way to help would be to share your thinking. I wish you'd drop me a note about Chatelaine, for instance, when you get a moment. We'd all like to know the things you enjoy and the ones you don't; the changes you'd like to see; the new features you'd introduce if you yourself were editor. It would be helpful to all of us—so please do!

Byne Hops Sanders

**EOPF**  
**BAHNE**  
**RETR**  
**GTCLS**  
**OKHFDBZ**  
**TRPNLGECA**



## Do your eyes need help?

ACCORDING to recent estimates, one out of every five children of school age have faulty vision. Among adults over 40, two out of every three have visual defects.

To help maintain good vision throughout life and protect general health, doctors recommend that everyone follow the safeguards below.

### The child's eyes . . .

Faulty visual habits are often formed during childhood which may lead to defects in later years when correction may be more difficult.

A child's eyes should be examined at age three or four, again before entering school and after starting to read—even though no signs of eye trouble are evident.

There are many common diseases that affect the eyes of children. Most of them are mild—but some may be serious. Both may start in the same way—with redness, flow of tears, blinking, squinting, or scowling, accompanied by little or no pain. So, if these or other signs of eye trouble appear, it is wise to see a doctor.

Specialists caution against delay in the use of glasses if a child needs them. Glasses generally help the child to improve his vision, or overcome other eye defects—often within a relatively short time.

### The adult's eyes . . .

After age 40, periodic examinations of the eyes are especially important. They provide a double safeguard. First, by discovering defects and diseases of

the eye itself. Second, by helping to detect conditions such as high blood pressure, diabetes, and hardening of the arteries which often reveal themselves by changes in the eyes.

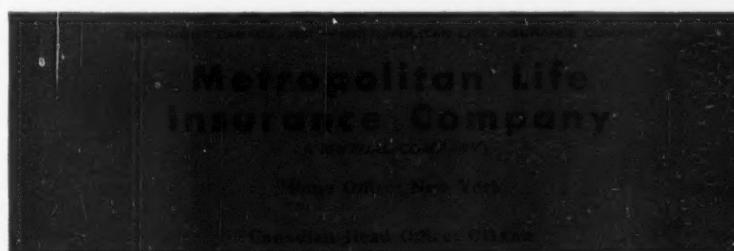
Fortunately, more can be done today than ever before to check or cure some of the more serious eye conditions—thanks to new drugs and improved surgical techniques.

Three common eye defects—nearsightedness, farsightedness, and astigmatism—can usually be corrected by properly fitted glasses. Only an eye specialist is qualified to prescribe glasses or other special eye treatments.

Under proper medical care, most of the threats to good vision can be corrected or cured so that the eyes may be used efficiently throughout life.

### To help keep the eyes in good condition:

1. Read with a clear, good light falling from above and behind you.
2. Rest your eyes at frequent intervals when reading or doing close work.
3. Except for easily removable particles, trust only to expert help for removing a foreign body from the eye.
4. Be alert to the warnings of eye trouble—headaches, blurred vision, eye fatigue, inflammation of the eyes or lids, spots before the eyes and colored halos around lights.
5. Use eye safety devices exactly according to instructions.
6. Have your eyes examined regularly by an eye specialist.





## Let's have a party!...



### It's Party Fare!

Choose several varieties of ready-to-serve meats from this list and allow about 3 slices of meat per guest.

BOLOGNA • COOKED HAM • SALAMI  
• LIVERWURST • BRAUNSCHWEIGER  
SAUSAGE • MINCED HAM • SPICED HAM  
• VEAL LOAF • PORK LOAF • VARIETY  
LOAF • BLUTWURST • DUTCH LOAF •  
CHICKEN LOAF • MOSAIC LOAF • JELLED  
VEAL • JELLED TONGUE • HAM LOAF  
• POLISH SAUSAGE • PIMENTO LOAF •  
MACARONI & CHEESE LOAF • LIVER  
& BACON LOAF.

Crusty bread—White, Rye or  
French loaves—Mustard, Pickles,  
Olives, Celery, Canadian Cheese,  
Swiss Cheese, Crackers.



## Let's keep it simple

The smart hostess nowadays (that's you) plans her party refreshments so she can have fun too. Serve a delicious, help-yourself Smorgasbord and you won't have to cook a single thing—just make coffee! Your butcher, grocer or delicatessen store has the leading top-quality brands of these tasty, hearty meats all ready-to-serve.



CELLULOSE CASINGS PROTECT THE FLAVOUR  
Viking LIMITED, LINDSAY, ONTARIO

## I Tried to...

"It is a miracle I am alive and well

again, a modern miracle that took anguished  
months to work itself out"

On September 23, 1949, I tried to take my own life. After that I stayed in a private hospital for weeks, defeated, useless. I recognized no one. I did only what I was told to do. I was in a state of complete mental and spiritual collapse.

Today I am a new person. I look younger instead of older than my age, now forty-odd. I eat, talk, sing and laugh again. I enjoy my family and my housework. I entertain and go visiting. I write again. My relatives and friends, remembering, look at me in amazement and declare a miracle has taken place.

I believe it is a miracle that I am well again, although it is perhaps typical of these complex, troubled times that my miracle was no swift and simple act like the restoring of a blind man's sight, in the Bible. Instead, this modern miracle took anguished months to work itself out, and it came through a combination of psychiatry, shock treatment—and faith.

I think what happened to me is typical, too, of what a tremendous number of ordinary people have gone through in recent years—even though they have not all come so close to disaster. That is why I think my story is worth telling and may even help someone else like me.

I am a homemaker living in a large city where my husband is a successful building contractor. We have four children, now all young people with their own ideas and going their confident way. Douglas is working at a job he likes, Jane and John—the twins—are at university, and Marion is in her last year at high school.

On the face of these things it seems preposterous that what occurred that terrible day two years ago should ever have happened to me. I remember it was a beautiful fall Sunday, too. My husband and I had been to church and then the whole family, including my mother-in-law, who lived with us, sat down to dinner.

### This Endless Wrangling

That is when it all surged up around me—the bickering and the bitterness that seemed lately to accompany every meal. The simplest remark could spark the most violent argument. Everybody had their own ideas . . . all different, all emphatic.

# Commit Suicide

ANONYMOUS

As always, I was miserably in the middle of it all, the hopeless referee, trying to resolve the differences of three generations. A wiser woman would have seen the humor of four teen-and-twenties, a middle-aged man and an old woman trying to reorganize the world. A more dominant woman would have shut them up. A weaker woman would have wept and found relief. But this endless wrangling seemed to me a humiliating exposure of our failure as a family, by which I really meant the failure of my husband and my children to live up to the ambitions I had for them all. And for this failure I blamed myself entirely.

I don't know that this unhappy Sunday dinner was any worse than many others but something in my brain snapped. Sick at heart with misery and tense with despair, I went upstairs where I took my bottle of sleeping pills from the drawer and started swallowing them, one after the other.

Only the fact that my stomach, in its tense and knotted state, wouldn't retain the stuff saved me. I was violently ill before I slumped unconscious on the bathroom floor. But fortunately Janey had noticed something strange in my face when I left the table, and when she had finished the dishes she came up to talk to me.

## Eight Weeks of Living Death

It was she who found me and called the doctor. But none of the family knew then or for months that I had tried to kill myself, for when I came to I was completely out of my mind.

For eight weeks the state I was in might be called a living death. Janey left university and took over running the house and caring for me during the daytime. Her father and she took turns watching me at nights.

I would neither work nor eat. I refused to dress myself. I rarely slept. No sedative lasted more than a couple of hours, after which I would weep and moan. I was beyond the stage where trying to reason with me was any use, or where I could co-operate when the psychiatrist called in by our family doctor tried to draw me out for psychoanalysis. When both Janey and her dad were exhausted and I was still no better, I was taken to a private mental hospital. + *Continued on next page*

Again Heinz tomato-magic brings you brighter, heartier, more nourishing meals

At the peak of perfection Heinz Aristocrat tomatoes are picked, cooked and bottled within a matter of hours, capturing in sunny September the red-ripe goodness you will be able to enjoy all the year round.

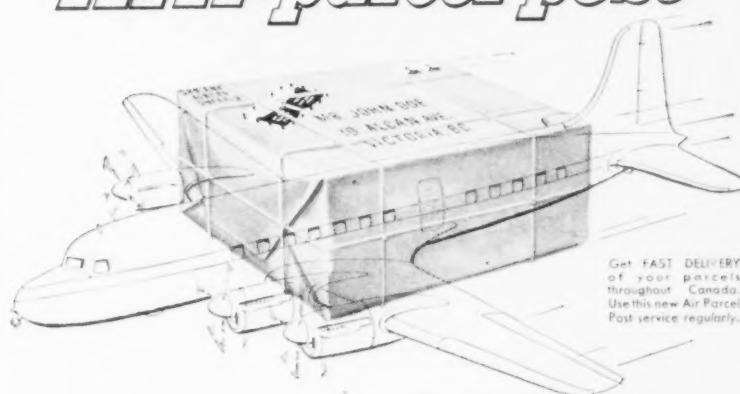
Heinz Tomato Juice as a cocktail, Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup as a warming first course, and Heinz Tomato Ketchup and Chili Sauce to enliven the flavor of main dishes—these four of the famous 57 Varieties enjoy top popularity, for two reasons—first, because Heinz chefs are especially expert with tomatoes, and second, because only a pedigreed crop is good enough for Heinz. That's why we say "Tomato Time is Heinz Time".

YOU KNOW THEY'RE GOOD  
BECAUSE THEY'RE HEINZ

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP  
HEINZ CHILI SAUCE  
HEINZ TOMATO SAUCE  
HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

**NOW** SEND YOUR PARCELS BY

## AIR parcel post



Get FAST DELIVERY  
of your parcels  
throughout Canada.  
Use this new Air Parcel  
Post service regularly.

Send your parcels by air.

You can do so now... by using the new Air Parcel Post.

This new service has been inaugurated by the Post Office to provide Canadians with an additional form of postal service second to none in speed and efficiency... at lowest possible rates.

**CANADA POST OFFICE**

G. Edward Rinfret, K.C., M.P., Postmaster General  
W. J. Turnbull, Deputy Postmaster General

## "Hollywood won't show my favorite scenes!"



says **JANE RUSSELL**, starring in  
"HIS KIND OF WOMAN"  
an RKO RADIO PICTURE

"I'm always cast in exotic roles, so no one sees me in settings I like best... at the bowling alley and golf course. These sports are harsh on my hands."



And hours of badminton leave my skin parched...



But Jergens Lotion softens my hands and face...



So they're lovely for close-ups at the studio."



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?  
To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't bead on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

15c, 37c, 65c, \$1.15. Made in Canada

## *I Tried to Commit Suicide (Continued)*

### "Nobody knew I had tried to kill myself,"

I shall always think back to that "home" with gratitude. It was a beautiful old mansion converted into an excellent small hospital. There were no locked doors or compulsion of any kind, but there was firm discipline. If left to myself I would have lain in bed, but instead I was urged to get up and persuaded to use the pleasant sitting room, though I hated the noisy radio and never did join in the games the other patients played.

But the occupational therapists started me knitting and I began to enjoy the twice-daily walks that were part of the routine. After the hospital beautician gave me a permanent I took an interest in my appearance again. But surprising as it must seem to anyone on the "outside," the best thing of all were the three-weekly visits to the general hospital nearby for electric shock treatments. "Shock" was popular with all the patients who took such treatments and it was like an outing when the taxis drove up and whisked us all away. I can assure anyone who believes shock treatments to be frightening and painful that they are nothing of the sort.

At the hospital I would wait my turn to be called into a small treatment room. Here an attendant helped me onto a narrow table, rubbed a sticky substance on my forehead and adjusted a rubber band with metal clamps over my head. I would hear the kind voice of the doctor speak reassuringly to me from where he stood at the end of the bed, then he would give a signal and I would be "out" for a few seconds.

### Like a Happy Child

Gradually I began to forget my worries and take an interest in life. I helped with the dishes in the hospital kitchen, and as I became more cheerful I would look forward to visits from my husband and children. My psychiatrist has since explained that this lifting of my depression was the effect of the electric shock therapy, temporarily blotting out many memories of the past.

At the end of the six weeks I was brought home again to start to build up a new life.

There was so much I had forgotten—the good with the bad... friends, events, books, the names of plants, along with the black memories—that for a long time I was like a happy child.

My steady recovery after my return home I owed mostly to Jane who taught me that I was surrounded by the love of family and friends. She calmed my fears. She answered hundreds of questions patiently. She stood by and guarded me from mistakes as I took on more of the family responsibilities. She tried to renew my faith in God and myself. This attempt failed then but through no fault of hers. My psychiatrist's contribution, once I was able to think things through again, was to help me discover what had brought me to such a crisis in middle age, by getting me to probe back into my youth and childhood.

I was the eldest daughter in a family of five. My father was a Methodist minister and we were constantly reminded that our bread and butter depended upon our behavior, our

## for when I came to I was out of my mind"

appearance and our earnest religious devotion. This made me feel everyone else was more important than we were, yet, perhaps in defense, I became imbued with the idea that in mind and soul we were superior beings.

We children could always count on having our defects pointed out so these might be corrected, while our good points were ignored lest we become vain. This drove me to try harder and harder to excel in schoolwork and in games merely to win the approval that was always denied me. But although I did well in English and languages I was hopeless in maths and science. Then I hurt my back, and games of any kind were forbidden.

We were of course brought up according to the narrowest puritan code—no dancing, no card playing, no movies. Going to church, knowing your Bible and believing its every word to be inspired, provided a sure passport to heaven. To lack conversion, to fail in your "duty," was to take the plunging path to a hell that was real and terrifying to my sensitive soul and vivid imagination. So I threw myself into the only kind of activities permitted me, teaching Sunday school, singing in choirs, playing the piano for young people's groups.

We were constantly moving from one furnished parsonage to another. In 40 years I have lived in 24 different communities, yet despite all this moving about through life I was always carefully insulated from it by my sheltered upbringing and, later, by the demands of my own growing family of four children.

But the world in which I lived had been changing all around me even if I wasn't too aware of it. I had come through two wars, a boom and a depression; I had lived through the horse and buggy age into the atomic age. Yet life didn't start to catch up with me until about 1939.

Then, as my husband's business prospered, we moved to a fine new home in a high-class residential district. At the same time my youngest child went off to school, so that from that point on my family's needs no longer kept me so busy.

I threw myself into outside activities—directing a Red Cross group, helping to organize a home and school association. Jim and I joined a bridge club and we entertained a great deal.

### Cringing With Fear

But under cover of all this activity I was frustrated, envious and afraid. Every home I entered seemed finer than mine and all the new friends I made possessed the social graces for which I yearned.

I tried hard to keep up, reading articles and attending lectures, trying to sop up Good Taste and Culture like a sponge. I was also trying to keep up with my family, for as the children grew older and went out to work and school they became more and more patronizing and cynical about everything their father and I had ever taught them. Appalled at the gulf that was growing between us I started reading serious books—biography, philosophy, psychology, history, religion. A new and fascinating world

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*Continued on page 35*



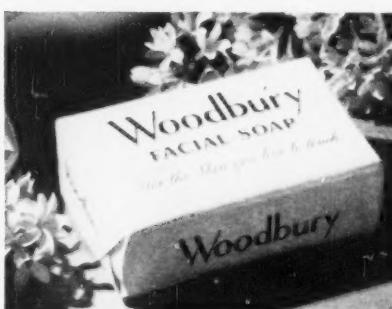
## Which one is the daughter?

*Here's the Beauty Secret of a famous mother who looks as young as her daughter*

If you saw these women on the street, you might turn and say: "What lovely sisters!" But you'd be *wrong*. For Mrs. Dee F. Bredin is Denise's mother!

Many people make that wonderful mistake about this New York socialite. Mrs. Bredin furthers the illusion by keeping the accent on youth in her clothes, her hair-do, and so very important—her complexion! It glows with mature beauty, yet it's youthfully smooth and radiant thanks to *one* soap. Woodbury!

For Woodbury is more than a cleanser. It's made by skin scientists who add an emollient face cream ingredient—a rich oil—to every cake!



While some soaps may dry delicate skin, Woodbury softens. This rich cream ingredient is intended to help *replace* the natural oils you wash away.

Any complexion is younger-looking with Woodbury care. Ask Mrs. Bredin (the woman on the right). Or ask daughter Denise, another radiant Woodbury Deb. Better still, try Woodbury Facial Soap yourself! (Made in Canada)

## Woodbury Facial Soap

*...with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient  
for the skin you love to touch*

# Pick a Color from the Rainbow!



*Color-Keyed to Your Kitchen!*

## INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER Refrigerators

Exclusive with International Harvester! Gorgeous color comes to refrigerators, to make *your* kitchen sing with a gleaming color accent! Ten brilliant colors to choose from — in cleverly designed, changeable door handle plaques to fit any color scheme.

*they're feminineered!*

... and YEARS AHEAD! Chore-savers by the score! Spacious shelves of chrome or stainless steel! Pantry-Dor, Bottle Opener, Butter Keeper, full-width Freezers, Coldstream Crispers, Egg-O-Mat! Seven sizes, seven prices. See them, now!

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

International Harvester Also Builds Home Freezers . . . McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . Motor Trucks . . . Industrial Power

International Harvester Refrigerators and Home Freezers are made for 60 cycle current only.



## COUNTRY SCHOOLMARM

Miss Lydia Small, a tallish, smiling, ruddy-complexioned, quietly energetic woman with greying hair who has spent most of her life teaching in country schools around York, Wentworth, Peel and Simcoe counties in Ontario, has a formula for managing children that would be hard to improve.

"We haven't any rules," she says. "We just all get along."

She hastens to add, however, that the problem isn't a difficult one in a school the size of hers—a weathered, red-brick, one-room country school known as S.S. No. 12, Tiny Township,

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

located in the flat, snake-fenced farmlands of southern Georgian Bay, 73 miles north of Toronto. She has taught as many as four classes totaling 52 children at the same time, but there were only nine pupils in her school last term ranging from seven to fourteen and representing six grades, the lowest, first; the highest, eighth. (One pupil was away sick when Chatelaine's pictures were taken.)

"In general," Miss Small explains, "rural children are much quieter and better behaved than city children. They all have work to do at home and this gives them a greater sense of responsibility."

*She believes in the three R's—and that children learn best while enjoying themselves*

Continued ►

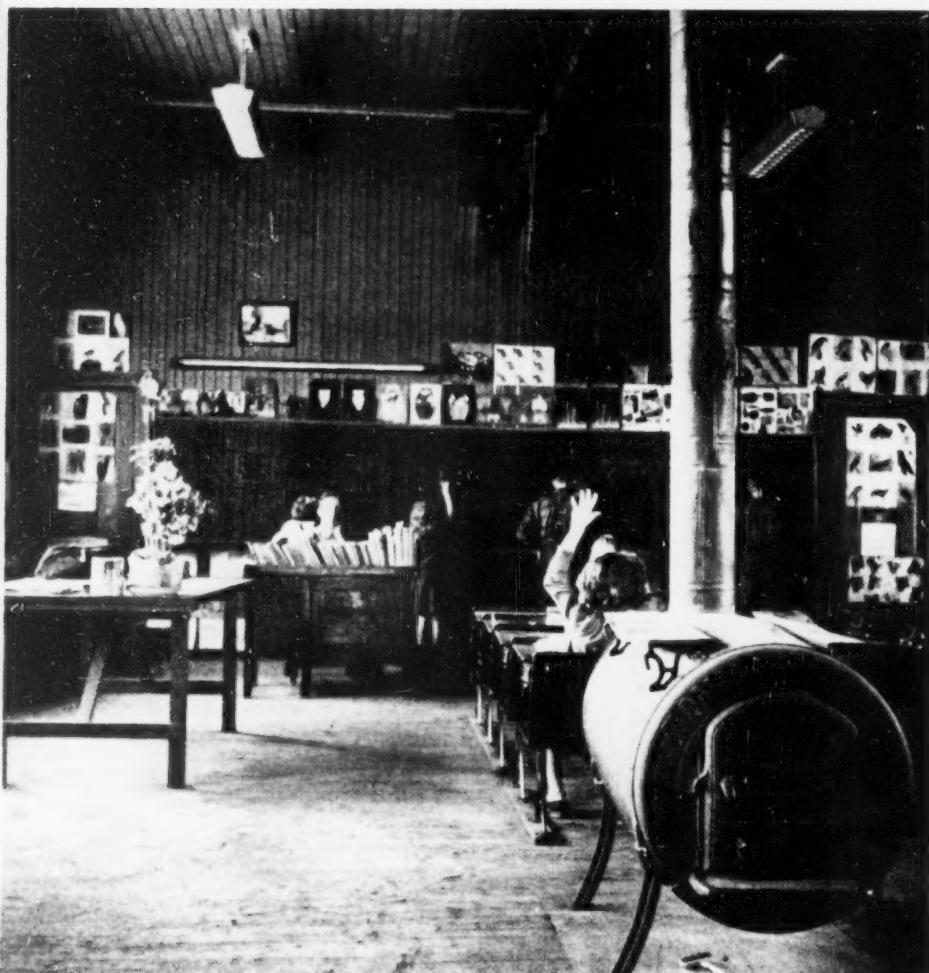


As Miss Small arrives at her one-room rural Ontario schoolhouse, early pupils flock out to greet her, shouting as if they'd spotted a parade.



The Royal family, to whom Lydia Small is devoted, share the classroom wall with the Union Jack and pictures of birds pupils can often see out school window.

*"We haven't any rules," says the teacher of S.S. No. 12. "We just all get along."*



S.S. No. 12 boasts fluorescent lights and a woodstove. Its teacher combines advanced educational concepts with standards as free of newfangled ideas as a stump fence.

"Most city children play all the time. When they get bored they have nothing to do but get into devilment."

Miss Small is given to such self-effacing remarks as: "My lands! Who wants to hear my opinions?" and "I try to do what's right, although, goodness knows, I do a lot of things that are wrong." However, it is clear from the easy relationship in and about the classroom that the happy results at S.S. No. 12 have their source largely in her matter-of-fact kindness. She holds a position more like that of a favorite aunt than a schoolteacher.

There's the case of Wayne Dickenson, an eight-year-old to whom Miss Small frequently remarks, while watching him gallop around the Dickenson home where she boards, "Wayne, if you showed that much energy at school you'd be the best educated boy in Simcoe Township." Wayne makes a daily ritual of leaving school with the rest of the children at 1 o'clock, an hour or so before Miss Small leaves, high-tailing it home on his bike, then starting back on foot to meet her. And in the morning when she appears on the concession road on her way to school, the children who have arrived ahead of her flock out of the school ground to greet her, shouting as if they'd just spotted a parade.

Miss Small's educational methods are a home-baked mixture combining the most advanced concepts of child education with standards as free of newfangled ideas as a stump fence. She believes that reading, writing and arithmetic are the basis of a good public school education; but far from following the Spartan, knuckle-rapping school that made the three r's famous, she operates on the principle that children learn best when they are enjoying themselves.

She allows her class considerable liberty in moving about, sharpening pencils, getting drinks and indulging in a healthy amount of subdued chatter, and she sweetens up the academic diet with a chocolate icing of visual illustration, class participation and her own skilful editing of overly dull subjects.

"I leave out all the dry old parts," she says, speaking of reading lessons, "and I don't ask questions on them at examination time."

She follows the course of study laid down for all Ontario



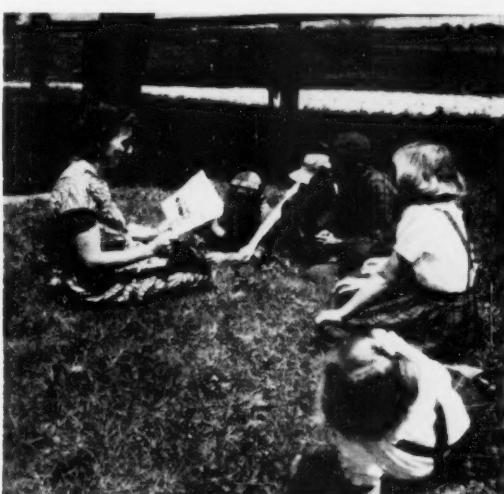
Miss Small shares a joke with 12-year-old Glen Doan. School was once suspended for 20 minutes while teacher and students ousted mice from the piano.



"Rural children are quieter and more co-operative than city children." In Miss Small's school, grades three and four are just one seat apart.



Teacher's "out," stealing home. Kids also like "Aunty Aunty Over," tossing ball over the roof.



Story hour moves outdoors in warm weather. Miss Small also leads nature hikes into woods.



Teacher can keep an eye on recess play, even if she's busy inside, and step in when tempers fly.



Lunch time and a wash-up at the pump. In winter pupils get bowl of Miss Small's potato soup.



Youngsters dash for it when school's out, even though some have more than two miles to walk.



Teacher gets kept in another hour, making notes for next day. "I leave out the dry old parts."

Continued ➤



*Lydia Small enjoys long walk home. She says city air makes her sick.*



*Teacher lives with the Dickenson family, whose young son, Wayne, is a student at S.S. No. 12.*



*Lydia Small is a religious woman who likes to think her pupils are going to Sunday school. She reads the Bible each night in her farm bedroom, where a religious motto hangs above the bed and her teacher's certificate above the old-fashioned washstand.*

schools, nowadays, but except for a half-day visit from the inspector twice a year and an hour's visit from the music supervisor once a week, she is left pretty much on her own. She sets her own examination papers. In the old days printed tests were sent from the inspector's office in the county town, and it was necessary for the teacher to cover a lot of ground skimpily to be sure all tests were covered. The recollection still makes her bridle.

"The whole dry course was laid out for you," she says. "Why should I make my class read a lot of dull old things just because they might be asked questions on them?"

On the other hand she does approve of the board setting the final entrance examinations to make sure that "a teacher can't just dilly-dally along."

Nature study is particularly easy to make painless, in S.S. No. 12, Tiny Township, with an abundance of fields, flowers, woods and grainfields right outside the door, as well as plenty of birds. Lydia Small is particularly interested in the birds and she frequently breaks off in mid-sentence to say: "Shhh! Listen. Now what bird is that?"

When the bird has been identified, and, if possible, spotted by the entire student body from the window, she points it out on one of a series of bird charts that she discovered some time ago in a woodshed and, after a few hours' work cleaning them up, hung on the classroom wall.

"There's no point in knowing a bird's song without knowing what the bird looks like," she says.

Any bird the children notice on their way to school is listed on another card ruled up by Miss Small, with spaces for the name, the date observed and a few words of description. Before spring was more than well established this year, the list included a chipping sparrow, red-headed woodpecker, white-throated sparrow, kingbird, crow, shrike, red-winged blackbird, meadow lark, robin, flicker, horned lark, bobolink, barn swallow, bluebird and yellow-breasted chat.

Along with such classroom confections, however, Miss Small adds to the children's educational diet considerable wholesome roughage in the form of schoolroom chores. "Children should learn responsibility as part of their school training,"

#### **The School Bell Rings at Nine**

As she's left to her own resources pretty much in running the school, particularly in winter when the snow drifts deep over the surrounding fields and concession roads, she requires a certain amount of help in keeping things functioning around the schoolhouse, so the system does everybody good. The bigger boys serve as men-about-the-house, opening and closing windows, bringing wood from the woodshed, getting water from the pump. Every year on Arbor Day, the first Friday in May, the children pitch in and tidy things up, dusting, sweeping, raking the lawn, digging flower beds, planting shrubs, picking up twigs and leaves and straightening the woodpile. They are rewarded in the afternoon when they take some apples and cookies into the nearby woods to have a picnic.

The children accept responsibility so naturally that it comes as a bit + *Continued on page 41*



*The Hon. Rose Maureen Alexander, typist, hustles out the gate to catch an Ottawa streetcar to work.*

*T*

## THE STENO WHO LIVES AT RIDEAU HALL

Every evening in Ottawa at five o'clock it seems as if somebody pulls a gigantic plug and releases from shops and office buildings a Niagara of girls who swirl around the car stops for half an hour and then, magically, are gone.

Some head for parents' homes, some for tiny apartments, many more for rooming houses and many others for a huge hostel wherein the government houses switchboard girls, stenographers and private secretaries who cannot find accommodation elsewhere.

But one girl who is indistinguishable from the rest bobs on the human tide out of an insurance office at 56 Sparks Street, struggles for a crowded streetcar, strap-hangs out to wealthy Rockcliffe suburb and alights by the impressive gates of Rideau Hall, official residence of His Excellency Field Marshal The Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada.

She walks alone up the long curving drive, often skipping aside as a big diplomatic car sweeps by, usually hatless, sometimes hurried, and invariably a little embarrassed when the Mountie at the big front door springs to a salute.

This eighteen-year-old daughter of the hero of Dunkirk and Burma, the victor of North Africa and Italy, and His Majesty's personal representative in the senior Dominion, is the Hon. Rose Maureen Alexander.

Through her father she is descended from the Earls of Caledon, through her mother from the Earls of Lucan. Although she stands 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 120 pounds, a healthy average, she gives the impression of pale fragility. Her dark brown hair waves glossily back from delicate

unpainted features. Her big brown eyes and wide soft mouth register occasional wonder and amusement at the adult world she entered officially last Christmas after a government house coming-out party and at the mild furore created by her debut as an Ottawa business girl last fall.

Few would complain if Rose chose to be no more than an ornament in the vice-regal hierarchy. Instead she prefers to work from nine till five typing out the terms of general insurance policies in a pool of ten stenographers, sharing with them a sandwich lunch which + *Continued on page 33*



*Rose cleans up a batch of insurance forms after five. The office crowd danced at her coming-out party.*

*Some employers shunned her as a publicity seeker, but she hid in a washroom to dodge reporters. A working girl has her problems—even if her dad is the Governor-General*

BY IAN MACKENZIE



Illustrated by Jack Keay

J

an Barton knew the day, the hour, the minute itself, when she finally stopped fearing Stephen Hemperley and took the last short step to falling in love with him. It was on a blizzly January afternoon, a year or so after her husband Paul's death in an airliner crash in India. She was sitting in her office at the employment agency, interviewing a secretarial applicant, when her telephone rang; and in that moment when she reached her hand out to it, aware it might possibly be Stephen, she realized that for the first time there was no instinctive prick of fright in the emotional reaction she felt, only an unstabilizingly pleasurable excitement and hope.

She excused herself and picked up the phone, a wide-shouldered slender girl with the lightest of dark-lashed hazel eyes and the darkest of feathery cropped hair, whose face had never quite lost its look of quick friendliness for people even in those sombre days when she was being morbidly stared at and pointed out . . . She said hello pleasantly and briskly, not really believing there would be more than a business voice at the other end of the wire . . . and it was his voice that came into her ear.

"Mrs. Barton? I'm back in town a day early, Janice. Tell me, have we held ground as friends?" He was smiling, and his smile did all the things to his voice that it did to his face—made it believably belong to a man who was really very nice, with all the right qualities of good humor, kindness and generosity in his nature. His face, when he wasn't smiling, often had a merely poised and noncommittal look, and, since in certain ways he was hard, he sometimes looked just that: hard.

"But did you doubt that we would?" she asked.

"I did. It's the habit of this last year. I too carry the scars of old meetings." But he was smiling still. "Look, when can I see you?"

It was like him to say it that way, coming straight at her abruptly when she was preparing herself for the ordinary badinage. He was very direct—the kind of man to whom a distant goal was only, after all, a straight line away. Yet he was far from lacking delicacy or an awareness of people's feelings, and she could easily turn him aside if she felt the need to, as she had a year before. But that was no longer necessary.

"This evening?" she suggested, her odd light-colored eyes shimmering. She added, "Come to dinner."

There was a moment's silence. "Just like that," said Stephen Hemperley. "I will, you know."

"About seven-thirty?"

There was another little silence between them, as if both felt constrained and formal at the thought of meeting again. Then Jan went on, consciously trying for lightness this time. "That'll give me time to peel the potatoes."

"Oh, don't go to all that work. Can't you just open a can of them?" said Stephen, making an effort of his own and responding just as lightly.

The conversation ended on that note, and Jan resumed her interview. But after the girl had gone she sat staring blankly down at the papers on her desk, still affected by—what was it, a sort of mutually reacting personal awareness?—that even across a telephone wire could be felt. It had, she remembered, been that way more or less from the very beginning. She had met him the first time over a year before, a few days after Paul had vanished, leaving only a note to tell her he was taking \$100,000 of his bank's money and would never be back. She remembered him clearly among less-remembered men, an investigator from the bonding company, a tall capable-looking man of about 30 with bright blue astute eyes, who remained in the background, listening to what she said, watching her with a steadily sustained attentiveness. Even then, stunned, frightened, and under the terrific strain of her situation as the wife of a man who had absconded, she had felt a bewildering personal kind of impact from his presence.

The news of the plane crash and Paul's death followed only a day after the news of his embezzlement in the papers. After that the pressure on her own life, the official questioning and scrutiny that had been inevitable, lessened and died down. Aware that she had been cleared by the police of any suspicion of complicity or knowledge, she could try to take up her work where she had left it and make an adjustment back to living.

In the week after she returned to the office, Stephen Hemperley came to see her. A vague unreasoning alarm leaped up in her at sight of him, though Paul was dead, though the police had closed the case, though she had nothing tangible to fear. He sat in the chair across the + *Continued on page 60*

# THE MILLIONTH

**MAN** BY FRANCES MALM

*"What was your husband like?" he asked her. How could she explain to this honorable man Paul's gaiety and charm—his cruelty, and the unsuspected weakness that had betrayed him into evil*

**A Serial in Two Parts**

Copyright 1951 by Frances Malm

# *Knowing what I know*

A STORY BY HARRIET SHEIK

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SMITH

She could not hold back the threatening words any longer. Watching her daughter pick up her ice skates from the box near the front door, Grace said, "Patsy, if you're not home by 10 o'clock, you . . . you can't . . ." She faltered, hating the grim authoritative sound of her voice. She never used to talk like that to Patsy. Trying once more, she began, "Please remember to keep track of the time or . . ." Her voice trailed off again as she thought of Patsy's first formal hanging in the closet upstairs. Deny her that? But you had to start somewhere.

Patsy, looking like an adorable puffed-out Easter bunny in her white snow suit, flung her skates over her shoulder with teenage impatience. "Mother, what's getting into you? Every time I go anywhere lately, you hound me. There are too many clocks in this house! What if I am five minutes late? What harm does it do?"

No harm, Grace thought helplessly. Not this time, maybe. But next time . . . or the next . . . And her thoughts flew ahead to next Saturday, which had become a milestone, a symbol of all the Saturday nights to come. Patsy had a date with Dick Tyler—her first real date. Patsy wasn't a child any more. That's what was so frightening.

As for Dick Tyler, Grace knew him and liked him. And she knew his mother. But what did that mean? Nothing. Dick, a boy, and Patsy, a girl, could have a dozen mothers who knew each other, but it wouldn't protect them when they were alone. Dick was going to have the car. Maybe they'd never get to the dance . . . or leave early . . . or . . . a million things. Dick's mother didn't worry and Grace understood why. Mrs. Tyler was one of those sweet, trusting, old-fashioned mothers whose past was as innocent as a blank sheet of paper. You don't worry when you don't know there's anything to worry *about*. Grace

remembered her own mother. Another sweet, trusting old-fashioned mother. The things I used to put over on her! Grace thought now with fascinated horror. And Patsy's so much like me.

"By, dad!" Patsy called into the living room.

Hugh answered comfortably, "By, honey. Have a good time."

Patsy pulled on her white fur mittens, then hurriedly brushed Grace's cheek with a soft warm kiss. "I hear the kids coming. Please don't sit around watching the clock. By, mother." And she was gone, with the big front door slamming so hard that the crystal clock on the hall bookcase rattled dangerously.

Grace shivered in the cold air that had swept through the door. She hadn't put her threat into words, after all. But that didn't mean she couldn't carry it out. Patsy had better be home by 10, or else . . .

Slowly, Grace walked into the living room. She was a slender woman with good long legs, a graceful body. Her blue-black hair, cut casually short, had greyed very little since the days when she'd danced on the stage of the old Tivoli downtown.

She went to the big front window, pulled the curtain aside and frowned anxiously at the snow-covered night. The shouting and laughter from the skating rink two blocks away sounded gay, harmless. But how could you be sure?

She dropped the curtain, turned to look at Hugh stretched out on the divan, placidly reading his detective book. Placid Hugh, why don't *you* worry once in a while?

Grace spoke suddenly into the silence. "I don't think Patsy should go to that party next Saturday, Hugh."

He let his book fall on his big solid chest. She could see him pulling his mind away from the who-dunnit. "Oh, come on, Grace," he said mildly. "Her first dance."

"She's too young for dances." *Continued on page 30*

*She was a product of the Reckless Age . . . the era of the Charleston and hip flask. Remembering her own youth, why wouldn't she worry about Pat, when she saw in her daughter the same dangerous craving for excitement?*





D. Zelma Smith



Handsome desk becomes a smart dressing table with mirror when you lift top.

Most comfortable room in the house with folding bed closed, in background.

CHATELAINE'S

# Twice- Around-the- Clock Room

*If small-fry socialites*

*overrun the house until*

*mother and dad have no place to go but bed,*

*simple magic can transform your bedroom from this* ▶

able to decide where the shelves should go and all the other carpentry work to be done.

Second important item was curtains. The colors in your curtains should decide the color balance in your room—walls, woodwork, furniture, floor and rugs. From there on everything falls easily into line—lamps, pictures and knick-knacks.

I wanted our new beds to be as comfortable as the old ones and I didn't want anything that had to be made up at night. Neither did I want studio couches which are so deep your legs stick out in front when you sit down. We finally settled on a single bed which folds away by day and a single bed-sofa built specially for nurses' residences.

The foldaway bed (beneath the bookcase in the top left photo) is a clever invention which disappears by day into the handsome case it comes in. When closed it takes only 16 inches of depth off your room. The wall that had held only a single chest of drawers before now provides bed space. These foldaway beds come in single and three-quarter sizes and in several different cases. If you aren't able to invest in new mattresses, your old ones will fit.

We invested in latex foam mattresses. These give you the illusion of sleeping on a cloud and are so light to handle a child could turn one.

The single bed-sofa (under the painting, lower right photo) is of + *Continued on page 94*



*to this ▶*

BEFORE



AFTER



Conventional bedroom before wonders were worked. Wall which held chest only, now has folding bed and books (see right).

BY CATHERINE FRASER

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

Second-floor bedroom has become this attractive extra living room. Only structural changes were the bookshelves, a valance board around the ceiling and moving a radiator. Under the painting (below) the bed-sofa made up for daytime use. Above: folding bed and bed-sofa, opened.

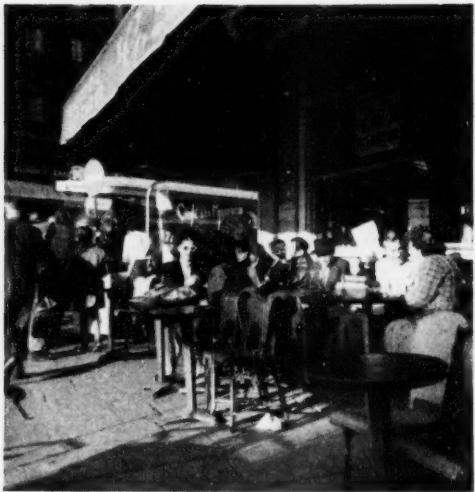




Paris is a rendezvous, it is the Eiffel Tower, it is a bookseller knitting by his stall (below) on *L'Isle de la Cité* where Caesar landed 2,000 years ago.



In Pigalle, Paris is a sword swallower—or a nude dancer.



Paris is un coup de rouge sipped at a sidewalk café in Montmartre (above); it is a bunch of flowers bought at a stall in the Place de la Madeleine in the cool still air of the awakening day.



John Steele

Evalis Wuorio composed her own lovesong to Paris in a room in a small hotel on the Seine. A well-known Canadian magazine writer, she is roaming Europe for a year.

# PARIS

*This is a  
story about*

Once upon a time (for this is a story about Paris) I had an appointment to keep on the Champs Elysées when the chestnuts bloomed.

I was to walk down from the Arc de Triomphe, slowly, as though there was no hurry in the world at all. He was going to walk up from the Place de la Concorde, and somewhere, on that gay street, in the sun, under the flowering trees, we would meet. And we had planned to act casual, and cool, as though it wasn't important at all.

I did not keep the appointment. I never did have a second chance for that was the last spring before the war. Yet the ghost of an unborn meeting is a haunting, strong thing—and there you have it—it's Paris to me.

When I think that for two thousand years Paris has bewitched people with echoes of old tales, with long memories told and retold, with appointments not kept—and kept—I wonder at the secret of this city.

Why should one particular heap of bricks about a twisting river have so much of humanity's heart in its casual cool grasp?

There is storied, towered London, a fabulous city, but it doesn't hold the thought of romance for all the people of the world. And take Toronto, or Quebec, Rome, Helsinki, Timbuctoo . . . fine, pleasant places, but at the thought of them do ghostly violins sing and a heart twist with nostalgia for an unknown thing?

What has she got, this old calm courtesan on the River Seine?



PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

## *What has she got, this old calm courtesan on the River Seine?*

BY EVA-LIS WUORIO

Probably, when I am a hundred years old and perhaps a little wise, finally, and sit alone in my bear-chew cabin in Timagami or in a log chalet up in the windy heights of the Rockies above Fern Brewster's Sunshine Lodge, I'll know. But at least I know what Paris means this morning.

This is a small, old hotel on the Quai Voltaire, which is at the very centre of Paris. It is seven o'clock now and from my balcony the new day looks all soft green. The sky is translucent, white green. The Seine, below, flows deep moss-green to the sea. Across the way the carved facade of the Louvre seems grey-green in this light.

Though it's early there's a man below on the quay, under the verdant green chestnut tree,

fishing patiently. He won't catch anything but his Paris is tranquil at this hour and perhaps his wife is quarrelsome. The old woman in black, and a huge flowered hat, who keeps a green-painted stall of weather-soiled prints has come to see that the locks have held on her treasures throughout the night. She has brought a stool and now she sits down and brings out a bottle of wine from her immense carry-all. Two pigeons come to share the crumbs from her long stick of white bread which she leans casually against the stone rampart. Through the arches of the Louvre, across the river and directly opposite my windows, comes a green bus, up early too. And now a barge, working stolidly

against the current, heads inland into the green fields beyond Paris.

The green light falls on my little grey car huddled to the quay as always; streaks deeply the white arches of the Pont du Carrousel, which takes us from this left bank, through the courts of the Louvre, to the right bank, and the Pont Royal down stream which leads to the Bourbon Palace of Tuilleries. The other thirty-odd bridges step up and down the river until they are hidden by its twists.

So Paris stirs out of the night, as she has done for two thousand years of mornings now. She has been putting on good presentations every hour on the hour, for history to record, but this year she is speeding up the production. It's her birthday + *Continued on page 75*



## SIMPSON AND DELILA

A STORY BY KEITH STERLING

Delila emerged from the store and regarded her parcels with distaste. Marketing on a Saturday afternoon, she thought, was bad enough on its own. But at least when it was done usually you put away the groceries, and that was the end of it.

Today it was just the beginning. Delila steered her wrist away from the carrots and looked at her watch gloomily. In four hours and 15 minutes these groceries must lie cooked and charmingly arrayed on a table across which she, also charmingly arrayed, must confront Guy's mother.

There's nothing to be frightened of, Delila told herself, with the calm of despair. She's just a kind, elderly person, who lives in a small town and is active in club work.

But for all that Delila was only five foot, with wide eyes and small round chin; she was a realist. When there were facts to be faced, she faced them. And she knew quite definitely that Mrs. Deering couldn't be an ordinary everyday mother — because she was Guy's mother.

And Guy, Delila thought simply, was not an ordinary man. From the first day she'd seen him in Mr. Wythe's office — sitting there, so calm and unruffled, discussing the market; so superbly assured that before he left Mr. Wythe would have bought the stocks which Guy thought Mr. Wythe ought to buy — from that day she'd known that her life had slipped a little out of her control. It wasn't that Guy was so good-looking, although he was; or that he was dashing — he certainly

wouldn't have liked being called that; it was that he was so strong, so compelling. He always knew immediately what he wished to do. Just as when he'd seen her taking Mr. Wythe's dictation, and then in her lunch hour they'd met. Delila had thought it was by accident, but she soon learned that with Guy nothing was by accident. He'd asked her to have dinner with him — Delila always felt that asking her was only a courtesy — and she'd bowed as to some benevolent force. They'd gone to dinner.

Now, three months later, she knew that when Guy felt the time was right he'd ask her to marry him. Somehow Guy could always make you feel that he knew best — it was very comfortable.

He was so competent, she thought, as she

*Simpson was a dog with a lonely master and Delila was a*



looked out of the bus window. Everything he did, he did well. If he got seats for a play, they'd be on the aisle, not behind a pillar; if he called a waiter, the waiter always heard him; if he whistled for a taxi on a rainy night, one always came.

And it wasn't just little things either—Guy had the future planned to the last annuity. This year and next he would sell more stocks than anyone else—in 1952 he would become a junior partner—

Delila didn't pursue it—there was no need. Everything was arranged. Everything, that is, except meeting his mother. And Delila came back with dread to the evening ahead.

She knew perfectly well *Continued on page 52*

*s a girl with a lonely*



Ken Bell

Here's young Jimmy Wetzlauer pitching into his noon hour lunch in a public school classroom in Islington, Ontario.



Climo

Vegetable soup poured into a cup is the start of a hearty lunch for shipyard worker Louis Breen of Saint John, N.B.

#### SCHOOL LUNCH PATTERN

Fruit OR Tomato juice  
Meat, fish, egg or cheese sandwich  
Raw vegetable OR Fruit  
Cake or cookies and milk  
Treat

#### EXTRA HEARTY LUNCH PATTERN

Soup (in a vacuum bottle)  
Hearty sandwich  
Salad  
OR  
Hot food (in vacuum jug)  
Bread, muffins or rolls  
Raw vegetable or cheese  
Fruit cake or Pie  
Beverage

#### OFFICE LUNCH PATTERN

Hearty salad  
Rolls OR Sandwich  
Fruit OR Tart  
Beverage (Preferably hot)

Attractive Betty Ollinger sits at her desk in Regina, Saskatchewan, eating an office girl's lunch that features salad.

Gord Hillyard



## LOOK WHAT YOU CAN PUT IN A LUNCH BOX

"Don't forget your lunch—it's on the kitchen table." And with that reminder the lunch box starts on its way to the factory, the office and school. Today thousands are joining the lunch-box parade, pushed into line by the high cost of living and crowded restaurants. Another reason is the discovery that a lunch box can pack more than sandwiches. A shipyard worker can enjoy a hot dish right on the job, a secretary can eat a crisp homemade salad at her desk, while the school youngster can down one of mother's vanilla eggnogs right in the classroom.

The lunch box itself travels to work or school in many disguises. The businessman's lunch is slipped in his brief case along with the work he took home the night before. An office girl conceals her lunch in a knitting bag or leather-fitted lunch case. Young Johnnie heads for school with his noonday meal in a bright plastic box designed for the purpose.

As a homemaker it's your job to fill all these lunch boxes, and the tastiest lunches are those that have been carefully styled to suit the lunch eater's needs. The right pattern for your husband's lunch depends on the type of work he does and whether there's a handy canteen or coffee stand where he can get a hot drink. If he leaves the house at 6:30 a.m. and the noonday whistle blows at 12:30 you'll know a hearty meal is in order. The office girl's pattern calls for brain food rather than the brawn-building kind, but don't forget it should supply one third of her day's calories. The school lunch pattern must be simple yet nourishing with a treat or surprise to top off the meal.

Whoever it's for or wherever it goes, you can pack a lunch that packs a punch if you follow the three basic patterns provided on this page. And turn to the next page for a selection of Chatelaine menus and lunch-box hints tailored to fit these patterns.

By MARIE HOLMES and  
MARION GRAHAM  
Chatelaine Institute

Lunch box menus  
on page 26



# School Days are Soup Days

by Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL  
Director Home Economics

Nutrition experts say the schoolday lunch is a vitally important meal for the growing child—to replenish energy. Whether eaten at home or carried to school, this lunch should include a hot dish. They say it helps the stomach to receive and to digest the meal. Also, a hot dish seems to make sandwiches, fruit and salad taste better.

Dieticians agree that an ideal hot dish is well-made soup. Soup tempts the child... is easily digested... substantial, yet never heavy. Thus, young bodies are well nourished—young minds stay keen for study or play.



## SCHOOL DAY LUNCH EATEN AT HOME

(menu shown above)

Vegetable Soup

Pear and Cream Cheese Salad

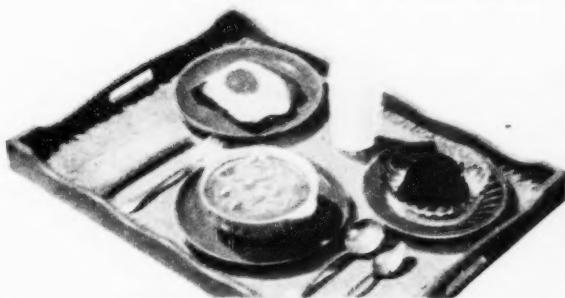
Chocolate Pudding

Milk

If your youngster comes home at noon, you might sit him down pretty often to a lunch like this. With breakfast several hours behind him, the child's energy needs replenishing at noon. A lunch including this almost-a-meal-in-itself vegetable soup will set him right for an afternoon of school or romping.



**"In bed with a cold"**—phones Mother to teacher. And, at noon, she appears at her hopeful's bedside bearing this appetizing and nourishing tray—chicken noodle soup, poached egg on toast, cherry gelatin, and milk.



## SCHOOL DAY LUNCH CARRIED TO SCHOOL

(menu shown at right)

Tomato Soup  
(in vacuum bottle)

Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich  
Marble Cake

Whole Orange

If you have the daily problem of *packing* a lunch, then here's a sensible way to provide the needed hot dish for your junior or junior miss—tomato soup in a vacuum bottle. Prepare the soup as cream of tomato, by adding milk instead of water. That way, it's extra-nourishing, and the child also gets his quota of milk. Most children simply dote on this soup.

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If you bake at home, get a month's supply of Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast. At your grocer's now.

### ORANGE-FILLED ROLLS

Makes 2 Dozen

Measure into large bowl

1 1/2 cup lukewarm water

1 teaspoon granulated sugar  
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of  
1 envelope Fleischmann's  
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.  
In the meantime, scald

3 1/4 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

1/4 cup granulated sugar

2 1/4 teaspoons salt

4 1/2 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture; stir in

1/4 cup lukewarm water

Stir in

2 1/4 cups once-sifted bread flour  
and beat until smooth; work in

2 1/4 cups more once-sifted bread flour  
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, prepare

#### ORANGE FILLING

Combine in a saucepan

2 1/2 tablespoons corn starch

1/2 cup granulated sugar

Gradually blend in

1/3 cup cold water

1/3 cup orange juice



### LOOK WHAT YOU CAN PUT IN A LUNCH BOX (continued from page 24)

### MENUS TO FIT LUNCH-BOX PATTERNS

#### EXTRA-HEARTY LUNCHES

1.

Vegetable soup in vacuum bottle  
with crackers

Minced meat and chili sauce  
sandwiches

Coleslaw in jar

Banana      Chocolate brownies  
Milk

2.

Chili con carne in vacuum jar

2 Bran muffins

Cheese in a bun

Carrot and celery stick

Raisin pie

Milk

#### OFFICE LUNCHES

1.

Fruit salad in jar

Cheese tea biscuits

Butter tarts

Milk

2.

Ham salad in jar

Cottage cheese and chopped olive  
sandwich

Apple

Hot cocoa

#### SCHOOL LUNCH

1.

Tomato juice

Salmon and celery sandwich

Orange      Fig bar  
Marshmallow

Vanilla eggnog in vacuum bottle

2.

Apple juice

Scrambled egg and onion sandwich  
Whole tomato

Gingerbread      Chocolate milk  
Raisins

#### LUNCH-BOX HINTS

1. Follow a good lunch pattern, but get variety into the meal. The requirements for a good lunch are three in number—some form of protein (such as meat, fish, eggs, cheese or beans), a fruit or vegetable and milk.

2. Try to correlate the lunch box with breakfast and dinner so that the day's diet is well-rounded and without repetition.

3. Use the new plastic containers for pie, sandwiches and small salads. They keep the foods separate and fresh.

4. Aluminum foil and sturdy transparent bags are excellent for keeping

sandwiches fresh and raw vegetables crisp.

5. Pack the lunch attractively—placing the heavier foods at the bottom. And don't forget the paper serviette.

6. Children love surprises, so try to add a treat to each youngster's lunch box. It may be a marshmallow, a handful of raisins or nuts, a candy or sucker.

7. Select a lunch box that is light in weight and convenient to carry. Wash, dry and air it between fillings and line with waxed paper.

#### SANDWICH HINTS

1. For a variety in lunch-box sandwiches, use different types of bread as well as fillings, such as rye, raisin, fruit or nut bread.

2. Bun sandwiches stuffed with salmon or egg salad are popular.

3. For a nice change, add a bit of seasoning such as soft cheese, mustard, chopped parsley, minced onion or lemon juice to the softened butter.

4. Sandwiches made up the night before should be kept in the refrigerator overnight. Only use fillings that stand up well during the morning wait—such as sliced meat and chopped egg—and avoid lettuce and cucumber which will wilt.

5. Sandwiches can be frozen after thoroughly wrapping in aluminum foil or several thicknesses of waxed paper. In this way sandwiches for several days can be made in advance. Pack in lunch box frozen. The sandwiches will thaw after several hours.

#### CAKE AND COOKIE HINTS

1. Select cake and cookies that carry well, such as gingerbread, cup cakes, brownies, and chewy, firm cookies. Don't pack sweet things that crumble easily.

2. The shelf of quick mixes is a wonderful help for the lunch-box planner to add variety to lunches. They can be used for cakes, gingerbreads, rolls, biscuits, and fruit-filled muffins. When using a mix for a small family, make only half at a time.

#### VACUUM-JAR HINTS

1. The wide-necked vacuum bottle may be used for hot and cold beverages as well as soups, creamed dishes, chowders, stews and casserole meals (such as pork and beans, macaroni and cheese, spaghetti).

2. Scald the bottle before filling it with hot foods—chill it for cold ones.

3. Wash, scald and air bottle well when it's off duty.

4. If milk can be bought on the job to supplement the lunch box, then use the vacuum bottle for a soup, juice or another part of the lunch box. +



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HEART-TO-HEART, you and Baby talk without words—and you feel a special peace of mind.

With his radiant health and happy smile, Baby tells you how wisely you have chosen his first solid food. Like millions of mothers, your confident choice is Pablum\*, prescribed by doctors for almost 20 years.

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More than ever, Mother, your baby deserves Pablum... prescribed for so many millions of babies by so many thousands of doctors.

A WORD OF COUNSEL  
Take your baby *regularly* to the doctor. Let him add his skill and knowledge to your own loving care.

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CEREALS

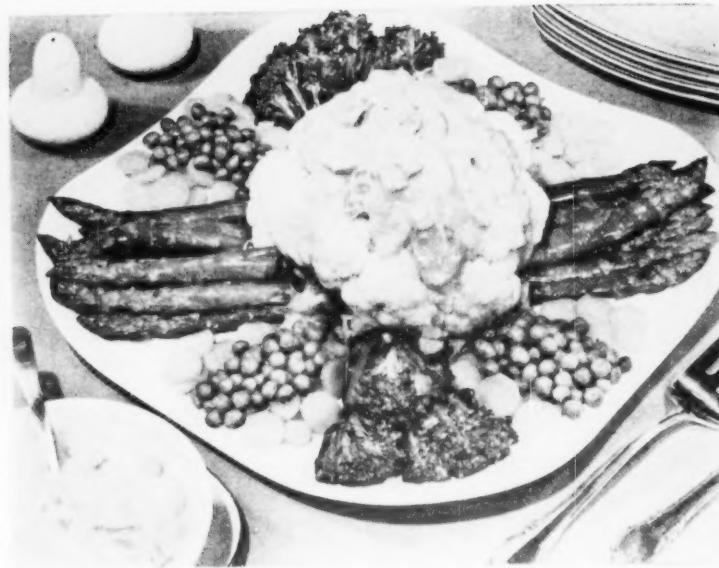
**GOLDEN DISH  
FOR GOLDEN DAYS**

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*Enjoy the delicate natural flavour!*



Here's an attractive platter of garden-fresh and frozen vegetables with mushroom sauce. Delicious with tea biscuits, jellied fruits and oatmeal cookies.

**THE INSTITUTE SUGGESTS**

**8 FALL**

*S*  
**UPPER DISHES**

Looking for something new in a supper dish? Then why not try one of our tested recipes—you'll find the Oriental Supper unusual, the Ham Puff appetizing, and the others all tasty and good to eat.

**VEGETABLE PLATTER WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE**

Arrange seasonal or frozen vegetables (carrots, peas, broccoli, and asparagus) in an attractive pattern on a large platter. Place whole head of cooked cauliflower in centre, and pour mushroom sauce over cauliflower. Garnish with parsley and paprika.

**MUSHROOM SAUCE**

Approximate Cost—38¢

1 can condensed mushroom soup	nutmeg
1 tablespoon butter or margarine	2 tablespoons shredded nippy cheese
1 3/4 cup sliced mushrooms	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon ground rosemary or	Pinch of pepper
	1 teaspoon chopped parsley
	Paprika

Heat soup in top of double boiler. Sauté mushrooms in butter or margarine for 5 minutes. Add to soup along with rosemary or nutmeg, cheese, salt and pepper. Heat sauce over hot water for 15 minutes. Makes about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sauce.

For a supper suggestion serve this vegetable platter with buttered tea biscuits, jellied fruits and oatmeal cookies.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

**SAFETY STUFFED LOAF**

Approximate Cost—\$1.56

1 small loaf French bread	3 1/2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon plain gelatine	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 3/4 cup cold water	1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
1 one-pound can red salmon	2 tablespoons chopped pimento
3 ounces cream cheese	1/2 cup chopped sweet pickle
3 tablespoons catsup	1 cup well-crumbled bread

Cut off the ends of the loaf and remove the soft centre so that only a 1/2-inch shell of crust remains. Soak gelatine in cold water in top of double boiler, then place over boiling water to dissolve.

Mash salmon and add remaining ingredients. Stir well. Add gelatine to salmon mixture and chill until partially set. Then fill the loaf with salmon mixture, inserting a knife occasionally to remove air bubbles. Wrap the loaf in wax paper and store in refrigerator overnight. Serve in 1/2-inch slices on crisp lettuce leaves. Serves 8 to 10.

Note: A one-pound can of the pink salmon may be used to cut the cost of the loaf by 36¢. With the cheaper salmon

add a few drops of red vegetable coloring and mix well.

For a complete supper serve this loaf with tomato and cucumber slices around mounds of cottage cheese. Pineapple upside down cake for dessert.

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#### ORIENTAL SUPPER

Approximate Cost—\$1.53

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	rice soup
1 medium onion, chopped	2 soup cans water
1 cup uncooked rice	1/4 pound Swiss cheese, grated
2 10-ounce cans chicken-with-	1 can luncheon meat
	1/4 pound mushrooms

Melt butter or margarine in a large saucepan. Add onions and cook for 5 minutes. Add rice, stir a few minutes, add soup and water. Bring to the boil. Pour into a 2-quart casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 minutes or until rice is tender. Remove from oven, add cheese. Toss lightly with a fork.

*Topping:* Sauté strips of luncheon meat (or leftover meat) and sliced mushrooms in butter or margarine. Pour over rice. Serve very hot. Serves 8.

Delicious when served with chili sauce and coleslaw. For dessert, orange sections with chopped marshmallows and almonds, tea to drink.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### TOMATO-CHEESE SUPPER SNACK

Approximate Cost—62c

4 large tomatoes	margarine
Salt	8 slices bread
2 teaspoons sugar	8 large slices of nippy cheese
8 slices cucumber	2 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 tablespoon butter or	

Cut tomatoes in half and sprinkle with salt and sugar. Place cucumber slices on tomato. Dot with butter or margarine. Broil tomatoes slowly for 4 to 6 minutes. Place bread on rack and toast on one side. Turn bread over and top with cheese slices and mustard. Continue broiling tomatoes and cheese toast for 3 to 5 minutes until tomatoes are tender and cheese melts. Remove from broiler; cut cheese toast diagonally in quarters. Place broiled tomato on toast. Serves 4 (2 slices per person).

Good for a supper menu with tossed salad and fruit tarts for dessert.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### HAM PUFF

Approximate Cost—98c

1/4 cup butter or margarine	luncheon meat
3 tablespoons bread flour	1 1/2 teaspoons prepared mustard
1 1/2 cups milk	1 tablespoon minced onion
4 slightly beaten egg yolks	4 stiffly beaten egg whites
2 cups ground, cooked ham or	

Melt butter or margarine; add flour and blend. Gradually add milk and cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Gradually add to egg yolks. Stir in ham or luncheon meat, mustard and onion. Fold in egg whites. Pour into greased 2-quart casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 50 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

For a complete supper serve this Ham Puff with tomato slices, and chocolate pudding with wafers for dessert. Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### BEAN STUFFED TOMATOES

Approximate Cost—83c

5 large tomatoes	baked beans in tomato sauce
6 slices bacon, diced	1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup green pepper, chopped	1/4 teaspoon salt
1 onion, chopped	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 15-ounce can	

Cut a slice from stem end of tomato and scoop out pulp. Sprinkle inside of tomato with salt and pepper. Drain pulp. Fry bacon until crisp. Remove bacon from skillet and brown green pepper and onion in bacon fat. Combine all ingredients. Fill tomatoes. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 25 minutes or until tomatoes are tender. Serves 5.

*Note:* Hollow green peppers may be used in place of tomatoes. When using this substitution replace the cup of chopped green pepper with 1 cup diced celery.

It's nice for supper, if accompanied with hot muffins and a cottage cheese fruit salad and gingersnaps for dessert. Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### LIMAS AND TOMATOES

Approximate Cost—53c

1 medium onion, chopped	2 cups cooked, dried lima beans
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	1 small apple, peeled and chopped
6 large tomatoes, quartered	Dash of paprika
1 teaspoon sugar	2 tablespoons ketchup
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/4 teaspoon salt
Pinch of pepper	

Brown onion in butter or margarine. Add tomatoes and cook until liquid is partly evaporated. Add sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and pepper. Put seasoned lima beans in centre of a greased 2-quart casserole. Pour tomatoes around lima beans (reserving 1/4 cup). Mix apple, paprika, ketchup, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1/4 cup liquid from tomato mixture. Spread over centre of beans. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Serves 4. For a complete supper serve with cheese and crackers, —melon and sugar cookies for dessert.

*Note:* One tablespoon curry powder may be added to the apple mixture if desired.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

#### FRYING-PAN CORN

Approximate Cost—31c

2 tablespoons fat	1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn, drained
1/2 cup chopped onion	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup chopped green pepper	Pinch of pepper
	1/4 cup milk

Melt fat in frying pan. Add other ingredients except milk. Cook until vegetables are somewhat dry and lightly browned. Then add the milk and heat thoroughly. Serves 4. Delicious when served with an egg and tomato salad and toasted buns. Peach shortcake and coffee end the supper.

*Note:* Two cups fresh corn cut from the cob may be substituted for the can of kernel corn.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

*Costs are based on prices effective July 17/51.*

# from Casseroles

## Ham and Noodle Casserole

3 1/2 cups noodles (do not pack), cooked  
3/4 cup Carnation Milk  
3/4 cup water  
3 tbsps. each, butter and flour  
1 tsp. each salt and paprika  
1/4 tsp. dry mustard  
1 1/2 cups cooked ham, diced  
Buttered bread crumbs

Drain noodles. Combine Carnation and water to make 1 1/2 cups rich whole milk. Melt butter in saucepan; blend in flour and seasonings; stir in 1/2 cup milk; add rest of milk, blend. Cook until thickened. Combine noodles, sauce and ham. Pour into buttered 2 qt. casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 20 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.



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## to Raspberry Whip

## KNOWING WHAT I KNOW

Continued from page 17

"Not a school dance, honey. My gosh, you danced long before you were 14, didn't you?"

"That's just why I don't want her to start so young."

"You worry too much about Patsy." He reached to the end table behind him, pawed around for a cigarette. Grace

got there before he upset the lamp. Hugh could plan housing projects of breath-taking beauty, but around his own home he was all thumbs and elbows. His grandmother had said once, "He's the clumsiest man God ever made." Grace had agreed and found herself loving him for it. Now, she put the cigarette in his mouth, lit it for him and couldn't help smiling fondly, "Clumsy."

He grinned. "Aw, I wanted you to come over here, anyway."

She sat down on the edge of the divan and said thoughtfully, "I guess it's true, that old saying: The wilder a parent was when he was young, the more strict he is with his own children." As she spoke, pictures of her past flashed through her mind. Her sweet, unimaginative, respectable parents who didn't suspect half the things their daughter was up to. They'd send her to the Young People's Society meetings on Sunday nights and she and her girl friend would end up on the

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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

other side of town at a party with the kind of kids you definitely would not find in the Young People's Society. At 19, she'd left home, with a hundred dollars and six years of dancing lessons.

She remembered her first city apartment—hung with imitation Chinese tapestries; wine in the little icebox; flowers in copper bowls; incense. And her roommate, Jessie, who also danced at the Tivoli. She and Jessie had liked to think of themselves as "free souls." It was the era of the Charleston, of flasks, of those tantalizing phrases, "Live life to the hilt . . . Drink and be merry . . . Tomorrow we die . . ." The parties, dating men they scarcely knew, the drinking—none of it made a very comforting picture to look back on now as a mother. Not when you saw in your daughter that same young reckless craving for excitement that you used to feel.

"Hugh," Grace frowned, pleated the skirt of her rose woolen dress, "I—I wish Patsy weren't so much like me."

He blew a smoke ring toward her ear. "Nothing wrong with you that I can see."

"I was just lucky," she told him. "If I hadn't met you . . ." She turned slightly, watched the smoke ring grow larger, saw Hugh's familiar beloved face framed by it. He'd been framed in his grandmother's doorway the first time she saw him. Little Mrs. Judson was Grace's dressmaker then. Grace had heard all about the grandson who was never too busy to come visit his grandmother, who always left a cheque in the cracked teapot that stood on the mantel. He seemed to fill the doorway as he stepped out of the little house that night. In that moment Grace stopped being a free soul.

She said softly now, "Remember how you used to come to the apartment loaded with bags of food, Hugh? And how you'd insist on helping Jessie and me cook, even though we all knew you'd break three or four dishes before you got through?"

"I still break 'em, don't I?" he said lazily. "What made you think of that?"

Her answer was vague. "Why, I don't know." And her thoughts came back to Patsy. She said soberly, "There's a devil in Patsy, as there used to be in me."

"You got the best of him, didn't you?"

"I was just lucky," Grace repeated. "Hugh, when I think of the next six or eight years, I get scared. How can I see her through them? What'll I do?"

"Couldn't you trust her, Grace?"

"But I know so well what it's like to be . . ." Grace hunted for a word, finally said, "to be tempted."

He smiled, put his hand over hers and teased, "My not-quite-scarlet woman."

"I'm serious, Hugh!" She stood up, walked restlessly to the window again. "I don't want Patsy to start dating

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yet. Ice skating with a bunch of kids, that's different. At least she's with a crowd." Grace glanced at her watch. "I told her to be home by 10. She might come in ahead of time once!"

"Oh, she'll be along." Hugh stretched and yawned. "Think I'll go upstairs and read in bed. More comfortable. How about you?"

"I'll be up in a little while."

Alone, Grace lit a cigarette, tried to settle down with a magazine, but it was no good. She went to the window again, stared outside at the blue-white gleaming snow. Hugh had a mental block when it came to worrying about Patsy. He always said, "Oh, she'll be along." He didn't know what the child was up against. It wasn't a matter of being bad or good, not so simple as that. I wasn't *bad* exactly, Grace thought. But I could have been. There was something inside me I had to fight all the time. And it's in Patsy, too.

Even as a baby Patsy's vivid blue eyes had been filled with mischief. She was always exploring a little too far, tumbling, breaking things. At six, seven and eight she dillydallied the days away with her own private adventures and was late to school more often than not. Charming, sweet, lovable, but that devil shining so often in her eyes. At 11, 12 and 13 she'd race in, late for dinner, her eyes starry from listening to crooners' records in the jukebox at the Malt Shop.

And lately—when had she stopped listening to the music and started dancing with the boys at the Malt Shop in the afternoons? It was a big comfortable place, run by a soft-hearted Italian who let the kids worm their way into his heart with their easy-going chatter and laughter while they wore down his floor with their interbugging. Grace knew him. Sylvio Bylvino. Silly Billy, the school crowd called him. And he loved it.

"So!" he'd said once when Grace stopped in for a dish of ice cream, during school hours when you could get into the place. "So you are the mama of Patsy, one of my leetle customers, no?"

"Not so little. She's growing fast."

"Ah, yes. That-a Patsy. Such a beautiful girl, like-a her mama. Such a spirited girl, no?"

Grace had smiled.

"And the boys. How they love to whirl her round and how she laughs! From one boy to the next she goes, always happy, her pretty eyes a-shine."

From one boy to the next. That's the way it was with Jessie and me, Grace thought. Jessie had married long ago, settled down out West and had three daughters now. Three! Does she worry the way I do? Grace wondered. Does she remember the silly reckless things we used to do and feel sick with fear for her own girls?

Maybe she and Jessie had been searching for something. All girls searched, didn't they? Jessie found Jim and I found Hugh. But what if we hadn't found them?

Grace watched the sidewalk, where Patsy and her friends would come along, their skates hanging over their shoulders, their mittened hands picking up snowballs. Would there be someone like Hugh to end Patsy's searching some day? There had to be. But meantime . . .

She saw three, four chattering girls come down the walk. Yes, skates glinted on their shoulders. But . . . Her hand clutched the curtain. In the glow of the street light she saw that none of the snowsuits were white. They were all dark, or plaid . . .

She whirled around, hurried to the front door, flung it open and called to the girls, "Lillian . . . Mary . . . Where's Patsy? Didn't she come home with you?"

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Judson. Patsy? She and Dick were going to Silly Billy's for a hamburger. I heard them talking about it."

"Oh. Thank you, girls. Good night." Slowly she shut the door.

Hugh came clop-clopping down the stairs in his bedroom slippers and robe. "What's doing, honey?"

Her voice edged with apprehension, she told him.

He put his hands on her shoulders. "For gosh sakes quit worrying, Grace. She'll be . . ."

"She'll be along!" Grace said, her voice rising. "You always say that. Some time she may not be along and then what? Believe me, Hugh, all kinds of things can happen." And then she voiced the threat she'd wanted to make all evening. Somebody had to protect Patsy. "If she isn't home by 10, I'm not going to let her go to that party Saturday."

They looked at each other a long moment, then both glanced at the crystal clock on the bookcase. Sixteen minutes to ten.

Hugh's hands dropped from her shoulders. He looked troubled, irritated. "I heard what Patsy said to you before she left tonight, Grace. She was right. You are hounding her lately. And it isn't right or fair. She's entitled to some freedom. She's not a child any more."

"But that's just it!" Grace interrupted desperately. "It's because she's not a child any more that she shouldn't have too much freedom."

Hugh sighed heavily. "I don't get it. Whatever you're thinking, I just don't get it."

The silence grew between them. Finally, he turned, walked upstairs again and as she watched his broad back and big shoulders go through the bedroom door at the head of the stairs, she felt alone, terribly alone, and ashamed. She wished she could share Hugh's rocklike faith in Patsy. But how can I? she thought. Knowing what I know, how can I?

Her hands felt useless, restless. She had to do something. She'd make hot chocolate for Patsy, have it ready for her when she came.

Walking through the dining room, she passed the old grandfather clock. Fourteen minutes to ten.

In the kitchen she took cocoa, sugar and salt from the cupboard, and milk from the refrigerator. A few slow minutes passed as she stirred the cocoa over the stove, the wooden spoon moving through the thin grey film on top. A potion blended of all the drinks she'd had with all the men she'd known.

Was Patsy at Silly Billy's?

Grace switched off the burner, set the cocoa aside and went to the phone in the hall. Nervously she dialed Silly Billy's number, and when he answered, she said, "Hello? This is

THE

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# BON AMI

"hasn't  
scratched  
yet!"

Mrs. Judson. Is . . . is Patsy Judson there?" She could hear a trombone from the jukebox wailing out its weird notes and the shuffle of dancing feet.

Then Silly Billy was saying, "Tonight, no. She's-a not here, Mrs. Judson."

"Oh. Thank you."

Something sagged inside her as she hung up the receiver. Patsy had lied. She'd told those girls she was going to Silly Billy's, but hadn't gone there. She'd known Grace might call them . . . ask them . . . Was this the first lie Patsy had told? How could you find out? Was Patsy thinking even now, The things I put over on mother!

Grace stared at the crystal clock there in the hall. Ten sharp. And she heard the grandfather clock in the dining room begin to strike. "There are too many clocks in this house!" Patsy had said. Of course she'd think that. Foolish, sweet, beheaded little girl! Grace counted the strokes coming from the dining room. Would the front door bang open and Patsy come bounding into the house even yet, before the last stroke died? Grace found herself almost hoping that wouldn't happen. If she's late, Grace thought dejectedly, then I have every right to keep her home Saturday night.

The gonging went on, the last stroke echoed softly and the house was quiet.

Grace, relieved, yet uneasy, roamed into the living room. She heard Hugh come downstairs again and when he entered the room, she said in a rush of words, "I called Silly Billy. Patsy wasn't there. Let's go down to the rink and get her!"

Hugh shook his head, said firmly, "No. We are not going to do a thing like that until there's some necessity for it." He sat down in the big wing chair, lit a cigarette. "Are you going to keep her home from that party Saturday night?"

"Yes! She's not only late. She lied. She knew I might phone those girls or stop them and ask where she was."

"Why should she lie, Grace?"

"Why does anyone lie? I don't know. But I know how easy it is. I know all the things that can happen . . . dashing around in cars . . . maybe with people she doesn't even know . . . taking chances just for the fun of it. How do we know where she goes?" Her voice broke off as footsteps bounded up the front porch. Grace ran from the room, Hugh following more slowly, and the front door flew open just as they reached the hall.

"Hi!" Patsy sang out. "Gee, we had fun!" With a clink she dropped her skates in the box, then looked up curiously. "Why the big reception?" She was panting, her cheeks were glowing, her eyes shining. The sparkle all around her made Grace feel weak, made her wonder fearfully. Is the shine, the excitement, from being with Dick . . . from skating . . . from lying to us?

Patsy pulled off her woolly peaked cap, tossed it on the chair by the bookcase and her short gold hair clung damply to her head. Unbuttoning her suit, she started to step out of it and it was as though the warm, adorable Easter bunny was beginning to emerge from its fur.

Grace said, "You were supposed to be in by 10, Patsy."

Half-in, half-out of her suit, Patsy said apologetically, "I know. I'm a

few minutes late, aren't I? I'm sorry, honest, but it's just a couple of minutes."

"Where were you?" Grace demanded.

"Why skating, mother!"

"I stopped the girls and asked why you didn't come home with them. They said you were at Silly Billy's, but when I . . ." Something in Hugh's warning glance made Grace stop, kept her from telling Patsy the rest of it—that she'd phoned Silly Billy to check up on her.

Patsy said easily, "Oh, Dick wanted to go have hamburgers, but I wanted to keep on skating. The rink was perfect tonight. So he went to get the hamburgers and the dope hung around listening to some new records in the jukebox and I thought he'd never come back. I couldn't leave when he was bringing me a hamburger, delivering it actually, while I kept on having fun skating, could I?"

Hugh spoke for the first time. "No, you couldn't, honey. But you should try to get home on time."

Patsy's smile was wide, guileless. You almost *bad* to believe her. Her blue eyes, looking at Hugh, were grateful. "I know I should try harder, dad. Next time I will. Honest!" She struggled with the snowsuit that was still on her legs, took a forward step and stumbled. Trying to regain her balance, she grabbed for the bookcase and sent the crystal clock crashing to the floor.

"Oh, gee," Patsy breathed as Hugh picked up the clock and held it to his ear. "I'm sorry. Did it break?"

Grace heard herself say in a half-scolding, half-gentle voice, "You're as clumsy as your dad."

"Clumsy." Grace repeated the word to herself in a whisper, once, twice. And her eyes widened. All those things she had remembered earlier this evening—Hugh's grandmother calling him the clumsiest man God ever made; Patsy as a baby and child, always tumbling, breaking things.

Staring at her husband and daughter, Grace felt a tightening in her throat and the rush of warm tears in her eyes. Clumsy. Patsy was clumsy—*like Hugh*. There was a lot of Hugh in Patsy. Not only his endearing clumsiness but his goodness. And his honesty. He trusted his daughter because he had always trusted himself. "Couldn't you trust her, Grace?" he had asked.

The answer to that should have been, "It's myself at Patsy's age I can't trust."

Hugh's right, Grace thought. I worry too much about Patsy. But it's my fault, not hers. I know too much.

As for protecting Patsy . . . Grace took a deep breath, preparing for all the hours she knew she'd spend worrying in the years to come. There's nothing I can do about them, she thought, except trust the person who is Patsy. She's part of *both* Hugh and me. And that's more comfort than I deserve.

Grace put her arm around Patsy's shoulders. "You were only a few minutes late, darling. Next time I know you'll try harder to be on time. Come on, let's have some hot chocolate."

Hugh grinned at her and kept on vigorously shaking the clock. If it wasn't broken before, it would be when he got through with it.

"Hugh," Grace touched his arm gently. "Let's forget the clock, Hugh. There are too many clocks in this house anyway."



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The Institute Staff takes part in a "blind taste test" of a product submitted for Seal of Approval. Preferences for stew on plates 1 and 2 are recorded to determine the value of Ac'cent as a flavor intensifier.

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When the Institute starts investigating food products submitted for Seal of Approval the whole staff may be called into consultation.

This happened in the initial testing of a flavor intensifier, Ac'cent. Because improvement in flavor should be noticed when Ac'cent is added, we asked the members of the staff to taste foods prepared with and without the product.

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The usual check by our research chemists verified quality in the product itself. Final summing up of all tests rated Ac'cent worthy of our Seal of Approval.

### SUICIDE

Continued from page 7

opened before me, but all this was a rich and upsetting diet for a mind already cringing with fears of inferiority. And as the war progressed my soul became sick with all the injustice and misery in the world.

Yet my husband seemed to plod straight on through life as if nothing had ever changed, concerned only with his business and his family. The ideas and doubts that troubled me never seemed to touch him at all, but as our children began to assert their independence he tried to play the role of heavy father. When they laughed at his advice, violent arguments ensued. Then his mother brought her even more old-fashioned set of principles to live with us, roundly denouncing her grand-

children for their "wild talk" and for staying out "all hours."

Gradually I built up a picture of complete failure for us as a family and I blamed myself as well for every setback to any one of us—the building contract awarded to a competitor instead of to my husband, a hoped-for bid to a college dance which Janey never received.

As this conviction of failure gripped me I gave up all outside activities. I plunged into a girlhood hobby of writing and in 1947 I wrote several short stories and a novel. My first two efforts were successful but then publisher after publisher rejected my book. Finally I pushed it into a drawer, convinced I was a failure as a writer, too.

No one at home seemed to notice I was eating only a fraction of what I should have. My hair turned white and became thin and straggling. My eyes were sunken and I rarely smiled. And



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STEEL  
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cooking elements are divided, to give you a clear working space in the centre. A recessed lamp fully illuminates the surface. This modern McClyar is completely automatic. Just set the time clock and temperature controls, and you can go out for the day. You'll find dinner all ready when you get home! The distinctively styled McClyar two oven range will add beauty to your kitchen. Let your dealer show you this, and the other dependable McClyar models. You're certain to find a McClyar to suit your needs.

then came that September Sunday when I finally reached the bursting point . . .

I can see now that it was necessary for me to dig out many of these long-forgotten details of my life and face them squarely, but doing so during those early weeks after I left the hospital made me sink back into the old depression. I don't think it is any exaggeration to say that if I hadn't run into a neighbor one day while shopping I might soon have been back in hospital.

A hopeless remark I made to this woman stuck in her mind and she called me later to suggest I go to church that night to hear a visiting speaker. I had then never heard of Dr. Albert Cliffe, the famous lay preacher from Montreal who has brought thousands relief from pain and worry. Without enthusiasm I agreed to go with her and when we arrived at the church and found standing room only we almost went home. However, we learned that the lecture was being wired to another church nearby and finally we went in. That night I received a blessing that has changed my whole life.

It would take a whole book to describe my struggle to regain my faith in life and God, for there was nothing simple, dramatic or sudden about even this part of my cure.

Dr. Cliffe's vitality and his vibrant faith fascinated me and I went to hear him several times. But at first I merely envied him, his confidence and his trust in the future, without having any hope of equaling it myself.

By this time it was summer and I was lonely at home, with even the younger children away working all day at vacation jobs. The nights were unbearable.

After a succession of sleepless nights filled with fear and dread I gave up again. But this time I fell on my knees—the first time in years—and cried, "Oh God, you helped Dr. Cliffe. Please help me."

I got through that day by following Dr. Cliffe's directions to ask help once every hour. I was too distraught to voice a proper prayer, but the agony of doubt and fear with which I had wakened was lightened even in that one day. And that night I slept like a child.

#### I Tried for Detachment

Every day, after that, it was easier I just let go and let God take over the directing of all of our lives. There were several times when the old fear returned but always it vanished before the knowledge that infinite power and infinite love were at my disposal if I chose to use it.

The first constructive conclusion I came to was that our children were old enough now to make their own decisions and learn from their own mistakes; but I told them that they in turn must concede their parents the right to go their own way, too. And I laid down a rule that there were to be no more arguments over religion, politics and

economics. It sounds drastic but it changed the climate in our home. Meals were peaceful and quarrels became almost unknown.

I stopped worrying about family problems or anything else, and tried hard for detachment—something new for me but by persistent effort I achieved it . . . nearly always.

I reached another milestone the day I first realized I was harboring envy and resentment of my friends. I had lots of "friends" but the discovery that I really didn't love any of them was a startling one. That same day I deliberately began to replace each unkind thought about anyone with a kind one. It was a fascinating game.

I filled the cookie jar again, stocked up the refrigerator and told the young people to bring their friends home with them. I discovered that if you have a nice big chocolate cake on the table and a smile on your face, the dust might be thick and the rugs worn and no one would care a speck. To me—a constant fuser about my housekeeping—this simplified life amazingly. Folks drop in at our home all the time now, and my loneliness has vanished with a vengeance.

Love, I found, creates love.

But the most satisfying of all the changes occurred when I sat down one day last October and, asking Divine help, I chose the three things I wanted most out of life. They were, first—to have a pleasant home; second—to enjoy the company of my friends; and third—to write successfully.

#### A Joy in Living

I knew this would mean giving up all my earlier social ambitions, all possibility of keeping up with acquaintances who had better taste or more money than I had, as well as abandoning all false ambition for my family. It would mean setting aside my mornings for my writing and doing my housework in the afternoons and, if necessary, in the evenings. It would mean hard work and perseverance, but I resolved to keep on writing if every publisher and editor in the world rejected my work.

This was the last step up. I now know a release from tension, a joy in living that has never been mine before. I am using the talent I was given to the best of my ability and I have at least made a beginning toward living successfully. Faith instead of fear has made all the difference.

This faith, as I see it, is not a narrow religious thing—although any religion as it demonstrates love is part of it. It is beyond creeds, dogma, ritual, denominations. It is available to all who will believe and who will put out of their lives all hate, all selfishness. It is Divine power giving strength to human frailty; it is Divine love supplementing human love.

So, here abideth psychiatry, shock treatments and faith—but the greatest of these is faith. \*

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The author of "Cabbagetown" writes a new story

#### TRIP FOR MRS. TAYLOR

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### STENO AT RIDEAU HALL

*Continued from page 13*

she carries downtown each day and taking her turn in making tea for the manager. Says the boss: "We call her Rose and treat her like any other girl. Intellectually, however, she is way above average."

The Governor-General and also the Viscountess Alexander are pleased by their daughter's determination to make her own living and agreed to her taking a business course at the Ottawa High School of Commerce. But in their special position Rose's choice of career poses special family problems.

### Publicity Followed

Last fall another high-ranking English girl was also working in Ottawa. She was Anne Clutterbuck, daughter of Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, the British High Commissioner, and she found a job in the Parliamentary library. Several nationalist newspapers in Quebec suggested that these two daughters of leading Britons in Ottawa had no need to work and were robbing Canadian girls of a living.

In view of the existing labor situation most readers rejected the comment as ridiculous, but because it represented a cross-section of opinion, no matter how small, it gave the Governor-General some concern. However, he let Rose go on working, believing that the great majority of Canadians approved. Anne Clutterbuck carried on too, until she returned to England recently in anticipation of her father's retirement this year.

When Rose finished her course at the High School of Commerce last summer nobody pulled strings for her. She put her name down on a routine list of applicants for employment compiled by J. R. Howie, the school's placement officer. Far from helping her, Rose's rank impeded her.

One or two prospective employers believed she might be out for notoriety. The manager of the Ottawa branch of a large insurance firm for whom Howie had found many satisfactory girls before wanted to hire Rose, but he hesitated for fear his competitors would accuse him of seeking publicity. Finally he engaged her last September—and immediately some of his misgivings were justified.

Newspapermen besieged the office. Curious groups were attracted by the cameramen outside. This embarrassed Rose and interrupted business routine. Viscount Alexander, who has always co-operated amiably with the Press, laid it down that any interviews with Rose should be at Rideau Hall under supervision. When reporters declined to observe this edict Rose managed to obey her father's instructions by dodging reporters with the aid of fellow typists

once by locking herself in the office washroom. Rose and her employers took all this commotion with good humor and finally the excitement died down.

Why should a young woman who could spend all her days in sporting, artistic and social diversions select a humdrum office existence by preference? Well, times are changing. In England, where Rose Alexander will

return with her family next year, scores of titled girls go out to business either from necessity or a sense of duty. Under the dual stresses of economic recovery and enforced rearmament that nation is short of manpower. It is fashionable, profitable and patriotic for a girl to have a job, just as it was during the war.

### Typists at Government House

Whatever her designs Rose works earnestly. An executive in her office says: "She is always here a little before nine and when pressure is great she remains without complaint long after five."

One of her colleagues says: "She never puts on airs. She takes her turn at making tea and washing the cups and saucers."

Her former teacher at the High School of Commerce, R. A. Bell, recalls that at first Rose was shy and retiring but as the year progressed she mingled more easily with the other girls. She showed a fine sense of humor though she never tried to be the life and soul of the party. One of the boys in her class used to see her on the streetcar every morning and she always chatted along with him."

Out of her small salary (not much more than \$20 a week) Rose buys all her own working clothes, generally sweaters and skirts, inexpensive but tasteful. On the stormiest day she insists on using the streetcar rather than one of her father's chauffeur-driven autos because the walk down the drive gives her air. She takes sandwiches partly for economy and partly because she prefers a chummy lunch with the other girls to dining alone in a restaurant.

At her coming-out party last Christmas Rose, with 30 other debutantes, was presented to her own father. Among the 700 guests at Government House on this glittering occasion were all the staff under 30 years of age from her own firm, invitations going not only to the other stenos in the office but also to their boy friends.

Rose looked fascinating in a model New York gown of pale pink net and silver lace, but before the goggling audience of fellow teen-agers Rose was reluctant to pose for photographers until finally her mother said: "Come along, darling, you must, you know."

However, there is nothing stuffy about Rose and her reputation for shyness probably springs from the sheltered life she's led compared with that of most Canadian girls her age.

At 18 the average Canadian girl has had at least three years of dates and going steady, explored the subtleties of cosmetics, indulged in the current teenage clothes fads, and generally learned to project that vivid, vivacious appeal which is in style on this side of the Atlantic. Not so Rose. Although she has had four years of Canadian education she not only still speaks with an educated English accent, she retains the reserve of a girl reared in the tradition of an English gentlewoman. She is still, therefore, a little careful in adult company.

Rose was born in England and reared in a modest house on the fringe of Windsor Forest, 20 miles from London. She went to Heathfield, a private school in Ascot. During the war, when her father was fighting abroad, and Lady Alexander was devoting most of her time to the Women's Voluntary Service, Rose helped one nurse and a servant

# how to make a perfect lemon pie



Only fresh lemons can give your pies true, delicious lemon flavour. So easy, too. Just follow these tested recipes from the famous Sunkist Kitchen:

## LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Bring to a boil in saucepan on direct heat:  
1 cup water or milk  
1 cup sugar  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon grated Sunkist lemon peel  
Add: 5 table-spoons cornstarch, blended with 1/2 cup cold water  
Cook over low heat until thickened (about 5 minutes), stirring constantly.  
Remove from heat. Add separately, mixing well each time:  
2 well-beaten egg yolks  
1 tablespoon butter  
6 table-spoons Sunkist lemon juice  
Pour into an 8-inch baked or crumb crust pie shell. Top with Sunkist Meringue. Brown in moderate oven (325°F.) for 15 minutes.

## LEMON ANGEL PIE

4 egg yolks  
3/4 cup sugar  
Cream together thoroughly:  
Add: 1/4 cup Sunkist lemon juice  
Cook in double boiler until thickened (about 10 minutes), stirring often  
Add: 1 tablespoon butter  
Remove from heat and fold in: 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten  
Pour into an 8-inch baked pie shell. Top with Sunkist Meringue. Brown in moderate oven (325°F.) for 15 minutes.

## SUNKIST MERINGUE

For meringue to cover an 8-inch pie, add gradually:  
4 tablespoons sugar, to  
2 egg whites, first beaten  
until frothy  
Continue beating. Beat only until egg holds its shape in peaks. Fold in: 1 teaspoon Sunkist lemon juice.



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look after her two baby brothers. Determining like many another British youngster to share the spirit of national adventure, Rose slept out several nights each week in a tent in the garden.

She came with her family to Canada in 1945, spent three years at Elmwood School in Rockcliffe. Then she returned to England for a year to get her School Certificate, which is important to career girls in Britain. Her parents once thought of sending her to university in Canada. However, at the time they believed they would be going home in 1951 and it didn't seem worth while, so Rose determined to take a job.

Recently I taxied up the long curving drive to Rideau Hall to interview Rose Alexander. A Mountie admitted me to an outer vestibule and rang a bell; then a footman opened the inner door, invited me in and took my coat. The dimly lit hall was spacious and hung with portraits of many governors-general of the past. At the far end a shallow staircase rose to a landing and from here several corridors with white skirtings, crimson carpets, occasional chairs and many more paintings radiated into the interior of the rambling old mansion.

The interview was marked by a rather sheepish question-and-answer formality and was conducted in the little sitting room office of Miss Anstice Gibb, a tweedy, handsome, good-humored lady-in-waiting in her middle thirties, who was also present. Rose, who had just returned from work, wore a simple woolen frock of indeterminate green-and-black Scottish tartan. She sat uncomfortably on a hard chair and by a supreme effort remembered not to swing her legs.

The controlled watchful way in which she guarded her words betrayed her belief in the need for diplomacy but it was evident from the sparkle in her eyes that she regarded the occasion as an intriguing novelty.

They had told her at the store where she bought her frock, she said, that it carried the tartan of the ancient Campbells. But she didn't really believe it was a true tartan at all. There was a discussion about whether she should be photographed getting on a streetcar and she said: "Oh, please no. One newspaper photographer did that and I looked as though I had been pulled through a bush."

Then the talk turned to horseback

riding. Rose said she liked riding but only if she could wander great distances at will. In Ottawa the riding schools kept to confined and well-beaten tracks. Therefore she did not care for riding in the capital. Then she clapped her hand to her mouth and said: "But I wonder if we ought to say that. People might be annoyed."

Rose was not fond of skiing, despite her father's enthusiasm, but preferred swimming, tennis and skating. She was also keen on stamp collecting. She had nearly 1,500 in her album. Her father, who got letters from all over the world, gave her many interesting specimens, but she had nothing valuable.

Oh yes, she still went to Girl Guides. She was a lieutenant in the 1st Ottawa Company and gave instruction in woodcraft, knots and various badges. She was sorry she had missed summer camp but she had to holiday with her parents.

Square dancing was her favorite social pastime. The whole family had been taught by Anthony Griffin, a personable young executive of the Dollar-Sterling Trade Board, and a frequent visitor to Rideau Hall. Her father kept special plaid shirts of gorgeous hue especially for these shindigs.

"I like ballroom dancing too," she

said, "but only waltzes and foxtrots. I'm no good at those rumbas and sambas and things."

Occasionally the Governor-General showed movies to his friends and Rose was usually present. When there was "anything good on" her parents let her go with girl friends to the movies down town. Among her closest companions were Helen Claxton, daughter of the Minister of Defense, Marian McKenzie, daughter of the Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, Susan Ball, whose father was an army officer, and Marie Pelletier, whom she had met at Elmwood School.

At the office, said Rose, she was not "terribly important." She rarely went in to see the manager. Another girl did that and then this girl would come out and give Rose some typing to do. Occasionally, said Rose, she had been reproached for mistakes but hoped for the last time. "I'm a fair typist," she said, "but my shorthand could be better."

Miss Gibb explained that Rose was now going to many more grown-up affairs, such as the Ottawa Garrison Ball, and accompanying her parents to special events like the Sadler's Wells ballet. Rose, whose social life had before

...her Wish come true

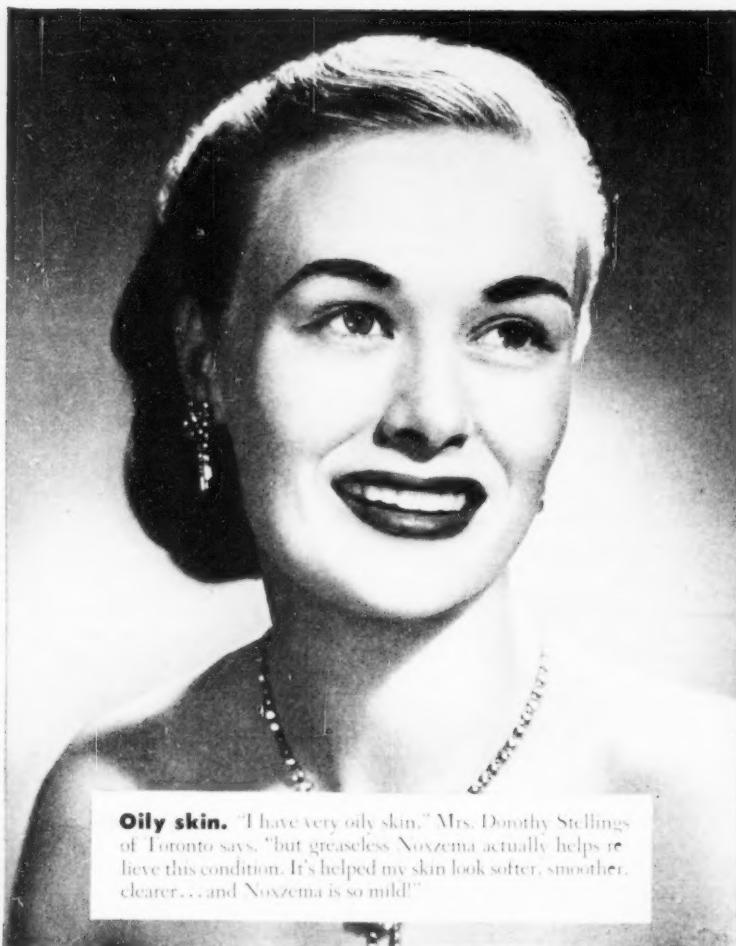
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**Oily skin.** "I have very oily skin," Mrs. Dorothy Stellings of Toronto says, "but greaseless Noxzema actually helps relieve this condition. It's helped my skin look softer, smoother, clearer... and Noxzema is so mild!"



**Rough skin** troubled Kit Robertshaw of Vancouver—until Noxzema came to her aid. "Since I've used Noxzema every day," she says, "I'm no longer bothered by rough, flaky skin. My skin looks smoother and clearer."

# NEW HOME FACIAL

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### 4 Simple Steps developed by a specialist help bring new skin beauty

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations... no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema Skin Cream—you can help your skin look softer and smoother, so much fresher and clearer, too!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Home Facial, described at the right... the beauty routine, developed by a skin specialist, to help you use Noxzema most effectively. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier—in 2 weeks and less!

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With this Noxzema Home Facial, you "cream-wash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—with no dry, drawn feeling. You give your skin the all day protection of a greaseless, natural-looking powder base... the all night aid of a medicated overnight cream that heals embarrassing blemishes—helps soften and smooth skin. No "smeary" face or messy pillow with dainty Noxzema!

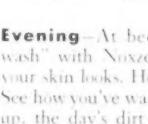
#### Follow this easy Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



**Morning**—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards!



Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This greaseless, invisible film of Noxzema holds make-up beautifully and at the same time helps protect your skin all day long.



**Evening**—At bedtime, "cream-wash" with Noxzema. How clean your skin looks. How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt—without harsh rubbing!

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#### What Others Say About Noxzema



**Mrs. Gloria W. Browne** of Halifax, Nova Scotia, says: "I first used Noxzema in my teens, when my skin was oily and blemished. Noxzema proved to be such a help—and was so easy to use—it's been a 'must' with me ever since!"



**Patricia McFarlane**, Ottawa, says: "Ever since I can remember, Noxzema has helped keep my dry skin soft and smooth. Occasionally, I've tried other beauty creams, but find Noxzema more effective than any of them. And it's greaseless!"

**Money-Back Offer!** Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return jar to Noxzema, Toronto—your money back. Get your jar of Noxzema today—26¢, 65¢, 89¢, \$1.69—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

**NOXZEMA** skin cream

her debut been limited to juvenile parties, could not restrain a dazzling gleeful smile.

Even so, Rose said, she spent many quiet evenings at home. She shared a sitting room with her brothers, but since Shane was at school in England and Brian went to bed early she really had it to herself. She liked to listen to good music on the radio but was not particularly musical. She did a fair amount of reading, and not always fiction. Recently she had finished Cecil Woodham-Smith's biography of Florence Nightingale.

"I have also taken sewing lessons," she said. "I've made one frock. It's not bad. At least it fits." Last year she said she made hand-knitted sweaters as Christmas presents for her father and brothers.

About going back to England next year Rose had mixed feelings. She had met so many wonderful people in Canada.

## COUNTRY SCHOOLMARM

Continued from page 12

of a surprise to any city folk who witness it. One morning a while ago a woman who had recently moved to the neighborhood from Toronto got her car stuck in the mud a few minutes after driving her two little girls to the school, and broke the calm of early morning lessons inside the school with the whir of skirling tires. Bill Hall, a quiet, red-headed 14-year-old farm boy who constitutes the eighth grade, asked Miss Small to be excused, put on his locomotive-engineer's cap, stepped outside and took the situation in hand until, with the aid of a farmer who came along, he got the car up off its haunches. Then he tipped his engineer's cap, went back to his desk and silently resumed his honest bout with particles, past and present.

School starts at nine, when Miss Small gives four tugs on a rusty wire that rings a bell in a slatted bell-house on the school roof, or calls one of the big boys in to do it with a long poker from the stove. The children come from distances up to three miles. Two of them walk two-and-a-half miles; the others either have shorter distances, come by bike or are delivered and picked up in the family car.

The schoolroom is a mellowed old rectangle attached to a woodshed and is pleasantly cluttered around the edges with charts, prints, cut-outs, pussy willows, pots of sprouting oats and a display of various handicrafts that gives it a bit of the exciting atmosphere of a cosy, well-lighted attic. Heat is provided by a big wood stove at the back of the room; water from a stone crock with a spigot, from which each child fills his or her own cup.

After the children have hung up their coats they take their places at the 12 worn and well-carved desks, which grade in size toward the back. Each one of these is a double desk carefully subdivided by a line gouged out by the penknives of generations of farmers' sons. Anyone who aggresses over the line risks sanctions in the form of a furtive elbow in the ribs. When there

"But the most important thing about returning to England," she spoke up strongly for once, "is that we shall be back in a home of our own. This is a very nice house, but it is not like living in your own house."

As the interview ended, the three participants walked out into the corridor. Before saying good-by I asked Rose how tall she was and how much she weighed. She told me, and she made sure I had got down correctly the color of her hair and eyes as brown.

Then she walked away down the long red strip of carpet, a graceful, well-bred girl on the threshold of womanhood who would like to be ordinary but who, at 18, is already beginning to feel the responsibilities of a public figure. She went some distance in the most dignified fashion and then, unable to contain her feelings any longer, broke into a skipping, schoolgirlish gallop, took three stairs in one bound and vanished round a corner. \*

are as few as nine children in attendance, each child has the luxury of a double desk.

The school grounds where the children play at recess is a grassy acre with a few maples, an oak, a birch and a grove of cedars. Favorite game is "Aunty, Aunty Over," which hinges on tossing a ball over the schoolhouse.

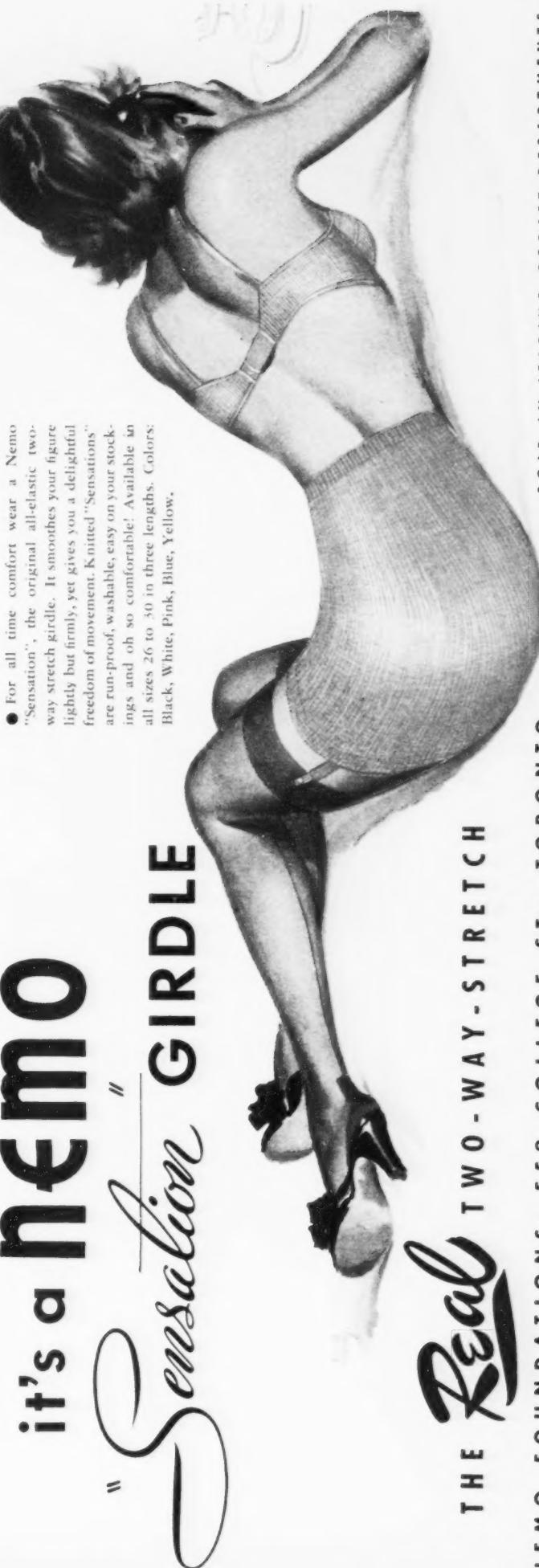
"It makes a dickens of a noise," says Miss Small who uses a peculiar mixture of rural and urban expressions, sometimes starting off a sentence with "For land's sakes," and ending with "Don't go into a spin."

In the winter time Miss Small uses recess to prepare a hot dish for the children's lunch, which may be soup, pork and beans, vegetables or her own special potato soup with onions. Teacher and pupils have this, along with the lunches they bring with them, at a rickety wooden table ordinarily used for handicrafts. Everyone takes a turn at washing and drying the dishes. In the summer the children eat outside under a tree, giving Miss Small an opportunity, when she's finished chalking up the afternoon's work on the board, to read a few editorials in the Toronto Globe and Mail or to just sit there amid her bird charts taking a breather.

### Teacher Works Late

Miss Small carries out her work with a good deal of youthful energy, enthusiasm and robust versatility, supplementing her academic duties by leading hikes through the woods, teaching art, reading the Bible and leading in song. She accompanies the class on an old upright piano, frequently hitting the wrong note, acknowledging it with an "Oops!" and carrying on without missing a beat. Once she noticed that the piano was emitting more wrong notes than she was hitting and found a nest of mice down among the bass strings. Class was suspended for 20 minutes while the whole school engaged in ousting the invaders.

Teaching six grades at the same time requires special planning so that at any one time one class is getting a lesson while the other five are doing desk work. Most of the children become so accustomed to shutting out the sounds of the lesson while doing desk work that



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they're not even conscious of it. Some children love to get their own work done then sit there listening to what's going on in the higher grades.

The older children are sometimes called on to check the work of the lower grades. School is out at four for the pupils, but Miss Small usually keeps going till five, organizing the next day's work. She prints words and sentences on the board for the juniors; listing words and arithmetic problems for the seniors; and making notes for herself.

During the school week Lydia Small boards at the home of John Dickenson, a general farmer, three-quarters of a mile from the schoolhouse. Usually she walks to and from school, but on wet or snowy days, John Dickenson drives her to school and brings her back in his car with his son Wayne. Each Friday afternoon after school, Miss Small goes by taxi to her home in Stayner, a town of 1,200 population about eighteen miles from the school, where she cooks, bakes pies and biscuits, washes her own clothes and keeps house for her elderly father, a retired contractor, until Monday morning.

Most of the evenings during the week, when she isn't mulling over how to help a certain pupil end her g's properly or get a better grasp of long division, she spends listening to the radio (her favorite is a giveaway show called *Treasure Trail*), chatting with Mrs. Dickenson or exchanging visits with neighbors and enjoying a talk, a cup of tea or an occasional card game. When the weather is nice, she and Mrs. Dickenson go for walks through the woods.

Now and then she goes to Barrie—seven miles to the four-corners village of Elmvale, then 16 miles down No. 27 Highway to see a historical movie. But a highlight event is when she and Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson have sing-songs around the piano. "Both Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson like music," she says. "Mr. Dickenson sings bass, but he can sing soprano too."

### Cities Are Sickening

nearly all her life in the country with the exception of the time she spent at Normal school in Toronto, and during a period when she taught near Toronto and Hamilton and made frequent trips into those cities. She has also deserted the country for brief intervals to take jobs as a waitress, department-store clerk, war-worker and general office worker during summer vacation.

She has nothing against city life; in fact she concedes that it offers a great many advantages. She just doesn't like it.

"I find the air so bad that I feel half sick all the time I'm there. And I hate noise. But I think city people, once you get to know them, are just as friendly as people in the country."

On her salary, which has ranged from \$650 to her present \$1,800 a year, she has never been able to afford much travel. She has never been to the United States, but would like some day to go to New York, provided she can go with someone who has been there before. "I don't want to get lost," she says.

In spite of her lack of travel, or perhaps because of it, she stresses geography a bit more than prescribed. "The world is getting smaller," she says. "Children should know more than just about Canada and the British Commonwealth." She has found it necessary to form thrifty habits. She has never been in debt, except once, when she bought a set of books that cost \$5.95 a month. "I worried myself sick about that," she says. Two things that bother her: having her picture taken ("I always look cross. I don't know why. I'm really not.") and writing business letters. She always does a rough draft and a revise.

One of the things she enjoys most is reading the Bible to the children. She is a religious woman and likes to think that her children are going to Sunday school. She feels that there is too much thought today for material things, and too little for doing right.

"Things have changed," she says. "When I was a girl there was only one family in town who broke the Sabbath. They used to skate on the pond every Sunday afternoon. We used to be invited to their house for dinner."

"I like outings in a car as well as anyone, and I certainly believe in games and sports. There's nothing wrong with either, taken in itself. But I don't think they should be allowed on Sunday, they form another distraction from the purpose of Sunday - a day set aside for spiritual devotion.

"We have to keep reminding ourselves that everything comes from God. It helps us meet life's problems. One of the ways to remind ourselves is to set aside one day for contemplation and prayer. I can't speak for other people, but I know it helps me."

Miss Small's advice to young people is to get out and try their own wings. They should get away from home, where mother does this and mother does that, and make their own way." Her own mother told her when she first left home to board with a woman named Mrs. Bell. "Now Lydia, don't you sit there and let that poor Mrs. Bell do everything. You get up and help!"

Lydia did. She has been doing a great deal of helping, in one way and another.

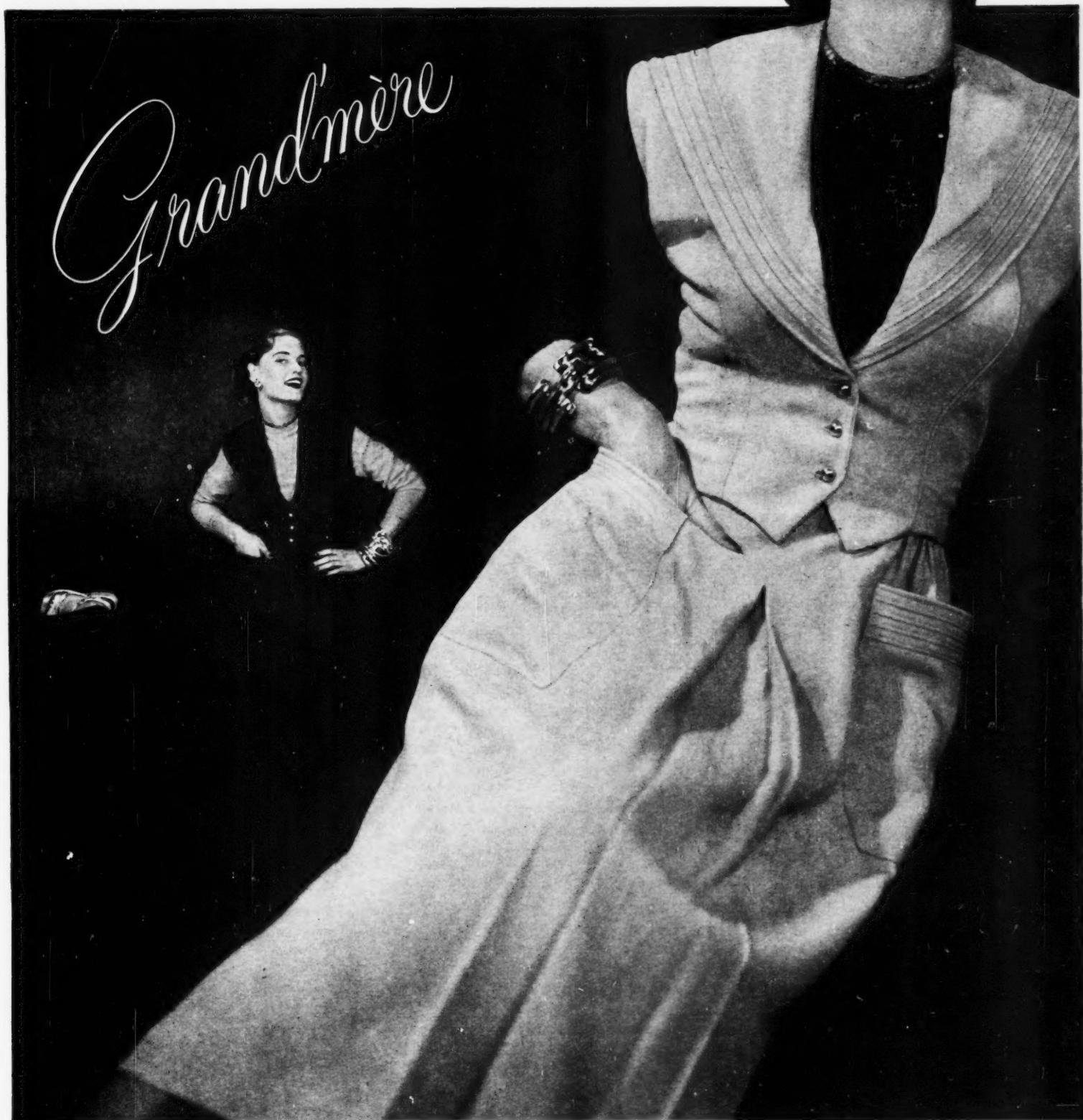
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FASHION AND BEAUTY

# YOUR HAIR CAN BE LOVELY

You learned this back in Grade III Health Class, but we're going to repeat it again: your general health dictates the condition of your hair.

If your hair seems lifeless . . . oily . . . overdry . . . or if you are troubled by dandruff . . . realize that these hair problems trace back to nerves, worry or general poor health. Seek medical advice, and decide now to begin a new way of life. Plenty of rest and some recreation. Fresh air. A well-balanced diet with lots of fresh fruit and vegetables. Plus external treatment with antiseptic tonic, scalp cleansing ointment, cream rinses—those special preparations created to combat hair problems. Apply these preparations with a piece of absorbent cotton or an eyedropper.

**DON'T OVERLOOK MASSAGE.** Really beneficial when done correctly, massage is a waste of time when it's a mere rubbing of the head. The scalp should be pressed lightly and firmly in circular sweeps, using the pads of your fingers and the palms of your hands.

Sit comfortably, and relax completely. Begin at the nape of the neck, and work around the base to the ears. Then straight up the back of the head to the crown, and finally, all over the top of the head. Check that you lift your scalp, and not simply your hands. Do not press down on the face. When you finish, your scalp should feel warm and glowing. That, dear lady, is massage!

Just as you finish . . . grasp bunches of your hair and give them a few steady p-u-l-l-s, lifting your hair away from your head.

**HOW TO BRUSH YOUR HAIR.** Are you brushing your hair correctly? If you simply brush your hair flat, from the crown downward, you might as well spend that time doing something else. Instead, try this vibratory brushing technique: Bend forward (wonderful for your waistline) and roll your hairbrush into the hair smoothly, sweeping the full length of each strand. As you pull the brush along the hair, turn your wrist slightly, giving the brush a rolling movement. Draw the

brush out, not down. Be sure those bristles reach the scalp with each rhythmic stroke. Vibratory brushing sweeps the hair clean, and stimulates the scalp. Fluff brushing is a lighter movement, when you concentrate your attention on the hair itself, thereby permitting air to circulate through the hair.

A hairbrush is a wondrous thing. If you are one of the few girls who has her hair carefully set, then nets it at night and gives it a fast, gingerly combing next morn, you are asking for trouble. Hair needs brushing to exercise the scalp, loosen dry scales and help fight dandruff. The brush draws oil down from the scalp to the dry ends. It cleans the hair of daily dust, and promotes a high polish.

**SHAMPOO THIS WAY.** Like the skin of your face, scalp skin is affected by external cleanliness. To get your hair and scalp really clean and sparkling, shampoo every seven or 10 days.

Massage your scalp first. Then brush briskly to loosen dry scales or dandruff, so they will wash away more easily. Rinse your hair in warm water before applying shampoo. Experiment with different shampoos till you find the one that seems to suit your hair. Shampoos, you know, are no longer mere cleansers. Many are designed to help lick special hair problems—softening brittle hair, coaxing curls, giving limp locks new sheen.

Work the shampoo of your choice through your hair, concentrating on your scalp. If dandruff is your problem, scrub your scalp gently with a tike-size toothbrush. Now rinse your hair with tepid water, and repeat the shampooing, this time washing your hair.

Careless rinsing can leave the healthiest hair dull and sticky, so do a thorough job. Pour clear warm water over and over your head, until every lock has had three rinsings. Blot your hair with a towel, and brush it dry with a freshly washed brush.

A final word before we leave this shampoo business. Shampooing isn't harmful during your men-

strual period. Just be sure to dry your hair thoroughly in a warm room. And by the way, a permanent wave should "take" at this time as well as any other. There's nothing in the books against it.

**TRY A DASH OF COLOR.** It's the color of your hair that first catches the eye. If your hair is faded, streaked or just humdrum—you can give it new beauty. Rinses give a temporary sheen, and wash out with the next shampoo although only soap releases the pigment. If you prefer more durable color your hairdresser may suggest a professional color blend which, unlike a rinse, actually goes into the hair shaft. The effect is completely natural-looking, lasts about two months.

With a tint you may enjoy a more definite hair color change—two shades lighter, manufacturers recommend. There are many different types . . . some are given at your hairdresser's, while others are designed to use at home. These are either shampooed into the hair or painted on from roots to ends with a brush. The formula combines shampoo, bleach and tint in a single, simultaneous action; the whole operation can be completed in less than 30 minutes.

**TRY A NEW STYLE.** Treat your hair as a changing joy—not a permanent bore. To find a flattering new style, sit in front of your mirror and pull your hair this way and that, keeping in mind the shape of your head, the contours of your face, and your over-all silhouette.

Try making a frame on the mirror. Two strips of Scotch tape top and bottom, two books held against the glass form the sides of the picture frame. This way you block out your hair, see only the contours of your face. Or outline the reflection of your face on the mirror with a sliver of soap.

For a square face try a slanting side part. Medium-long in length, with a high-set bang. Width at the temples is good, with the sides waved back.

For a round face, adopt a side part, a smooth crown. Choose a simple + *Continued on page 46*



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*Shining with care or dull as Monday—*

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*as the one with the pretty head of hair.*



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*Continued from page 44*  
style with the hair worn close to the temples. Avoid width and circle-curls.

For a diamond face always conceal the narrowness of the brow with a short, flatly waved bang. A centre part is prettiest.

Emphasize your good points, play down the not-so-good. Where your face is narrow, use a wave or fluff of curl for width. Where your face is broad, keep your style close to the head. Always try to create the illusion of the ideal oval shape.

Whatever style you choose, make it simple, smart, one you can handle yourself—and change at will.

**PINCURL Pointers:** First comb a thin setting lotion through your hair. If you want that professional, smooth crown, comb your hair sleekly and tie a piece of ribbon round your head and start the curls along that margin low in back, high at the sides. Don't snatch up hair in haphazard bunches, but part off two or three even rows, and pick up strands uniform in size. Coil a small strand of hair round your forefinger from the end right up to the scalp, either forward toward your face, or away. Slide the circle off your finger and pin it flat against your scalp with hairpins or crossed bob pins. Don't keep your hair pinned up any longer than you have to.

This is how to comb out pincurls: Lift out all pins, then work on one section at a time, leaving the front piece till last. Really brush and comb—you won't hurt the wave, but rather will make it smoother, more natural. And the more you comb and brush, the easier your hair is to manage. Don't let your final hair style bush out, but keep it molded to the shape of your head. A little lotion or balm sprayed on, or smoothed on with the palms will hold the final set as you like it. Try a non-greasy cream set for dry ends and wispy, flyaway hair.

**PERMANENT Time:** Summer or winter, it's likely you are a home permanent fan. Before your perm, do

have your hair properly thinned and tapered by an expert. Unshaped hair hangs badly, is difficult to set. Ends that have been pinned up over and over again won't take a soft, lovely permanent. So clear away the last traces of the old before starting on the new.

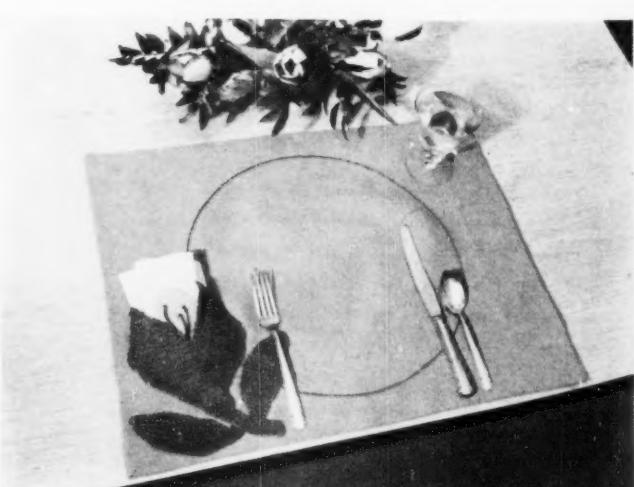
You may choose one of the well-known rod-style home permanents. As well, there is an end curl kit for shorter hair, or for use between permanents, and a pincurl permanent for hair that is no longer than five inches, no shorter than three inches.

Read directions carefully a day ahead, and dress rehearse your wave. Get everything ready . . . bowls, comb, towels, cotton, pins. Really know what you are going to do. And be sure to guarantee the best possible results by following the manufacturer's instructions to the letter. Underline important steps with a colored crayon so they will be easy to refer to.

Any permanent, whether home or salon, is merely a basis, a beginning—not a finished hair style in itself. Brush it, care for it, set it. Never shampoo without pinecurling, and you will never go around with one of those frizzy mops we all deplore on others.

**If You Are PAST 45:** Your hair should be all shape and line, with no ageing tight roll or wispy bun. We like the look of shorter hair on older women because it is smart without being girlish. Choose a simple charming style that is easy to care for, soft and flattering to your face. Grey hair can be very beautiful. But it must be shining clean, and set in a becoming style. A neat neckline is vital. To attain this try a crisp feather cut, a swirled back effect, or, if your hair is long, a waved chignon.

If you have grey streaks, use a hair pencil or a cream touchup that blends on the hair with a brush. If your hair is white, avoid a yellow tinge by protecting your hair from hot sun, and top heat under the dryer. Greyheads are lucky; these days you can add new loveliness and variety to your hair through subtly shaded rinses. \*



### Trim with a Pocket

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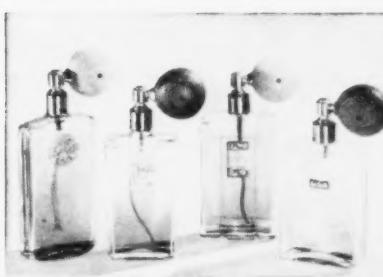
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BY JOHN GAULFIELD SMITH  
HOME PLANNING EDITOR

# TEN STEPS



1. Few walls are truly plumb, so it is necessary to "line up" the first strip to be hung. Surface must be dry, clean, smooth, all holes patched. New plaster requires coat of prepared size.



2. Chalking the plumb line cord. Line is tacked at ceiling, about  $19\frac{1}{2}$  in. from corner. When "bob" becomes still, it is held tight to baseboard, cord is pulled out and snapped back, marking wall.



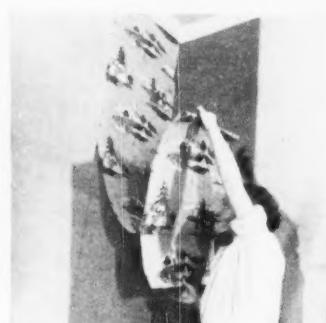
3. Don't overload paste brush. Use prepared paste or this recipe: add (gradually) six cups flour to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  qts. tepid water, stir, then add  $3\frac{1}{2}$  qts. boiling water, boil 15 minutes; let stand overnight.



4. Paste half a strip at a time. After each portion has been covered with paste, pick up its corners and fold them over the balance of the pasted strip. Apply paste down centre, outward to edges.



5. After pasted strip has been folded, selvedge must be removed, either by pulling it off if semi-trimmed or cutting it with a trimming wheel, guided by a yardstick. Strip is now ready to hang.



6. To hang first strip, unfold top half, place edge against top of chalk line, adjusting it until perfectly plumb. Save time by cutting several strips of paper before applying paste.

## TO EASY WALLPAPERING

Give your living room a new exciting interest—a focal wall. Husband-and-wife team show how



7. Once top is securely attached to wall, take smoothing brush and brush from centre downward and outward to edges. Then, unfold bottom half, let it hang to baseboard, trimming wheel removes this surplus.



8. When the strip is completely smoothed, it will be found that, if it is the correct length, it will hang three or four inches below the baseboard. Trimming wheel removes this surplus.



9. After two or three strips have been hung, press each seam with a roller or caster to make sure it adheres tightly to the wall. Paste marks on "waterfast" paper can be wiped off with damp cloth.



10. Papering around valances, fireplaces, requires cutting with small scissors to match molding profiles. Paper shown is "Gaspé," a new Canadian pattern by Boxer. It sells for about \$1.15 per roll.



## What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

### Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

### Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

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Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.

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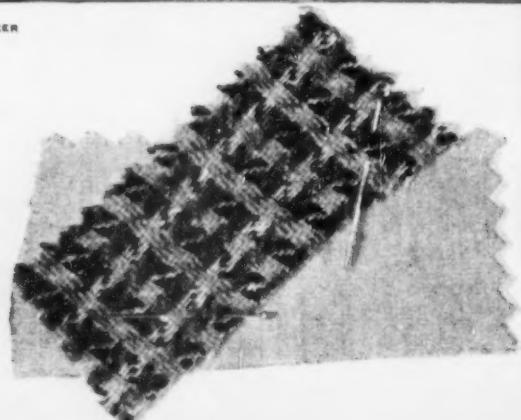
IT TASTES GOOD... IT'S GOOD TASTE



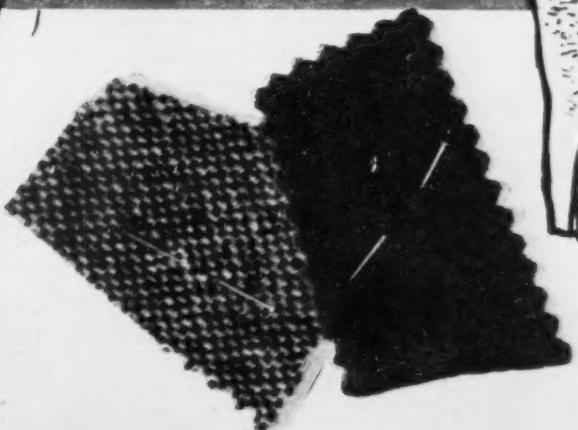
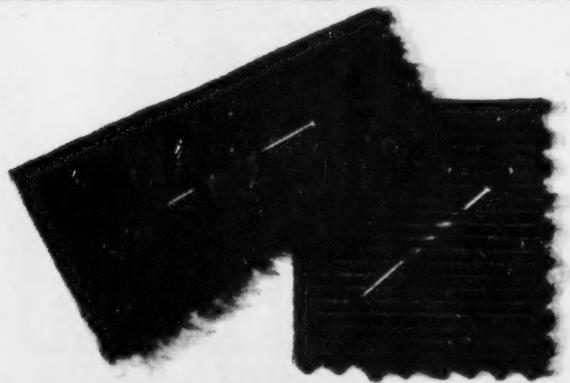
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Every time



## SIMPSON AND DELILA

*Continued from page 23*

that Mrs. Deering had come especially to see her. No one said so, of course. Guy had tossed it off quite casually. "Mother," he'd said, "is coming east for a few days."

When Delila's heart had reascended from her knees, she'd said, "Oh, how nice, Guy."

Guy had seemed to be waiting—when she'd made no further comment, he'd suggested, "Perhaps we could come up. I want her to meet you."

Delila had hastily invited them both to dinner. Guy approved of her cooking—he'd want his mother to see what a good housekeeper Delila was.

And if Guy himself was so critical—well, not critical, let's say such a—a perfectionist—his mother would be a thousand times more so. No one who'd raised a son so efficient and clever could be anything but a wonder herself.

She won't like me, Delila told herself miserably. I'm not clever or brainy. I'm not poised the way Guy wants me to be, except when I remember it—and I can never get stocks through my head—

Oh dear, she thought, I wish she'd stayed home.

Delila was very fond of her apartment, but at times like this she remembered that she'd got it cheaply because it was on the fifth floor of a converted house. At the foot of the stairs she put down her bundles and rearranged them. With them stacked high before her and with her door key between her teeth she began to climb.

At the second floor she decided that Guy's mother would probably bathe her before she ever got up to the apartment; at the third, she wondered suddenly, Goodness, what if she has a heart?

It was as she'd arrived halfway up the fourth flight that several things happened.

There was a whooshing sound and something struck her. As she couldn't see beyond her groceries, she met the force full tilt—and her feet shot from beneath her. She spun and descended several steps with rapidity. The chicken fell through the banister railings—the oranges rolled lazily downward—and she herself almost strangled on the door key.

Dazedly she sat among the wreckage.

At that point from above came a shrill whistle. "Simpson," a voice shouted, "come back—"

The voice became louder as its owner appeared on the fifth-floor landing, "Simpson!" A young man in grey flannels and a khaki sweater, holding a razor in one hand, stared down at

Delila. His face was obscured by lather. "What on earth are you doing down there?" he asked.

With great care Delila adjusted her hat. "What do you think I'm doing?"

"Oh, lord," he muttered, "Simpson—" He ran toward Delila. Tucking the razor in his pocket, he bent to her. As he did so, he glanced over the banister and gave a second ear-splitting whistle.

Delila, who was gingerly testing for broken bones, flinched. The young man lifted her up. "It's Simpson," he said. "I'm trying to get him back."

Then he stared at her with dawning horror. "He must—he must have passed you," he said.

"Passed me," Delila's voice rose to an undisciplined shriek. "If this Simpson is a friend of yours, then you should have him—have him locked up—dashing about, knocking defenseless—"

"Here he is now," the young man interrupted with relief.

Once again there was the whooshing sound. Delila turned to behold what at first appeared to be a small pony.

"C'm here, Simpson. Down, sir."

He was an extremely large boxer dog. Though it was apparent that "boxer" was a charitable term. Several strains had gone into the making of that frame; his trunk was boxer—his paws, which were enormous, belonged decently to a St. Bernard—and his head was that of a giant mastiff. He lay splayed below Delila, his expression one of amiable ferocity. But his expression was of no interest to Delila—the only things that concerned her were his jaws, enveloped within which lay her chicken.

Delila regarded it. Then she turned and regarded the young man. He opened his mouth.

"Don't speak to me," said Delila. With no further glance at the debris about her, she mounted the stairs. Unlocking her door in complete silence, she closed it behind her.

In her little kitchen she surveyed the oven. "I'll take them out for dinner—"

The doorbell was ringing.

"I'll tell them—tell them a drain broke," Delila continued calmly.

The bell rang again. Without ceasing, it went on in bursts of three.

At last Delila went to the door.

The young man's arms were full of parcels. "I've got everything," he said, and before Delila could speak—"and if you'll take these, I'll go out and get you another chicken."

Delila gazed at him. As his face was immersed in lather, she couldn't see the expression, but she thought it was a worried one. "Put them down there," she said, "and you certainly can't go out with soap all over your face."

"Soap?" he echoed as he dumped the groceries on the table. "Oh," he grinned. But Delila's gaze halted the grin. "I was shaving," he said.

Delila sniffed and then her mouth

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tightened. In the doorway was Simpson. He must have sensed constraint, for he didn't enter, but remained still, only his large tongue lolling from his now-empty jaws.

The young man said with haste, "I'll clean off my face and go. Is it—was it any special sort of chicken?"

"A broiler," Delila replied. But he was drooping, as was Simpson for that matter, and she relented. "Thank you very much. I'm sorry I was cross. But I'm having guests. It's special and rather important."

"That's all right, it's all my fault. We won't be 10 minutes."

And they weren't. Delila had almost finished cleaning the carrots when there was a knock at the kitchen door.

"I hope this is right—the fellow said it was," he proffered the chicken with anxiety.

"It's fine," Delila told him. It was the first time she'd really seen his face. Free of the lather, it was rather a nice one, with a long nose and chin, and brown eyes. In spite of herself Delila began to laugh.

He smiled back at once. "I'm glad. And I'm really sorry. It won't happen again."

"I should hope not," Delila said severely. "You should control him, you know. Didn't you train him when he was a puppy?"

"He's only a puppy." The voice was a little apologetic.

Delila stared at Simpson. He'd retired beneath the kitchen table, which held four people, but even so some of his vast rump extended beyond.

"He is really; he's only seven months," the young man insisted. "Besides I've only had him a week. I haven't had much chance to train him yet—we've just moved here."

Delila went on cleaning carrots. Somehow her visitor was now sitting on the edge of the table. He went on earnestly to explain. Simpson had belonged to a friend who'd had to go to England on a job. "They don't let you take dogs into the country—you have to put 'em in quarantine. And Bill was traveling around. Simpson would have been a bit of a problem."

"I can believe that," Delila agreed. "Why on earth do you call him Simpson?"

"Bill called him that, and it took Simpson four months to learn that was his name. It'd be a job getting him to learn a new one. He's—he's not awfully bright," he said reluctantly.

Delila looked down at Simpson. She'd put the chicken on the table, and as she removed the paper, he rose. His head was at the edge, and Delila's voice became ominous, "Simpson!"

"Oh, he won't touch it—he only meant to bring back the first one to you. I think there's some retriever in him."

Delila shook her head. Simpson gave her a joyous look and placed a paw like a waffle on her lap. Delila gave it up and tossed him a gizzard, which he wolfed. He grinned at her. When no more gizzards appeared, he removed his paw, set it on the ground and placed the other paw on her lap.

"It's the only thing he can think of," explained the young man. "I told you he's not awfully smart."

"You can't have any more." But Delila patted Simpson's head. Then she looked over at the clock.



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The young man got off the table. "My name's Mike Halsey," he said. "Mine's Delila Coles."

"I wondered what the 'D' on the door was for. Delila—that's a pretty name."

But the clock had reminded Delila of the evening ahead—the thought was depressing, and she spoke with some finality. "Well, thank you again, Mr. Halsey."

"That's all right," Mike said. "Come on, Simpson."

Simpson didn't wish to go. He remained fast, one paw on Delila's plastic apron. With no more ado, Mike clutched several inches of jowl and pulled. After a couple of tugs Simpson seemed to get the idea. The two of them departed.

At 6:30 she was ready. The rain was pouring in torrents, but her crimson drapes were warm in the glow of the lamps, and the glassware on the table glittered. Delila moved about, fingering objects here and there. Supposing she doesn't like cocktails? she wondered. Why on earth hadn't she asked Guy?

The doorbell rang. Frantically she looked at her watch. Surely they couldn't be this early. She dashed toward the door, then halted. Guy liked her to be cool and poised: she walked over and opened the door.

"A peace offering," Mike said. He held out a bottle.

Delila protested, "Oh, no—"

"It's just some wine—Liebfraumilch. I brought it back from overseas, and I'd forgotten it. Since you're having a dinner party, I thought it might go well with the chicken. Please take it," he said. Before she could speak, he'd closed the door and was gone.

Delila took the bottle into the kitchen. While she uncorked it, she thought suddenly of Mike as he'd appeared the first time at the door, his face a sea of lather, and she giggled to herself. Idiot, she thought.

Then the telephone rang.

"Delila?" Guy's voice was crisp as always. "It's mother. I'm afraid she won't be able to come. She caught a cold on the train. She's in bed now, but I think a week end will fix her up."

"I'm so sorry, Guy. I do hope she'll feel better soon. Will—can you come?"

"And leave mother?"

"No, no, of course not, Guy," Delila said at once.

"I'm very sorry about your preparations. Could we possibly make it Monday instead?"

"Certainly, Guy. I'd love to. Don't worry about my preparations. Anyway, you know how slapdash I am," Delila told him.

"Not at all," Guy replied. "You are a very good cook, Delila."

"Thank you, Guy."

"Then mother and I'll come Monday?"

"Yes, that will be lovely. Good night, Guy."

"Good night, Delila."

When she'd hung up, she turned and looked at the table—the crimson glassware and the candles. Then she sat down in the chair at the head of the table—sat there and seethed.

After worrying for two days—wondering if she'd like me—and I even left off lipstick—and my lovely chicken—

Unreasonable though Delila knew it was, she felt that she was going to dis-

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like Mrs. Deering. It wasn't her fault if she got a cold, but if she had the thing, why didn't she tell Guy before? She probably makes him wait on her hand and foot—

Delila raged on to herself. Yet underneath was a glorious feeling of reprieve that could be compared only to that of finding the dentist has been called away. She hadn't fully known till now how much she'd dreaded the dinner. If anything had gone wrong—Guy had a way of disapproving in silence that was worse than words.

So she eyed the olives and tried to be ashamed of her relief. Yet the table looked so pretty, and the bottle of wine—

And quite suddenly she rose. Leaving the front door ajar, she walked down the hall. She hesitated till she found the card: Michael Halsey. She rang the bell.

The door opened, and a strong smell of frying onions preceded Mike. When he saw her his face lit up, and unexpectedly Delila felt very much better. "Would you and Simpson," she said, "like to come to dinner?"

Sunday morning Delila slept late. When she woke the sun was streaming through the curtains. It was a gorgeous day. Delila pulled on her slippers and dressing gown and went out to pick up her paper from the mat. Carrying it, she went back into the kitchen. It was clean and tidy, for Mike had insisted on doing the dishes before he went.

She poured out her orange juice and put on the coffee. While she waited, she thought how nice it would be if Guy called and they went out for the day. He wouldn't though—his mother would expect him to be with her.

That was quite natural, Delila told herself, but she felt a little desolate. She and Guy always went out on Sundays—Guy arranged the day for them. He generally planned a Sunday ahead, like a cartoonist keeping a week ahead of schedule.

Now what on earth had made her think of cartoonists? Oh, of course, Mike. He made his living as a commercial artist. But he'd told her what he really wanted to do was political cartoons. He'd shown her some of his—and they had a spare biting quality that surprised Delila, since Mike seemed rather easy-going in a diffident way.

Delila got up to make the coffee as the doorbell rang. When she got to the door, no one was there, but a white envelope lay on the mat. She chuckled at the drawing below the note—then hesitated. It was such a perfect day, but ought she to go out with Mike when Guy had to stay in?

She glanced at the note again—Will be back for reply. M.H. Guy surely wouldn't mind, she thought. Scribbling, Yes. Love to. D.C. she slid it back under her door.

Late in the afternoon she and Mike sank to the grass by the lake in High Park. Never, thought Delila, never had there been a dog with the energy of Simpson. Keeping up with him was like trying to contain a comet. The trouble was that Simpson didn't know what he wanted to do next. Everything presented a challenge: He would stalk a popcorn vendor for two minutes, only to be diverted in midchase by a baby carriage. By the time the terror of the

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tightened. In the doorway was Simpson. He must have sensed constraint, for he didn't enter, but remained still, only his large tongue lolling from his now-empty jaws.

The young man said with haste, "I'll clean off my face and go. Is it—was it any special sort of chicken?"

"A broiler," Delila replied. But he was drooping, as was Simpson for that matter, and she relented. "Thank you very much. I'm sorry I was cross. But I'm having guests. It's special and rather important."

"That's all right, it's all my fault. We won't be 10 minutes."

And they weren't. Delila had almost finished cleaning the carrots when there was a knock at the kitchen door.

"I hope this is right—the fellow said it was," he proffered the chicken with anxiety.

"It's fine," Delila told him. It was the first time she'd really seen his face. Free of the lather, it was rather a nice one, with a long nose and chin, and brown eyes. In spite of herself Delila began to laugh.

He smiled back at once. "I'm glad. And I'm really sorry. It won't happen again."

"I should hope not," Delila said severely. "You should control him, you know. Didn't you train him when he was a puppy?"

"He's only a puppy." The voice was a little apologetic.

Delila stared at Simpson. He'd retired beneath the kitchen table, which held four people, but even so some of his vast rump extended beyond.

"He is really; he's only seven months," the young man insisted. "Besides I've only had him a week. I haven't had much chance to train him yet—we've just moved here."

Delila went on cleaning carrots. Somehow her visitor was now sitting on the edge of the table. He went on earnestly to explain. Simpson had belonged to a friend who'd had to go to England on a job. "They don't let you take dogs into the country—you have to put 'em in quarantine. And Bill was traveling around. Simpson would have been a bit of a problem."

"I can believe that," Delila agreed. "Why on earth do you call him Simpson?"

"Bill called him that, and it took Simpson four months to learn that was his name. It'd be a job getting him to learn a new one. He's—he's not awfully bright," he said reluctantly.

Delila looked down at Simpson. She'd put the chicken on the table, and as she removed the paper, he rose. His head was at the edge, and Delila's voice became ominous, "Simpson!"

"Oh, he won't touch it—he only meant to bring back the first one to you. I think there's some retriever in him."

Delila shook her head. Simpson gave her a joyous look and placed a paw like a waffle on her lap. Delila gave it up and tossed him a gizzard, which he wolfed. He grinned at her. When no more gizzards appeared, he removed his paw, set it on the ground and placed the other paw on her lap.

"It's the only thing he can think of," explained the young man. "I told you he's not awfully smart."

"You can't have any more." But Delila patted Simpson's head. Then she looked over at the clock.



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The young man got off the table. "My name's Mike Halsey," he said. "Mine's Delila Coles."

"I wondered what the 'D' on the door was for. Delila—that's a pretty name."

But the clock had reminded Delila of the evening ahead—the thought was depressing, and she spoke with some finality. "Well, thank you again, Mr. Halsey."

"That's all right," Mike said. "Come on, Simpson."

Simpson didn't wish to go. He remained fast, one paw on Delila's plastic apron. With no more ado, Mike clutched several inches of jowl and pulled. After a couple of tugs Simpson seemed to get the idea. The two of them departed.

**A**t 6:30 she was ready. The rain was pouring in torrents, but her crimson drapes were warm in the glow of the lamps, and the glassware on the table glittered. Delila moved about, fingering objects here and there. Supposing she doesn't like cocktails? she wondered. Why on earth hadn't she asked Guy?

The doorbell rang. Frantically she looked at her watch. Surely they couldn't be this early. She dashed toward the door, then halted. Guy liked her to be cool and poised; she walked over and opened the door.

"A peace offering," Mike said. He held out a bottle.

Delila protested, "Oh, no—"

"It's just some wine—Liebfraumilch. I brought it back from overseas, and I'd forgotten it. Since you're having a dinner party, I thought it might go well with the chicken. Please take it," he said. Before she could speak, he'd closed the door and was gone.

Delila took the bottle into the kitchen. While she uncorked it, she thought suddenly of Mike as he'd appeared the first time at the door, his face a sea of lather, and she giggled to herself. Idiot, she thought.

Then the telephone rang.

"Delila?" Guy's voice was crisp as always. "It's mother. I'm afraid she won't be able to come. She caught a cold on the train. She's in bed now, but I think a week end will fix her up."

"I'm so sorry, Guy. I do hope she'll feel better soon. Will—can you come?"

"And leave mother?"

"No, no, of course not, Guy," Delila said at once.

"I'm very sorry about your preparations. Could we possibly make it Monday instead?"

"Certainly, Guy. I'd love to. Don't worry about my preparations. Anyway, you know how slapdash I am," Delila told him.

"Not at all," Guy replied. "You are a very good cook, Delila."

"Thank you, Guy."

"Then mother and I'll come Monday?"

"Yes, that will be lovely. Good night, Guy."

"Good night, Delila."

When she'd hung up, she turned and looked at the table—the crimson glassware and the candles. Then she sat down in the chair at the head of the table—sat there and seethed.

After worrying for two days—wondering if she'd like me—and I even left off lipstick—and my lovely chicken—

Unreasonable though Delila knew it was, she felt that she was going to dis-

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like Mrs. Deering. It wasn't her fault if she got a cold, but if she had the thing, why didn't she tell Guy before? She probably makes him wait on her hand and foot—

Delila raged on to herself. Yet underneath was a glorious feeling of reprieve that could be compared only to that of finding the dentist has been called away. She hadn't fully known till now how much she'd dreaded the dinner. If anything had gone wrong—Guy had a way of disapproving in silence that was worse than words.

So she eyed the olives and tried to be ashamed of her relief. Yet the table looked so pretty, and the bottle of wine—

And quite suddenly she rose. Leaving the front door ajar, she walked down the hall. She hesitated till she found the card: Michael Halsey. She rang the bell.

The door opened, and a strong smell of frying onions preceded Mike. When he saw her his face lit up, and unexpectedly Delila felt very much better.

"Would you and Simpson," she said, "like to come to dinner?"

**S**unday morning Delila slept late. When she woke the sun was streaming through the curtains. It was a gorgeous day. Delila pulled on her slippers and dressing gown and went out to pick up her paper from the mat. Carrying it, she went back into the kitchen. It was clean and tidy, for Mike had insisted on doing the dishes before he went.

She poured out her orange juice and put on the coffee. While she waited, she thought how nice it would be if Guy called and they went out for the day. He wouldn't though—his mother would expect him to be with her.

That was quite natural, Delila told herself, but she felt a little desolate. She and Guy always went out on Sundays—Guy arranged the day for them. He generally planned a Sunday ahead, like a cartoonist keeping a week ahead of schedule.

Now what on earth had made her think of cartoonists? Oh, of course, Mike. He made his living as a commercial artist. But he'd told her what he really wanted to do was political cartoons. He'd shown her some of his—and they had a spare biting quality that surprised Delila, since Mike seemed rather easy-going in a diffident way.

Delila got up to make the coffee as the doorbell rang. When she got to the door, no one was there, but a white envelope lay on the mat. She chuckled at the drawing below the note—then hesitated. It was such a perfect day, but ought she to go out with Mike when Guy had to stay in?

She glanced at the note again—Will be back for reply. M.H. Guy surely wouldn't mind, she thought. Scribbling, Yes. Love to. D.C. she slid it back under her door.

Late in the afternoon she and Mike sank to the grass by the lake in High Park. Never, thought Delila, never had there been a dog with the energy of Simpson. Keeping up with him was like trying to contain a comet. The trouble was that Simpson didn't know what he wanted to do next. Everything presented a challenge: He would stalk a popcorn vendor for two minutes, only to be diverted in midcourse by a baby carriage. By the time the terror of the

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parent had been calmed, Simpson would be yards away madly nosing balloons on a stick.

The world was his friend. Passers-by would take one look and try to avoid him. But that was not for Simpson. If he liked someone's looks, he'd charge—having caught up, he'd stand on his hind legs, his colossal paws on his new friend's chest, panting happily. And it was hard to explain to the object of his fancy that 90 pounds of muscle at full gallop were not menacing. By four o'clock Delila lay beside Mike gasping with exhaustion.

"He is the most foolish dog I've ever known," Delila said.

"He is," admitted Mike, twisting the end of Simpson's leash about his wrist.

Delila broke the contented silence. "I think he wants a drink."

Mike sat up—there was no one around, so he unwound the leash. They watched Simpson at the water's edge. He drank for a while. Then, when the ripples had died away, he bent his head and stood quite still, only his nose quivering faintly.

"He's looking at himself," Delila gurgled and rolled over to face Mike. But Mike didn't laugh back. He was gazing at Delila as though he'd never seen her before.

And quite suddenly the beautiful day dimmed. She stared at Mike. And the cool poised Delila of whom Guy so approved became very warm and unpoised. She rose violently to her feet. "I think—I'd better be getting back. Guy may call."

"Guy?" Mike's voice sounded quite strange—remote. "Who's Guy?"

"He's—he's a man I know," Delila said primly. She felt all at once cross with herself for being confused, with Mike for making her confused, with Guy for not being here where he should be.

Mike was on his feet now, too—and Delila could see that he was going to pursue the subject.

At that second Simpson appeared from the lake. He'd been, it appeared, for a swim, and gamboled toward them, moist and ecstatic; he halted before Delila. Mike shouted, "No, Simpson." But it was too late. Simpson shook himself—from stem to stern, top to bottom, he shook himself—over Delila.

When he'd stopped, Delila regarded her pink frock. "Oh, no," she said.

Mike picked up Simpson's leash and they went home.

When she got back to the apartment Delila washed her hair. It didn't need it, but it was something to do. Anything, she felt, was better than thinking. She and Mike had exchanged brief polite good nights outside her door.



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IN NEXT ISSUE:

## CHATELAINE REVIEWS THE FALL FASHIONS

A report on the new styles from Montreal, Toronto and New York, by Eileen Morris, our Fashion and Beauty Editor

He'd apologized again for her soaked dress, but she'd told him not to be silly.

Indeed as she soaped her hair she thought how grateful to Simpson she was for the diversion. He'd arrived at a moment which had suddenly become awkward—no, dangerous.

Delila plunged her head beneath the shower, then withdrew it. Dangerous! How ridiculous, she said aloud.

Later, waving the hand drier, she told herself again how ridiculous it was. And suddenly wished very much that Guy would walk in the door—serene, assured, and protective. Dear Guy, she thought. Tied to a selfish mother. No, that's unfair, she said remorsefully; she's sick. But Guy was so sweet and unselfish—such a good son—he'd make a fine husband.

Turning off the drier, she wondered with alarm why the words all at once held no warmth.

The telephone rang, and Delila jumped.

It was Guy, and in her gladness Delila almost babbled. "Oh, Guy, I'm so glad. I was just thinking of you."

Guy cut in strongly. "Delila—where have you been?"

Startled by his tone into candor, Delila said she'd been out with the man next door and his dog.

This had the effect of making Guy cross—something that scarcely ever happened. He informed her that he'd been trying to reach her all day—that Mother had been asleep and he'd been free—and that he'd tried to reach Delila all day.

There were limits, Delila thought, and she was no Griselda. She told him tartly that she'd been lonely too, and when she was asked to go out, she *went* out.

After a short silence Guy said he was sorry and would she like to go to the band concert?

Of course, said Delila, she'd love to. She was a little touched. Guy didn't like concerts, but he knew she did. The fact that it was symphony, not band music, she loved wasn't the point.

After she'd hung up she sat brushing her hair. Everything had straightened itself out. She could tuck her hand through Guy's arm and forget the silly, disturbing moments in the park. Dear Guy, she said to the mirror.

At eight o'clock she went out to the landing to meet Guy. She just glanced at the corner apartment—the door was ajar, and she could hear Mike dialing a number on his hall phone. She decided to walk on down, and tried not to wonder if it was a girl Mike was phoning.

When she said good night to Guy several hours later Delila thought it certainly wasn't his fault that she hadn't enjoyed the evening. He'd never looked more handsome—and during Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, he'd talked of the future so comfortably, making her feel that if she just left everything to him . . . And she'd admired the kindly, practical way in which he'd spoken of his mother—firm, but protective.

Yet as she closed the door behind him, she felt that the evening hadn't done what it should. She didn't know really what it should have done—but it hadn't.

She was still wondering what that something could be when she fell asleep.

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## CANADIAN NATIONAL



At five minutes of seven on Monday night Delila braced herself afresh to meet Mrs. Deering. One last look at the table—a glance into the oven at her steak—wipe off the sherry glasses again: she'd decided on sherry as more conservative.

She'd told Guy seven o'clock, and at seven the bell rang. Delila lit the candles on the dining table and went to the door.

In appearance Mrs. Deering was more or less what one would expect—sixtyish,

pince-nez, a good brown face, and a rather pink nose. She'd certainly had a cold and sneezed twice. Each time Guy rearranged her chair to avoid a draught.

Delila found gratefully that she liked sherry and had two glasses—in fact she accepted a third. But Guy shook his head and took away the glass. "Mother's blood pressure isn't too good."

And she said some very nice things about Delila's cooking.

It was a pity about the steak, Delila thought. Guy had apologized, "I'm so

sorry, Delila, but mother mustn't eat red meat."

"Tosh," said Mrs. Deering at that point. "That's absurd, Guy. There's nothing wrong with my blood pressure."

Guy smiled and shook his head again.

And it was as he turned away to his own steak that Delila saw the expression on his mother's face, as she looked at her son. It was an odd expression. If Delila hadn't known how preposterous the thought was, she'd have said it was one of faint dislike.

However she forgot it as they started to talk.

To her surprise and pleasure she liked Mrs. Deering at once. And she couldn't detect any sign of surveillance. They chatted of this and that, and then Delila found that Mrs. Deering liked movies. That was really understatement—she adored them.

From then on it was pleasant sailing. They dwelt lovingly on Cary Grant, and Delila forgot to offer Guy second helpings as she related to Mrs. Deering the plot of the last Bette Davis film. "But it's playing here in town—you must see it," she interrupted herself.

"No," said Mrs. Deering. "My son thinks I might catch more cold in a picture house." Then she looked over at Guy. "But I shall—as soon as I get back, I'll go." And her voice wasn't quite the voice of a mature, elderly lady. It sounded more like a small girl saying, *So there*.

Guy smiled equably and went on with his floating island.

Over their coffee Guy took the floor. Not ruddily, but with the air of a man who has plenty of time. His handsome head against the back of the armchair, he talked of stocks and bonds. He was very firm and persuasive, and Delila could see why he sold so many. She glanced over at her visitor; Mrs. Deering's chair was out of her son's line of vision, and Delila's glance turned to a stare. For on that pleasant pink face was a look of infinite boredom.

At that moment their eyes met. And Delila was appalled to see that Mrs. Deering made no attempt to wipe off the boredom. She just smiled at Delila and sighed a little.

She knows I know she's bored, Delila thought, but she doesn't care. Because she thinks I'm bored too. And I am.

Loyalty rebelled at once. No, no, I'm not bored. Delila looked at Guy—that fine profile, the clear strong voice.

"Now you take Consolidated—"

But no one did, since the doorbell rang loudly.

Mrs. Deering must have been waiting for some sort of signal. As the end-of-round bell releases the spent lighter, she rose to her feet.

On her way to the door Delila could hear her saying she hoped Guy and Delila would excuse her but her cold had made her sleepy.

"Yes, of course, mother. I'll put you in a cab."

Then Delila opened the door. On the threshold stood Mike. Right then and there Delila forgot Guy and his mother—Mike's hair was disheveled and his eyes were desolate. He didn't see the Deerings.

"Simpson's awfully sick" he said. "Could you stay with him while I go—" he broke off as he saw Guy and Mrs. Deering.

"Oh, Mike—" Delila turned to the others.

Mrs. Deering seemed quick-witted. "Someone in the house?"

Delila nodded. "If you'd forgive me for just one moment."

Mrs. Deering said, of course, run along, and Delila threw a brief smile to Guy.

Then she was in Mike's kitchen.

Simpson was very sick, she saw immediately. He lay by the oven, inert and heavy, only his great sides punching in and out like bellows, as he struggled



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with seeming unsuccess to get his breath. Kneeling beside him, Delila said, "Get the vet. Hurry, Mike."

The door slammed, as Mike went.

Delila laid her hand on Simpson's head. "I'll be back—right back."

Then she returned to her guests. Mrs. Deering forestalled her apologies. "I was going anyway, my dear. The stuff for my cold has made me dopey. Guy can see me home and come back."

But Guy said, "Who is this fellow Simpson? Do I know him?"

"Simpson's a dog," Delila said simply.

She could have kissed Mrs. Deering who murmured in distress, "Oh, the poor little thing. You go right back."

Guy chose that moment to lose his temper for the first time since Delila'd known him. "I won't have it, Delila. It's absurd."

After a second Delila said, "I'm sorry, Guy."

Unexpectedly Mrs. Deering kissed her. "Run along, child. Guy can call you tomorrow," she paused, "if you want him to."

Delila smiled her thanks. "Good night, Guy," she said, then went back to Mike's kitchen.

Sitting on the floor, she called softly, "Simpson. Simpson? You just hang on. The vet's coming, Simpson—"

But he didn't open his eyes. All he did was gasp and strain for breath. Delila lifted his head to her lap. When Mike opened the door she was crying.

Mike was alone. "He's on a call—they're phoning him to come straight on here." He knelt by Delila. "Come on, Simpson," he murmured.

With his hand on the big head, he turned his face away. "He's—he's such a damned foolish mutt." The voice was muffled.

"Oh, Mike," choked Delila. As she groped for her handkerchief. "What could it be? What happened?"

Still with his face averted, Mike said he didn't know. Simpson had been out on the front steps with some children, while Mike took the rent money down to the landlord. "Then we came upstairs, and he began to look funny."

"He can't have been poisoned," Delila insisted. "It's as if he were just choking—just—" and broke off. "Mike! Choking! Maybe he found a bone and it's stuck—"

They stared at each other. Then, "Hold his head up." Mike turned up his shirt cuff.

As she raised the limp head Mike forced open Simpson's jaws with one hand. The other he inserted down his throat.

Simpson stirred.

In silence, Mike probed farther. Then he withdrew his hand. "I can't find anything," he said helplessly.

Delila looked at his big muscular hand, then at her own small one. "Hold him," she said. Gently she thrust her forefinger and thumb down, the other fingers doubled into her palm.

Simpson's breath was jerking now in spasms.

Very carefully Delila groped downward.

Simpson's shoulders contracted in a shudder.

And Delila withdrew her hand and held it out to Mike. In the palm lay three jacks, clustered together.

"Those kids," Mike said, "playing jacks—"

Together they looked down at Simp-

son. He lay still a moment, and a long movement rippled throughout his body. His eyes opened, rather indolently he rose to his haunches. He regarded Delila and Mike, and gave a great, vast yawn. Then he sauntered to the corner where his drinking bowl lay. They listened as he drank in gulps. Then he sat down and scratched himself with care.

"Delila! Darling—darling, don't cry, please."

"I can't help it," sobbed Delila.

Mike waited until she'd stopped. Then slowly, as though the words were torn from him, he said, "I guess you ought to go back now to your Guy."

"He's gone." Delila blew her nose. "And he's not my Guy."

Her eyes met Mike's, and untimely candor asserted itself. "Perhaps I—I think I thought he was. But—" Pausing she looked at Mike. His face was still flushed from running and his foolish eyes were red. She took a deep breath.

And Mike kissed her.

When he let her go, they sat back and gazed at each other. It was a long full look that only broke off at the sound of restless movement.

Simpson had risen—he was pacing about. He stopped and faced toward them. Then he paced again.

"Do you think—?"

"I guess he does," Mike nodded. "I'll get his leash."

Delila blinked radiantly. "And I'll get my coat," she said. \*

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## THE MILLIONTH MAN

Continued from page 15

desk from her, his legs crossed in an easy relaxed way, his hand occasionally pressing back his short thick blond hair (which always sprang immediately up again).

"And he didn't write you after he took off for Paris? Just that note before he left? Nothing else?"

"No. Just that note. Why do you ask?"

He smiled and somehow made her feel less resistant to him. "If you stop to consider, it's a natural enough question. To put it harshly, which seems unavoidable, Paul Barton is out of existence; but the money he stole, at least part of it, may not be. The plane, and everything in it, burned. But it isn't established that he carried all that money with him out of Paris." He paused and gave her a penetrating but uncommunicative look. "For that matter, do you never play with the notion—" But he stopped. "No. You don't, I know. You have too honest a mind even to conceive that kind of dishonesty."

"What kind do you mean?" she asked him, puzzled, searching his face.

He shrugged. "All the kinds," he said lightly, "that my experienced and embittered mind conceives." Less lightly he added, "But as to my question, you understand now why I asked it—and how important it is."

"But you don't think—surely you don't think I wouldn't have told everything to the police."

"Would you have?" he said gently. "Everything? Even where he'd gone to, if you'd known?"

She lifted her head then and looked at him steadily and long. But perhaps it was the strain of these past days that had worn her out too much for anger—or, in part, the way he'd said those words, not insinuatingly or with irony, but only as if he were genuinely interested in her response as a human being.

She answered finally as honestly as she knew how. "I don't know if I would have told that. If he had trusted me—how could I have? Would anyone truly have expected me to give him away?" She added quietly, "But if he had told me where he was, I would have followed him. I would have done all I could to have that money returned."

"Of course you would have," he said, and there was compassion in his voice, and something more. He stood up after a moment, saying, as he did so, in a dry, different tone, "Though the best you could do, I'm afraid, wouldn't have done much good. He would have needed a . . . sterner approach. Incidentally, your husband managed the theft rather cleverly. There was a reasonable chance the shortage might not have been discovered as soon as it was. Not that he lost by the earlier discovery." He hunched his shoulders, poised, tough. "Well, once in awhile they get away . . ."

A few days later he came to see her again, and again the first glimpse of him, tall and competent and non-committal, filled her with apprehension as if the power to bring her some shattering piece of news was still his. How much this second visit was occasioned by his job she couldn't be sure, though it was natural for her now

to suppose that the file marked "Paul Barton" wouldn't be closed so long as there was a hope of recovering some of the money. But he came at least in part not to ask her questions; and in a queer way, as her initial uneasiness ebbed away, she found herself glad to be talking to him, glad that he was sitting there across from her, sorry when he got up to go.

The third time he came, a month had gone by. She went to the door to greet him, and he took the hand she held out to him. Their hands had never touched before, and she was startled and almost awkward for a moment as she realized her exaggerated awareness of his touch.

"You're looking better," he said, with pleasure showing in his eyes. "It will never be as bad again as it was. But tell me, why are you always so bothered when I turn up? It might have been necessary to hurt you while your husband was still alive; but not now." She started to make some polite denial, and he said, "No, don't say you aren't. I can usually see those things."

She drew her hand gently away and went back to her desk. "Sit down, won't you?" she said, and when he had taken his familiar place across from her, she went on in her characteristically honest way, "Yes, it's true that I'm bothered when you come. It's a feeling that I can't reason with, though it passes after you've been here for a little while. But you were among those men who were hunting down Paul. I—I can't forget that first day. It's all wrapped up in a sort of horror—you with it; you and those others. All of you together, trying to track down one human being."

"A human being who had stolen money," he reminded her.

"Yes, I know," she said, troubled and desperately serious. "I don't pretend to be logical. It's a natural feeling that people have, I think—an instinctive sympathy for the—the underdog. And after all, he was my husband. I wouldn't even have been normal if I hadn't felt some concern for him, no matter what he'd done. The very act of his stealing was—oh, don't think I'm not calling it just as serious a crime as it was—but it was also a pitiable weakness."

He listened but didn't comment. She wished it wasn't so easy to confide in him. She had a feeling it was undignified to be revealing her private thoughts to a casual acquaintance.

Yet when he said abruptly, "Look, this is a hell of a prying question, but I'm going to ask it anyway. What was your husband like?" she found herself reluctant to reject the subject.

"Don't you know at all?" she asked him.

"We bonded him," he said, with a slight expressive shrug. "But of course that isn't what I mean anyway. What was he like as a person—with you?"

Jan didn't answer right away. Well, what had he been like? A cold statement of facts conveyed none of his engaging ease and friendliness with people, his ability to make a good time for himself and whoever was with him. He had envied the rich, indulged in impractical dreams of lots of money, spent his salary in ways that would give him the illusion of being more than he was—lavish tips to waiters, hand-painted ties, big splurges of flowers when they

gave parties. The previous summer, on her birthday, he had come home with plane reservations for a trip to South America. It had been a rash extravagance, for her own salary was already stretched to the limit to meet the ordinary household expenses. Yet the thing that loomed largest in her mind now was not that he had spent all the money but that she had protested. There was something about Paul, as there was perhaps about all people whose hopes for life weren't realistically tied to their ability—something strangely, childishly vulnerable; and it hurt to hurt him. In the end she had gone with him on the vacation trip to South America, but her enjoyment of it had been largely spoiled by the memory of how ungraciously she had received his gift when he had come home with it.

She pushed at her cheek thoughtfully. She said, "Paul was the sort of person who could make you stop taking things too seriously when you were with him. He was gay and good-humored and ready for fun any time. People just had to like him."

"Did you like him?"

She stared at him steadily, trying to make up her mind once again whether to be angry with him. He stared as steadily back at her.

After a pause she said without anger, "Yes, I loved him. I was 20 when we were married. Two of those years were—very wonderful. The last two were less and less so. I wasn't an easy person for someone like Paul to be with as time went on. I was frightened about living on the edge of things as we were. I wanted to have some children, but there was no backlog for anything like that." She hesitated, looking away for a moment, then added, "In the note he left he said he'd had a tough life with me. I don't blame myself exactly. Yet I made him lose a great deal of his spontaneous gaiety—I'm sorry when I remember things like that."

"Don't be sorry," said the man across from her unexpectedly, in a tolerant, understanding tone. "And forget that I was one of the hunters. Can you? And"—he barely paused, then said bluntly—"have dinner with me tonight."

She heard him without surprise, but she didn't look up at once. An overt change had come now in their status toward each other. He was no longer the investigator for a bonding company who came to see her because of the demands of a tragic business. He was a man who came to see her because he found something about her to like. The handelasp was only a forerunner of what could happen, of what was bound to happen, with all that had rooted and thrived in the desolate soil of these past weeks. She would have been ashamed to be evasive, to pretend she didn't know what was happening. She raised her eyes, warm and light in their fringe of jetty lashes, and said in a low protesting voice, speaking straight through to him, counting on his comprehension of the time and mending and forgetfulness needed, "Not yet. Please . . . not yet."

That had been the last time she had seen him for a year.

Now, sitting at her desk, with his telephone call only moments behind her, she could only marvel at

Continued on page 62



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*Continued from page 60*

the latent character of her feeling during that year. She had been glad at first when he didn't come around. To outsiders she was the girl whose husband had embezzled bank funds, flown off to Europe, then on toward China—and been smashed to bits in a plane accident. They might conceive well enough that there was shock and grief for her in what had happened, but they could scarcely conceive the full scope of the damage that had continued to exist inside her long after she appeared to have resumed her normal routine of work and living. Even a man as discerning as Stephen Hemperley might not.

When weeks, then months, went by and he still didn't come to see her, she decided that he had dropped her. It seemed to her best that he had. He was too closely associated with the bad things that had happened to her. Even a glimpse of someone on the street who looked like him would give her that familiar moment of fear, of foreboding. She couldn't remember an occasion in that year when she had seriously longed to have him come back. Yet that evening four days ago when they had met once again, met quite unexpectedly in the homeward-bound crowds, she had come all alive inside with an unbelievable happiness. It was as if she had been waiting for this moment, waiting through all the months for it, and as if suddenly now she became fully a person—normal and sentient and young once again.

He held her hands and looked smilingly down into her face, and then they moved out of the flow of the after-five-o'clock throngs and he still held her hands, a tall lean blue-eyed man whom she could associate at last with the reassuringly ordinary, everyday events of living, whose personification of disaster was almost gone.

"You've been away?" she said, and heard in her voice the same welcoming glow that she knew must be in her face.

"Yes. When I got back the other day, I came to see you. But you convinced me it was an unkind thing to do."

"Have I been dreaming?" she stammered.

"How fine you look," he said, almost speaking into her words. "The girl whose shadow I once was friends with—or tried to be. And yet—" But he broke off. "No. You want to know. The truth is, I did come as far as your office building, but at the last minute I stayed downstairs. I wanted to be sure you could—take a visit from me. No, look—I'm very serious—You see, when you came out of the elevator with that look in your eyes as if you were making a nice job of being happy again—oh, I'm not too kind a guy always, but I knew then that if I wanted to be kind this time I'd better leave."

"Because I looked happy?" she said, bewildered.

"That's it. I got the angle on myself for the first time then—that I was part of a nightmare to you and always was going to be, that I'd just bring back the whole bad mess to you, and what was the use of that? But," he said, with a sudden reversion to directness that gave his whole manner and look a cool, deliberate character, "here we are, and I'm done with nobleness. You could have walked by me, you know. I would have let you walk by me. Instead, you

put your hand out to me—did you know that, Janice? And now we're here, and will you—I've got to catch a train north at 6:30—will you come and have a drink with me, or a cup of coffee or something, before I go? And when I get back to town on Friday, will you have dinner with me?"

This time, some 13 months after he had first asked her that question, she hadn't said, "Not yet," nor wanted to say it. She had said, "Yes."

Tonight she got off the bus at her usual corner, hurried through the sharp blowing snow to shop for dinner, then went on up the street toward home. She lived now in a small apartment almost half the length of the city away from the apartment that she and Paul had shared. She had sold most of the furniture they had had, keeping only a few personal things. There was little to remind her that she hadn't always lived by herself.

In the tiled entrance of the building she paused and, balancing her packages, reached in her box for her mail. There were several pieces, but she didn't do more than glance hastily through them at the moment. Her thoughts were on dinner and all the small tasks that ought to be done before Stephen Hemperley came. When she got inside her apartment, she left the letters on the table by the door and went through to the kitchen, carrying her packages with her.

It was over an hour later before she found time to look the mail over more thoroughly. By then she had straightened the apartment, got the potatoes peeled, the yams shelled, the small roast into the cooker, taken a shower and

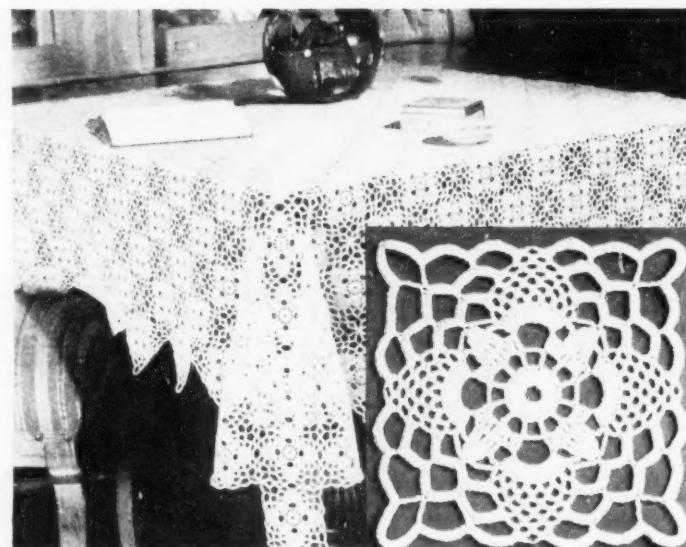
changed into other clothes. Dressed in plaid wool slacks and a white sweater, her dark hair lying in smooth soft bangs above her dark-lashed straightforward eyes, she was giving the living room a final glance when she saw the mail lying on the table. This time she picked it up and gave it her full attention.

There were a couple of unsealed envelopes containing ads, a bill, a letter from a friend out West, and a letter with a Paris postmark. Probably an acknowledgment of a food package she had sent to France quite a while ago, she thought. She laid the rest of the letters back on the table and opened it.

It was typewritten completely, even the signature. It was quite short. It began, "Dear Janice," and then went on, "Assuredly this will be a surprise to you. I am living here in Paris at the above address and would like very much to see you. Would you please come over here if reasonably possible? The name I'm going under is Charles Brown, but I'd prefer you didn't write me. Just come."

It was signed "Paul."

Jan stood motionless in the quiet room. It was then a quarter past seven. Within 15 minutes she could expect Stephen Hemperley's knock on the door, and she would have to go forward and meet him, being all that she had been this afternoon when she had picked up the phone, wholesomely finished with the past, glad for the future, free in her conscience and her heart . . . being all that she had just now ceased being. She stood there with the letter still open in her hand, her dusky lashes half lowered over her dazed



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vision. "Paul's alive." She formed the words with her lips. Undo the picture of a burned and mangled body in a crashed plane. Somehow he's alive. Somehow he didn't die. His smile is as it was, quick and outgoing and personal; his words come as warmly as ever, winning people to him, making strangers his friends . . . He was alive, and he wanted her to come to him. He had written to her. He was alive. She had his address.

Footsteps sounded in the hall outside. She put her hands up and pressed them tight against her cheeks, trying to get her thoughts to work. But the footsteps passed, and she still had minutes left. I can't face him now, she thought distraughtly. The fleeting impulse came to her to bolt the door, turn off the lights, and pretend to be away, but the ungraciousness, the cowardliness of it shamed her. Yet she could not believe right now in her chances of dissembling before him. He was too perceptive; he had had too much experience in figuring people out.

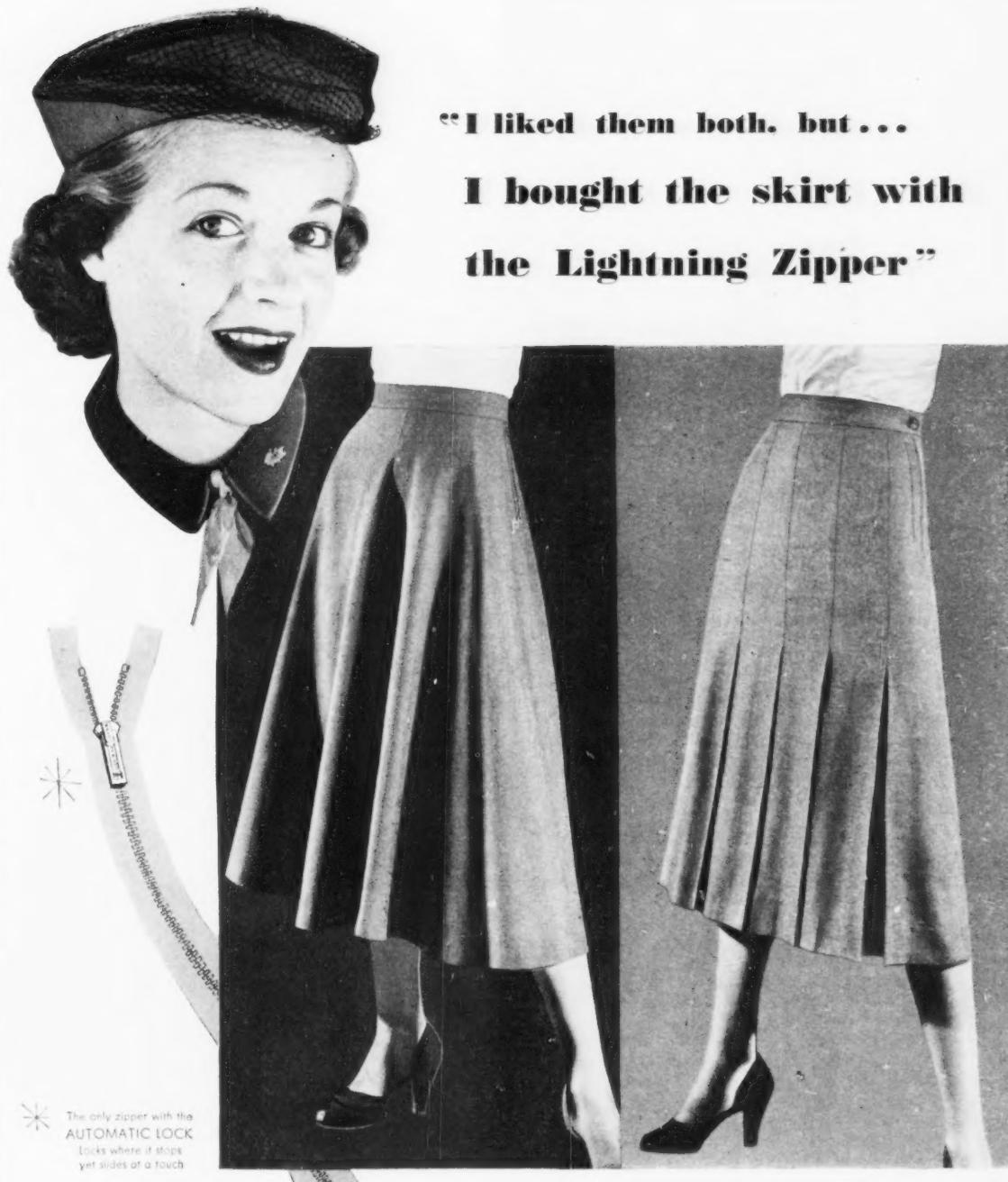
She saw him as he'd been when he had first come to talk to her, with his blue shrewd eyes and his impassive composure . . . and his kindness that could not be gauged because, after all, it had not been really tried. She would be no match for his discernment, and once he found out anything, she could not for a moment trust in his kindness. He had never pretended to be concerned about Paul Barton as a human being. "A human being who stole money," he had answered her curtly; and the fact of money stolen had been the important thing, not in the smallest degree the tragedy of a man who had succumbed weakly to temptation. He had said, "To put it harshly, Paul Barton is out of existence"—and there had been no thought for a man dead but only for the tangible salvage that might still be made for his company. Remembering those things, Jan knew that she could not trust the truth in his hands. Yet how could she keep it hidden safely inside her? The shock was too fresh, and he would be here too soon.

She was standing at the open window, drawing in breaths of the snow-gusty darkness, when he knocked a few minutes later. The apartment was filled with the agreeable smells of the pot roast and of biscuits being baked, the gateleg table set and ready, daisies arranged in a low bowl. She closed the window quietly and crossed the room.

He greeted her with a look much like the one he used to give her when he came to her office, partly a quick scrutiny of someone to whom he was personally drawn, partly a disciplined observation of a person. When he came into the living room, his presence seemed to invade every corner of it. She knew well enough that he was as far removed from his job right now as any ordinary man making a social call with his hair brushed smooth, his face lately shaven, and a long box of flowers under his arm; yet it seemed to her he must be seeing about him all sorts of small obscure details that would arouse his ready intelligence to suspicion.

He handed her the box, took off his coat, and came to watch her as she undid the string and lifted off the cover. They were small chrysanthemums.

*Continued on page 66*



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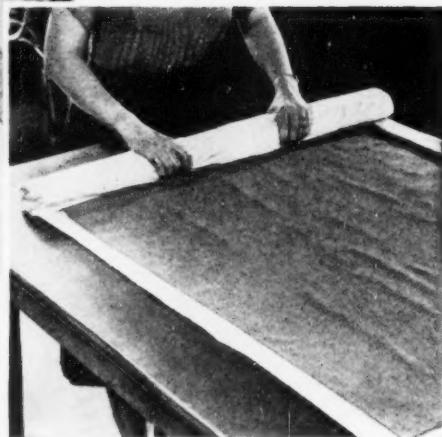


## A SKIRT IN THE MAKING

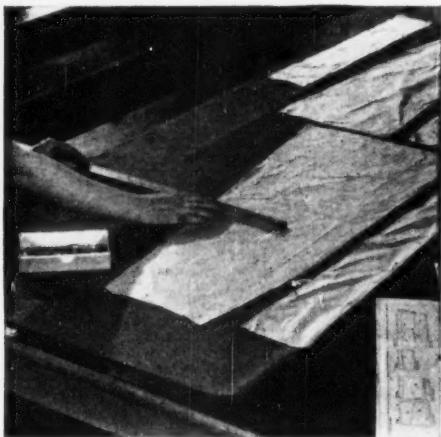
by Sarah Murdock  
Director of School of Fashion, Ryerson Institute of Technology

Sew a skirt with us step by step. Here it is, Simplicity Pattern No. 3048 made in a soft grey rayon blend suitable for every figure type, appropriate for business or pleasure; easy to make following these pictures. If you wish to duplicate front pleats in the back of the skirt the method is simple. Draw a straight line with yardstick and tailor's chalk from nothing at waistline to 3" from pattern edge at hemline, then mark original seamline with tailor tacks. Proceed as in front pleats. To make the skirt a perfection of tailoring; when cutting do not move fabric, in fitting let fitter do the turning round. Press all pleats lightly so as not to leave pressing marks. Stitch in zipper with zipper foot. Allow 1/16" overlap front on back of opening to cover zipper. Clip pleat seams in hem for smooth hemline.

Fabric: Bruck's Centura



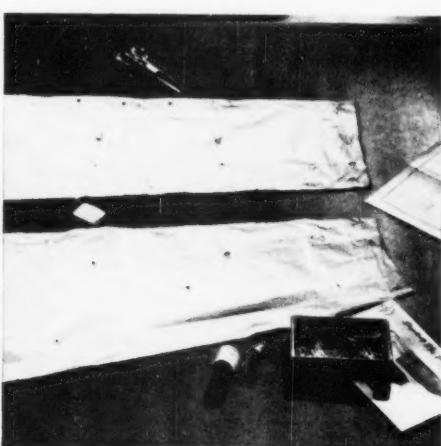
**1. Shrinking.** Wet, wring towels to roll fabric. Clip selvage every 12 inches if tight. Dry. Press on wrong side with fabric grain.



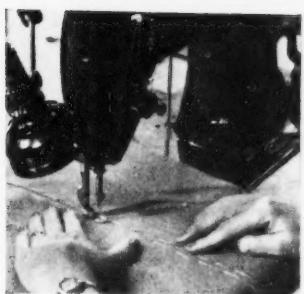
**2. Layout.** Follow pattern for size, fabric width. Measure grainline from selvage with ruler. Put pins 3" apart right angles to seam.



**3. Cutting.** Use full blade of sharp scissors; keep left hand close to pattern edge. Cut notches beyond seam edge, not into the seam.



**4. Marking.** Mark centre front and back fold with long basting stitches. Tailor tack all pleat lines. Do not knot marking threads.



5. Pleats. Pin, baste, tailor tacks matching. Stitch pleats working from bottom up. Keep bastings in for first fitting.



6. Assembling. Pin side seams together, working from bottom to top. Do basting over pins. Stitching comes after fitting.



7. Waistband. Interline with white sheeting, not belting. Stitch along centre fold to hold cotton in exact place.



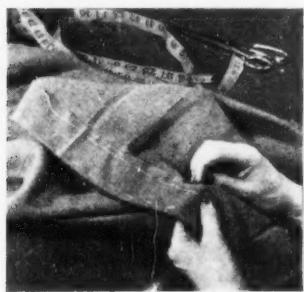
8. Fitting. Pin and baste belt to skirt, matching centre belt and skirt markings. Pin side opening closed. Check hemline.



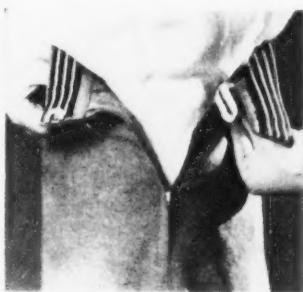
9. Pressing each seam as you go on sleeve board prevents stretching curved seams. Use slight moisture with dry iron.



10. Zipper 7" long requires 8" opening. Press seams closed. Open. Pin zipper at top, working down. Ease skirt on zipper.



11. Hem. Open pleat seam to turn hem, and edge baste. Trim to 2" hem. Overcast hem catching every 5th stitch to skirt.



12. Details. New elastic banding hand-sewn in belt holds blouse in place. Pant hook instead of hooks and eyes is more secure.

# Pink Mist



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... a romantic floral fragrance to splash on after your bath . . . to spray on bed linens for a cool refreshing sleep on humid summer nights.

*Cashmere Bouquet*

*Continued from page 63*

mums, a great mass of them, all browns and tans and golds, arranged in an errorless blend of tone, with a nosegay of deep purple pansies at the centre.

"It was thoughtful of you," she said quietly, "to bring these when it's so wintry outside."

"No, it wasn't that. I'm not very thoughtful. But I happened to see them in the window, and they were so much like you, some way or other."

She looked up at him for an instant,

unable to respond to the compliment with any graceful gaiety, a kind of numb trust in her lifted eyes.

A smile stirred on his mouth. He looked surprised, pleased, as with a discovery. "The pansies for your lashes," he said. "Those curious dark lashes. They seemed necessary to the scheme of things, but at the time I wasn't sure why."

She turned once more to the flowers, gathering the box up into her arms. "I'm going to like to think of myself

as pansy-lashed. I'll put these in water, and why don't you sit down and have a cigarette while I do a few things in the kitchen . . ."

Through the angle of the doorway, as she stood at the sink a little later running water into a pottery vase, she watched him take a cigarette from the box on the end table and strike a match to light it. His back was turned to her. Somehow, as he bent unawares to the flame, there was a look about him of knowing all the right ways out of

difficulties, and she longed to believe that she could confide in him, that this once he would put aside his own duty and consider just hers. How can I be with him and not tell him, she thought.

She couldn't talk easily at dinner. If she had been used to being less honest with people in the ordinary daily relationships, she might have been able to pretend better. As it was, she relied on him more and more to do the talking. And after awhile she became aware that he had unobtrusively taken over the duties of a host, that it was he who was seeing that the conversation went along, and that he was doing it with full consciousness of the necessity.

Yet he said nothing to make her think he noticed her silence.

After dinner she brought cups and saucers to the low table by the sofa, then returned to the kitchen to take the coffee off the heat and wait for it to filter. The windowpane rattled with the storm outside. Through the thin crack of opening that she had left for ventilation, fine snow was sifting in along the edge of the sill. She reached across to close the window and brushed her fingers slowly along the sill and put them up to her forehead for a moment, feeling the wet cold gratefully as if it were some medicine desperately needed. And when she lifted her head again and turned around, she saw that he was standing in the door.

Her black lashes smudgedly marked the wideness of her eyes for an instant. Then she held out her hand and stared at her fingers in a kind of apology, and went over to the coffee. She heard him speak to her, but she didn't look around.

He said, "It's not such a success is it, Janice? My coming here, I mean. It's as bad as it was when I used to drop in on you at your office. Worse, really. Because that wary feeling you have about me doesn't gradually pass away now as you said it used to."

"I haven't any—any wary feeling," she said, trying to smile.

"What is it then?" he asked. "I'm baffled. I'm irritated—oh, not at you, but at my ignorance. It wasn't like this when we met the other day. You made me think a year had made all the difference. Am I still, in your conception of me, the—what was it you called me—the hunter? And if so, isn't that pretty unfair of you? Considering that for more than a year the so-called 'hunted' individual has been dead?"

"That's all over," she said, trying not to speak too loudly or emphatically.

He leaned in the doorway, his hand up against the frame. "And we're to try again?" he asked. When she didn't answer, he went on, "To let down the barriers that spring up when I turn my back? To make me seem a pleasant harmless person whom you don't have to watch uneasily with those wide sooty-lashed amber eyes? Frankly, I don't know. I'm beginning to wonder."

She said, feeling the pressure of his scrutiny like a weight that was moving harder and harder against her chest, depleting the breath she needed to speak with, "Let's have coffee and not stand out here among the pots and pans."

She picked up the glass container full of steaming coffee and came to the door, but he stood there looking down at her, spurred by some private determination.

"Tell me something," he said. "Is it



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that you feel some deep-seated enmity toward me because I kept—well, bothering you after the police had stopped?"

She shook her head. "No—no. Of course not. It was part of your job. Please, let's—"

"I admit I was following a hunch at first. I couldn't believe—frankly, it was just past my comprehension—that any man you had belonged to would have left you out of his plans, that he wouldn't have communicated with you in some way after he ran off. But later, of course, I didn't come for that. I—"

He took his hand down from the frame and straightened, looking at her in an almost guarded, wary way and with the unavoidable awkwardness of deep feeling. "Janice, look here—I know you wouldn't pretend you don't know how serious I am. The thing I remember most about you from the very start is that you never pretended, even when you had troubles that gave you every right to shield yourself in any way possible. So I know you wouldn't pretend not to know what I'm—what I'm saying as delicately as I know how. That you're a—very special person to me—"

Jan put her free hand up to her eyes abruptly and said in a painful whisper, "Don't . . . don't . . ." And then, hardly aware of what she intended, she went on quickly, without hesitation, as if she had planned to say it for a long time and had the words carefully formulated, almost memorized, though she scarcely knew at the instant of saying them where they had come from, where she had found them, "I don't feel anything like that about you. I never could. I've misled you without meaning to. I should have walked by you that night. I shouldn't have asked you to dinner. There's no use for us to see each other any more."

She was aware that he took the coffee-maker from her hand and set it down, and she heard him say in a poised and considerate tone, "You wouldn't want to let it fall." When she could bear to look at him again, she saw that his eyes had a stunned, undefended expression and that the casual way in which he had shoved his hand into his pocket did not make him look casual and at ease. He said after a moment, with an attempt to be what he usually was, "I keep having a—a hell of an impulse to say I don't believe you. Would that be pride? I know you wouldn't lie. You're not cruel."

Abruptly he went out into the other room, stopped by the table that held the cigarettes, started to take one, and then dropped it back. She came through the door, and he turned around and said, staring at her in searching indecision, "Janice—do you mean me to believe you? The other night—the way you looked—Why, I was sure—" But he stopped and said more quietly, "No, don't bother to answer. I know you're being honest. You know—having coffee together seems something of a farce now. This is like a story that's lost its point in the telling—and what's worse? I think I'll—in fact, it occurs to me I'd be a first-rate boor if I didn't—" He smiled now, with a controlled, impersonal courtesy. "I think I'll say good night and go."

She had no easy words at hand to make him feel better and make herself feel better. In the confused sorrow of

the moment she could only stand there and watch him put on his coat . . .

She slept very little that night. Long after midnight she reached up and pulled on the lamp beside the studio bed, and raised herself on her elbow. The smell of snow and cold was in the room from the open window, nothing else—no lingering cigarette smoke, no coffee vapors to remind her of the mood of hours ago. But his flowers still stood on the table nearby,

all the browns and tans and golds he had chosen because he had thought they seemed like her. She turned her face away. She must try not to think of him. She had done the only thing possible last night, other than telling him the truth about Paul.

Paul. The thought of him filled her with an agony of bewilderment. She wondered if someone else in her place could have shut personal feelings off and, acting cold-bloodedly in the interests of justice, could have said last

night, "I've had a letter from my husband. He didn't die. And since he stole money and ought to be made to answer for it, I feel I'd better tell you how you can find him." Was there something shameful in her loyalty? No court expected a wife to testify against her husband. Was this any different?

She lay down again, pressing her cheek into the cold sheeted edge of the mattress, staring sleeplessly into the shadows. But after a little while she raised herself up once more and reached

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### SWEET CHOCOLATE SPLASH CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour	1 cup fine granulated sugar
3 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder	2 1/2 cup milk
1/2 tsp. salt	1 tsp. vanilla
10 tbsps. butter or margarine	2 1/2 ounces unsweetened chocolate
2 eggs, well beaten	2 tbsps. milk

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar. Add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure the 2 1/2 cup milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions

of milk and vanilla and combining lightly after each addition. Turn half of the batter into one prepared pan. Melt 1 1/2 ounces of the chocolate over hot water; stir the melted chocolate and the 2 tbsps. milk into remaining batter and turn into second pan. Bake in preheated oven about 30 minutes. Put cold cakes together with part of the following Boiled Frosting, having chocolate layer on top; frost all over with remaining frosting. When frosting is set, melt the remaining 1 ounce chocolate over hot water and let drip on top of cake.

**BOILED FROSTING**—1 1/2 cups granulated sugar; 2 1/2 cup water; 1 1/2 tbsps. vinegar; 3 egg whites; 1 tsp. vanilla. Stirring until the sugar dissolves, boil sugar, water and vinegar until the syrup reaches 238° (or until a little syrup will form a soft ball when dropped into cold water). Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in syrup; beat constantly until frosting holds its shape. Beat in vanilla. Use immediately.



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over to the table for Paul's letter. A squarish grey envelope with a blue airmail sticker; thin grey paper, clean black type. "Dear Janice . . ." The cold formality in that, the lack of feeling in it. Yet, he wanted to see her. The stiff stilted phrases, the cautious suppression of all handwriting, of all real proof that he had survived. Almost as if he only half-trusted her.

But he had trusted her enough to write to her and tell her where he was . . . and had thought well enough of her to ask her to come to him. When she visualized him now, it was not as the often-disgruntled, secretive person he had been toward her at the last, but as the quick-smiling, open-handed young man he had been when they were first married. Old memories of his unexpected vulnerability came back to her, and for an instant she had a pathetic vision of him, far away and without friends that he could trust and with a great deal of money that had brought with it fear, an uneasy conscience, and none of the good things he had dreamed. She tried to put herself in his place and feel what he would feel in that plight. Courage, too much courage, would be needed to pack up and come back home. Paul did not have that kind of resolute bravery. But he might have the bravery to put away his pride and ask someone he trusted for help.

It would not have occurred to Jan to ask herself if she cared enough for Paul to go to him. Generosity was too strong an impulse in her nature for that. It was enough for her that he had sent an appeal to her, a mysteriously reticent appeal whose urgency seemed all the greater because it hadn't been specifically expressed. For some reason he needed her, and she would go to him. She would have done as much for any friend.

Toward morning, some eight hours after she had said good-bye to Stephen Hemperley and watched him walk out the door, she finally dropped off to sleep. Her last thought, as she lay there in the darkness, was that something very nice in her life, something that she had not known ever before, had dropped irrevocably back into the past. The aching sense of loss stayed with her even into her fitful dreams.

She didn't go to the office that day. There remained now only the decision as to time. It would be awkward to leave her work without a few days of preparation, yet if Paul needed her there quickly she would let the work take care of itself and go at once.

That morning she sent a cablegram to him, using the name he had mentioned in his letter, and the Paris address. "Will come, but cable how urgent, Jan." He had asked her not to write him, perhaps foreseeing endless questions and delay. It seemed unlikely there was harm in this.

All through that day she waited for an answer. When it didn't come, she began to be worried and regret what she had done. Perhaps there had been some really grave reason for his asking her not to communicate with him. Perhaps it involved him in risks which she couldn't see.

Or perhaps he was simply away for a day or two and would answer later.

But she couldn't believe in that last solution. It seemed too easy. The silence didn't tell her to wait, to be patient; it told her to hurry, to get

there quickly, to try to cancel the danger she might have caused.

She picked up the phone and called the airline, asking how long in advance she must make a reservation for a ticket to Paris. But this was January, the tourist rush was long since over, the loads were running light. She could fly tomorrow morning if she wanted to.

Tomorrow morning. She looked at her watch and thought quickly.

A few minutes later she phoned the office and told them she would have to go away for a week. She mentioned illness in the family vaguely. She didn't say where.

Then she sat down and wrote a short letter. It was addressed to no one. It said: "I am flying to Paris in the morning and have arranged to have a reservation made at the Hotel Continental. If I should be gone so long that people who might logically expect to see me back become concerned and start enquiries, this will at least tell them where I was bound."

It was simply a sensible, normal precaution. After all, no one knew where she was going; she had told no one.

She left the message open on her desk, weighing down a corner of it with a book.

Then she hunted up her passport, got out her bags—and packed.

Jan leaned forward and stared out of the small round window. The plane had come down through the overcast, and what she saw now in the distance—a fragile tapering cobweb structure, its base lost in grey morning mist—was unmistakably the Eiffel Tower. Suddenly the unreality of the past 18 hours, in which darkness had come so swiftly and clock time had raced so abnormally ahead, vanished, and with it her nervousness. There was, after all, nothing frighteningly queer or foreign about this place she was coming to. It was only another big city, full of people of all sorts, most of whom went to jobs each day and returned each night to their homes and their families.

Sitting in the back seat of the big bus that carried passengers from Orly field into the city, she watched the winter-barren countryside go by, a quiet self-assured girl in a tailored broadtail jacket who, unlikely though it seemed, was even then anxiously rehearsing words that had been in her mind again and again all the way across an ocean. "Paul, you've got to come back with me. You've got to. No, nothing is impossible. What you're doing now, living like this, is the only thing that's impossible." Well, she would be seeing him soon now. She would have her chance to talk to him, to try to make him see.

From the Gare des Invalides she took a taxi over the river and across the Place de la Concorde, so spaciously spread out and open to the sky after the grey history-ravaged streets she had passed through earlier. The first thing she did when she reached the hotel was to look for a telephone directory. There was none in her room as there would have been in a hotel at home, and she returned downstairs to use the one at the desk. It would have been reassuring to be able to step into a booth and telephone Paul immediately. But she didn't find his name, and she knew that she had been hoping foolishly. After all,

he wasn't an ordinary foreigner living in a foreign city, and, though using a false name, he wouldn't flaunt it unnecessarily.

Thin wintry sunlight was beginning to come through the tall casement windows when she went back to her room. Across the street, beyond the high iron fences of the Tuilleries Gardens, she could see a few bundled people walking about under the bare trees with their dogs. She drew water for a bath, laid out fresh clothes, and undressed. She wasn't tired. Last night, sitting up on the plane, she had told herself she would sleep before getting in touch with Paul. But now she thought only, why wait?

An hour later she was downstairs again, asking the English-speaking doorman about the address Paul had given her. No, no, he smiled, with an appreciative eye for her face, that was not a street close enough to walk to, and he summoned a taxi for her and gave directions to the driver. She found herself riding along the Rue de Rivoli, then through the Tuilleries Gardens, cold and bleak, fountains dry, statues looking frozen on their pedestals, then over a wide handsome bridge across the Seine. They raced along on the other side of the river in a brisk stream of traffic, continued for several blocks on a narrower street, turned other corners, hurried on.

Presently the little turtle-headed man in the seedy black beret, driving more slowly, was asking her a question in baffling French. She got out the paper on which she had printed the address

and showed it to him. He nodded and peered at the numbers on the passing buildings.

Then, grunting abruptly in satisfaction, he pulled up to the curb on the left side of the street and stopped.

She fumbled among the unfamiliar francs in her purse, paid him, and got out. The neighborhood appeared to be one of respectable apartment buildings. There was an air of age and shabbiness about everything, but all the Paris streets she had seen seemed to have that look, and in this case an unmistakable dignity went with it.

She crossed the walk to the building directly in front of her and tried the oak and bronze-trimmed door. When it didn't give, she stood there a moment, puzzled and confused. Then she saw the button beside the door.

A bell sounded inside. After a moment the door opened, and a female concierge, fat and short and dressed in black, stood there. Beyond her a wide passage led into a paved court, onto which the windows of apartments looked down. In the centre of the court a gnarled tree was growing, and potted leafless shrubs stood along the walls.

"Does Mr. Charles Brown live here?" she asked the waiting and unresponsive face.

The woman shruggingly denied comprehension.

"Monsieur Brown?" Jan repeated.

Thoughtfulness gleamed in the woman's eyes. She said suddenly, "Un instant!" and went away from the door.

A moment later she returned carrying a clipping from a French newspaper. Jan couldn't read it. But she saw the

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words, ". . . *Millième . . . Les Trésors du Diable . . .*" and a poorly reproduced picture of a man in a coat and hat—could it be Paul?—looking down at what appeared to be a ticket he was holding. And then the name "Charles Brown" in the legend below.

"Oui?" said the woman, smiling, much pleased with her ingenuity, and held open the door.

As Jan stepped inside she disappeared into her office again. There were sounds of telephone conversation. When she came back she said something in French again, but this time with gestures toward the court and with an air of having solved matters successfully.

Jan put her purse under her arm and smoothed her gloves and took a deep quiet breath. Paul? Was she about to meet him? In just a minute would she catch a glimpse of him crossing the court?

But it was a girl whom she saw crossing the court a moment later. A self-confident girl of perhaps her own age with masses of dark red hair pinned on top of her head.

"Yes?" the girl said, in a way that made the word sound more foreign than English. She had reddish brown eyes, searching, curious, enquiring—and full of amused little secrets that probably had nothing to do with Jan. Her skin had the fine, slightly freckled pallor of a true redhead. She was very attractive. She said, "Madame"—and indicated the concierge—"Madame asked my assistance with the English. You were making enquiry concerning Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, yes. I'd like to see him. Is he home now, do you know?"

The girl tilted her head sidewise, looking away regretfully. "It happens that Mr. Brown" she interrupted herself to enquire—"you are, perhaps, Mrs. Janice Barton?"

After a pause Jan said evenly, "Yes, I'm Mrs. Barton."

"Ah, then I have a message. Or perhaps, to say it more truthfully, the promise of a message. Mr. Brown had to go away yesterday—very unexpectedly. He did not have his destination settled on, but as soon as possible he will write to me his address, and I will give it to you. You are stopping at what hotel?"

Jan gave her the name of the hotel. So I did get him into trouble with my cablegram, she thought. He's had to run away. But why? How could it have mattered? There had been no secret about his living here. The concierge had saved a newspaper clipping about him, one of the interesting occupants of her building; the girl had been trusted by him with a message for Jan. In fact, the girl had the manner of being very thoroughly in his confidence, which was unexpected and bewildering. Somehow Jan had never thought of the possibility of there being a girl.

She said, "You and Mr. Brown are good friends?"

The girl narrowed her eyes softly and smiled. "Ah, very good friends. My windows there, and across the court, his windows there. We can speak without telephone, we can sit in our windows and exchange messages. Though," she added with a shrug and a laugh, "that is scarcely necessary. It takes so little effort to walk the few steps across."

There was a short silence. Then, as if it were an afterthought, she added, still smiling, "Why, sometimes even I do his typewriting for him. So—so envoeux to write always by hand. And fortunately I have a little machine . . ."

Jan stood listening with an expression of courteous attentiveness. What is she trying to tell me, she thought. That she and Paul wrote that letter together? That they're in love with each other? Is that what he has asked me over here for, to talk about arranging some sort of secret divorce?

After a moment she turned to go. "Thank you for coming down to talk to me," she said politely.

The girl came following after her. She had stopped smiling. She said, "You will wait at your hotel for his message? He is very, very anxious to talk to you. It is very important to his—happiness."

"Yes, I'll wait . . . By the way, what was in the paper about Mr. Brown? The clipping that?" she glanced at the concierge. "madame showed me before you came down."

"Clipping? What is that?" She looked puzzled. Then, "Ah, the newspaper yes? The picture? It is what you call—a big event perhaps? A little museum of oddities on the Rue Chauvet, very, very ancient, very well-known—*Les Trésors du Diable* you have heard of it perhaps? And Mr. Brown, by chance, was the millionth man to enter. So they take a picture of him holding his ticket, to put in the newspapers."

"I see. It wasn't a very good picture."

"Non! Mr. Brown is very modest. He can hardly refuse the picture, such a small courtesy. But, as one sees, he looks down at the ticket in his hand, very down, and, *alors*, the brim of his hat . . . there is in effect nothing of the face! No, it is a picture that is not good at all. Ah, well, I will telephone to you, Mrs. Barton."

Jan turned away once more. She walked off slowly down the street, thinking many thoughts, none of which led with certainty to any conclusion. She was in France, amid foreignness, finding communication difficult, sensing enemies perhaps without justification. She had counted on seeing Paul today. Not seeing him struck her as the beginning of a vague wrongness. She walked on slowly, feeling herself suddenly far away from friends, and too much alone.

A telephone was ringing somewhere, not in her own office, not in Miss Johnson's . . . such thin walls, and why did they let it keep ringing like that? She moved her head on the pillow and, half-awake, opened her eyes. Mid-morning sunlight was filtering through a tall curtained casement window. The iron rails of a balcony showed through the curtain. A telephone rang unfamiliar beside her . . . a queer-looking telephone with nickel trimming on it. Then suddenly she remembered. Paris . . . yesterday and the red-haired girl . . . the promised call.

She struggled up, sleep-dazed, from a tangle of sheets and down-filled comforter and reached for the phone.

"Hello—Janice?"

A man's voice, oddly known to her. She stammered out huskily, "Who is it? Paul—is it you, Paul?"

There was no answer right away. In the silence she sank back, hearing

her words with a kind of bewilderment, then with a rush of pure horror.

After a moment the voice said impersonally, "Janice, I'm downstairs, and I'd like to see you as soon as I can. This is Stephen Hemperley. Will you come right down?"

She stepped out of the elevator 20 minutes later to find him waiting for her there, self-contained, unsmiling. She had dressed mechanically in a curiously efficient daze of haste. In her simple black wool dress, with an unnatural pallor and reserve in her face, she looked like a girl in mourning for someone.

She walked with him across the long table-filled gallery, advancing toward a great mirror, yet not recognizing the tall man and the slender girl she saw reflected. As they reached the sofa by the far wall and sat down, she stared dispiritedly ahead of her, then abruptly put her hand up to her face and said in a low, stricken, defenseless voice, "How could I have made such a mistake . . ."

He gave her a long careful look, then said curtly, "Don't punish yourself like that. As a matter of fact, you didn't give anything very important away. I was as close to knowing as I needed to be. Here—better have a cigarette with me. It'll steady your nerves. There's a lot we're going to have to talk about, you know."

She shook her head at the offered cigarette and turned to look at him. "You guessed?"

He lit his own cigarette, smiling at her slightly as he did so, watching her with amusement, irony, a trace of grim triumph. "It didn't take unusual cleverness. To tell the truth, it took me longer than it should have. Yesterday was the first time I began to suspect."

"I don't—understand at all."

"Oh, come now. Put yourself in my place. A girl who I've been convinced is honest to the bottom of her heart and wouldn't lead a man along for the fun of it suddenly does a complete about-face with me. One night she's friendly and glad to see me; a few nights later she's on guard, with some kind of deep upset in her eyes."

He paused, glanced around for an ash stand, then got up and fetched one from across the floor. "Oh, you needn't think," he said coolly, as he sat down again, "that I didn't waste time feeling merely bad about the situation. I did. But even while I was telling myself that it had been inevitable, considering the whole background, I'd come back to remembering that night on the street when your face . . ." He shrugged. "Forgive the maudlin word, but your whole face glowed. It did, you know . . . And suddenly yesterday morning, as I was riding up the elevator to work, those words of yours came drifting through my mind again—those damnable words that I've never forgotten. 'But you were hunting down Paul . . . !'"

He paused again and looked at her in a peculiarly disinterested way. He said dispassionately, "Of course I didn't halfway believe the preposterous idea that occurred to me. Not at first. But I thought enough of it to try to talk to you again. I phoned you at your office, but they said you'd gone away. Where precisely, they didn't know. So I took a quick ride out to your apartment, and when there wasn't a response to my knock, I walked in—without too much difficulty with your lock. And found your note."

Jan turned her face away, without protest.

He went on, with a brief laugh, "Wouldn't it have been obvious to anyone by then? A girl with a job and a settled kind of life suddenly takes off for Paris—the last city in which Paul Barton was known to be alive. The amusing part of it is that I used to play with the idea of just such a situation. Do you happen to remember? I suggested it to you once—or almost did, rather."

"I don't remember," she said numbly. "No, of course you don't," he said with fleeting gentleness. "You were too nice a girl, too above-board yourself, to be able to imagine someone faking death to escape with a hunk of stolen money. Not that faking death is such a simple feat. Paul Barton had more than a little luck, I suspect."

He stopped and waited for her to say something. When she didn't, he said, "Well, that explains my part of it, Janice. Now, suppose you take over."

She made a faint motion of negation.

He said, "But that's silly! Look, I'm in the dark about a lot of things, but they're the comparatively unimportant things—how you found out he's still living, how it happens that he is still living. The important thing I do know, and that is that he's alive. Possibly, you've already seen him once. You made a visit over on the Left Bank yesterday. I have the address."

She turned around to him and stared at him unbelievingly. "You—you couldn't have."

He stared straight back at her with ruthless humor—and repeated the address to her, the building number, the street. "I got to Paris two hours ago," he said. "The first thing I did, after checking to see if you were here, was to have a chat with the doorman. Of course he remembered you—the tall slender girl with the black-lashed hazel eyes; these dull touristless January days make easy work for a doorman's memory. Moreover, for a thousand francs he remembered the rest of it too . . ."

Jan twisted her hands together in her lap for an instant, and said, a very still expression on her face, "All of a sudden I find only treacherous people. Men who will break into apartments . . ."

"For valid reasons," he reminded her. " . . . and sell information to any casual buyer."

"As to that: Of course! You'll always find them. Occasionally, even, they serve a worthy purpose—as now. Naturally I got a cab and hurried over to that address. I talked to a chubby little party, the concierge of the building. There was no Paul Barton living there, but there was a man named Charles Brown who had had his picture in the paper recently—a rotten picture it was—and had gone off somewhere without leaving an address. Then she phoned a red-headed girl who came down, and I talked to her too in my rusty wartime French till I discovered she talked fairly fluent English. She was very cagey. I got nothing much out of her. But I've only just begun with her."

"Yes, I suppose you have," said Jan.

After a moment she turned to him and said with dignity, "I wouldn't plead with you. I wouldn't do anything so—what I'm sure you would call maudlin. I know now that you're very

Continued on page 88



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# R EADER TAKES OVER

**Fourth World**

*Dear Editor:* I read very appreciatively "Three Worlds," by I. Norman Smith, in your June issue. It strikes a high note, and I hope it strikes the note home in Ottawa where it is most needed. I am a preacher (United Church) and something of what is called a socialist. But socialist or preacher, there needs to be sounded a note of urgency on this the most important matter of our day. There isn't time left to dally, even with North Atlantic Pacts, beside this question of the world's hunger and need for brotherhood.

When I read the last paragraph I thought of the words: "Though I give my body to be burned and have not love, it profiteth nothing." So if we could do the things the author recommends right away and have that fourth world "wherein dwelleth righteousness,"

H. T. A.  
Hants, B.C.

... I read with interest I. Norman Smith's article on the deplorable conditions existing in Asiatic countries, especially China and India. Mr. Smith feels we should help these countries by sending food, technical assistance, medical help, etc. Yet India and China have been receiving "help" of that sort for more than 100 years and still their situation has deteriorated steadily. One wonders what Mr. Smith thinks can be accomplished.

He, as he says, "a cup of cereal is a day's food for many people in India, then the whole Canadian wheat crop — 300,000,000 bushels in a good year — would feed 300,000,000 people for three months. At the end of that time, according to Mr. Smith's figure of 20,000 daily increase in population, we would find we had an additional 2,000,000 more hungry humans. It begins to look as though Malthus was right — population tends to outstrip the food supply.

The communists solve the problem by trimming the population to fit the food available, instead of trying to boost the food supply to take care of a population they know will always outstrip it.

Why pour wheat, money or any other valuable commodity down a rabbit hole where communists pour only bullets? By helping China or India as Mr. Smith recommends, we only provide more recruits to communist ranks.

These countries will have to do something first to limit their population by artificial means, because if they don't, the laws of nature which are cruel and inexorable will continue to do it for them. Why not deal with the cause of the trouble instead of attempting to treat its effects? — R. H. M.  
Chemainus, B.C.

**Immodest Cover**

*Dear Editor:* When I bought the July Chatelaine home my wife looked at the cover and remarked, "What a vulgar picture!" Then I read the story of the teen-agers in Kitchener and it occurred to me there might be a connection between pictures of that description and the rousing of the sex instinct. One of the characteristics of youth today is frankness, which is generally wholesome. But that doesn't mean immodesty is frankness. Covers of this type will lessen your subscription list rather than increase it. — F. W. L.  
*High Bluff, Man.*

**Who's to Blame?**

*Dear Editor:* Re "Youth Trouble in Kitchener," I am only a country schoolteacher and have no psychology training, but it seems to me the people concerned are more interested in the blemish placed on the good name of Kitchener than in helping the youngsters straighten out their lives. Why punish the boys so severely and let the girls get off lightly? The men of 20 may have deserved it, but not the teenagers. I teach in a farm community, but it's not much quieter than the cities. The girls are as bold as the boys or bolder. Parents allow their daughters to go out with boys and men from early teen-ages, many starting at 11 or 12. Girls wear make-up at this age and by the time they are 14 and 15 can pass for 20. If the teacher protests, the parents tell her it is none of her business. It seems to me the punishment for delinquency should be shared equally between the children and their parents. — L. V.  
*Manitoba.*

... Don't you think the folks at Kitchener have raised quite a storm in a teacup? Believe me, I am not trying to make light of their youth problem, but surely the offenses were hardly grave enough to warrant a state of hysterics. I read your article several times to try to find some justification for the unsympathetic attitude of the public leaders. I could find none. What had the boys done? There was no mention of rape, abduction, molestation, dope — nothing, seemingly, more wicked than sexual promiscuity on the part of a few young men and very young girls who looked, and in this present day are, much older than their years. Such episodes occur every day in every city and town of any size in the world where males and females mingle freely.

Naturally, right-thinking people do not condone such behavior and authorities do their best to combat it, but not in the primitive way that Kitchener has gone about it. — Mrs. O. D. B.  
*Billings Bridge, Ont.*

... So much that is evil has been associated with the name stepmother

ing, shameful experience they have suffered, it will be a miracle if any of them are ever again able to have any normal feelings about sex. — Mrs. E. R. P.  
*Ville St. Laurent, P.Q.*

**No Skipping**

*Dear Editor:* I have only been a reader of your magazine for about four months, but I am completely delighted with it in every respect. It is good to see a magazine so truly Canadian. All your reading material is worth while — nothing to be skipped or skimmed over, and when I see something advertised that suits my fancy I know it will be available to me. Thanks for a fine magazine. — Mrs. N. W. B.  
*Leaside, Ont.*

**Country Needs a Depression**

*Dear Editor:* Your editorial, "Honesty and High Prices," is one of those propaganda variants that gets me all het up. "Too much money chasing too few goods . . ." I believe Mr. Abbott said. Just go in any store in your city and look at stacks of goods so large merchants are worried. You say the forces that control money may put the country into another depression. Well, I think that's just what this country needs. The pity is that those who control the money are the ones who won't get hurt. — G. L.  
*Galt, Ont.*

**Closer Than They Think**

*Dear Editor:* Thank you for your article in July Chatelaine by Roger Lemelin. He has made me proud to be a Canadian. Last winter from the stage of the Royal Alexandra in Toronto, Gratien Gelinas (Fidélo) said: "The distance between Montreal and Toronto is much less than the politicians would have us believe." May we have more Roger Lemelins, French-speaking and English-speaking. — Mrs. D. W. G.  
*Toronto, Ont.*

**The Stepmother Myth**

*Dear Editor:* As a subscriber since your first issue, who has given Chatelaine to many friends and relations as a Christmas gift, may I say how surprised I was to see the title, "I Hate My Stepmother." While it was well written, the writer certainly wasn't very Christian in her attitude. If having been a stepmother, she could carry hate in her heart for 20 years, she may have been a type who made life hard for her stepmother. I am one, and while I make the same mistakes a natural mother does, I have been more than repaid for the love and care I give my husband's children. — Mrs. O. D. B.  
*Billings Bridge, Ont.*

... So much that is evil has been associated with the name stepmother



# COPPER...

## *Common coinage of the world*

Money is the measure by which man values his possessions—in cents and centavos, in pfennigs and farthings. By whatever name he calls it, he depends on copper for his coinage.

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that I think it should be changed to Adopted Mother. When my mother died my father married a young widow with two children. We loved her, worked hard together and shared equally with her children. She had never been on a farm in her life before, and I'm sure she could write a book on the hardships endured while raising the family and paying for the farm. Now I am married, with children of my own. If they disobey I punish them, but I realize if a stepmother did the same she would be branded "cruel."

*An Interested Reader.*

#### **Future of Iroquois**

*Dear Editor: I know I am expressing not only my own feelings but those of every citizen of our beautiful town. We are very, very angry—to such a degree it might be termed mad—flaming mad.*

Chatelaine has been in our home for many years, and has always been held in high regard as a truly Canadian magazine which could be quoted with authority on any subject included in its articles. Your story on Iroquois "The Town That Lives in a Nightmare," in the June issue has completely destroyed that faith. I could enumerate falsehoods throughout the article, but will just mention one particularly that affects members of this organization.

"The Lions Club built a swimming pool crib in the river, as a place for youngsters to bathe, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce staged a clean-up and paint-up campaign." Actually the labor of construction was supplied by members of the Iroquois Board of Trade

and a few public-minded citizens. The Iroquois Branch of the Red Cross provides a qualified instructor. Unfortunately at the moment we do not have a Junior Chamber of Commerce. It was also the Board of Trade who conducted the clean-up and paint-up campaign.

In recreational facilities there are also fine tennis courts, bowling greens, ball diamonds, badminton courts, a swimming pool and of course wonderful fishing and boating.

This board, the merchants and the town council spend a great deal of money advertising the town of Iroquois, and we certainly believe your article has done more harm than thousands of dollars in advertising could counteract.

**K. W. Fisher**  
Secretary  
Iroquois Board of Trade

*Iroquois, Ont.*

... am only one of the many villagers who feel that your story on Iroquois and the Seaway threat may jeopardize in many ways the future of our town. Your magazine is a widely read publication and the efforts of worthy men to procure new industry for this municipality have been given a serious setback. I speak on behalf of myself and the Council of the Corporation of Iroquois when I ask that there be published in your magazine at least some of the letters which I know have gone forward to you from this community of 1,000 persons.—K. Kirby Iroquois, Ont.

*Ed's Note: The foregoing are the only two letters received by Chatelaine on this article.*



## **Why school shoes should have NEOLITE soles**

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*Ask your shoe repairman for Goodyear  
Deluxe rubber heels with long-wearing Neolite plugs.*

**NEOLITE  
SOLES**  
**OUTWEAR LEATHER OVER 2 TO 1**

## PARIS

Continued from page 21

celebration. It isn't every year the great amour of the world gets to be two thousand years old. Under the shadow of the great Notre Dame the ghosts of the pagan *Parisii* must be stirring, too, hoping that someone will remember they started all this—even though the Encyclopaedia Britannica says they were an insignificant Gallic people. The fabulous old church rises above their long-bleached bones and settlement of huts. At least that's where they were said to have been by one of my reporting predecessors called Caesar, some years ago.

That was in the early morning of our own recorded time, but it is good to remember now, as Paris rouges her temptress face to take another swing at being everyone's best beloved for the next two thousand years.

### Deep Purple

The island where the Notre Dame cathedral stands—it's shaped like a barge and the river develops two arms to embrace it—is the beginning of Paris. I went there (not far up river from my hotel) to try to remember the dawn of Paris in the dawn of a new morning, not because I was industrious but because light had come before the last party was over.

This island is now called the Cité and some of the most famous and beautiful buildings, as well as official ones, stand on it—the Notre Dame, the Palais de Justice, the Préfecture de Police. But two thousand years ago the *Parisii* who crawled out of their miserable huts to look at this same colored morning called it Lutetia. Or that may have been Caesar too. He was handy giving names to other peoples' possessions. He got there in 53 B.C. and took over because the island, splitting the wide Seine, was easier to bridge.

I got there this dawn and found the narrow streets tranquil, the little parks at both ends—the narrow island is only 1,200 yards long—somnolent in the

early cool sun, and the magnificent Our Lady of Paris open. There were a few of us up... A little ragged *poulbot*, a street boy. A young girl in a long white, veiled confirmation dress, come to make her lonely vigil before the ceremony later in the morning. A *clercbard*—one of the many tramps who sleep under the bridges of the Seine and live by guess and by God—leaving his wine bottle, fishing rod, his shapeless cap and a mysterious ragged canvas bag on the curb before he entered. A small group of sleepy-eyed tourists who decided not to go in and went back to their bus. A woman in long crimson evening dress and rich furs... We slowed our steps at the high doorways, and forgot about one another on entering.

This cathedral, this architectural link between the Romanesque and the Gothic, dim inside its too massive walls, was lit only by casual candle light and the dawn sun, striping through the seven-hundred-years-old painted glass windows. Down a side aisle by a rose window was a gentle Sainte Thérèse, cloaked by soft red candle light and deep purple shadows. I, a good Lutheran, knelt to light her another candle. Please, I said—and found I pray in Finnish—tell the good God of both of us that I thank Him for this morning. Tell Him that I shall try to deserve it.

Afterward I went searching for a cup of coffee and a *brioche*. I drove a few yards down the right bank and crossed to the other small island in the Seine, L'Isle Saint-Louis, which swims like a lifeboat below L'Isle de la Cité.

### To Each His Own Paris

Here there was a small café and the *patron* brewed deep black coffee and gave me a *brioche*. I sat there on the sidewalk in the early morning. An elderly, heavy-set, amiable man saluted briefly as he went by. Behind him waddled importantly a proud big duck.

"*Bon jour, M'sieur Dassonville et M'selle Grisette,*" called my *patron* politely.

When they were past he explained. Three years ago a baby duck, desperate

*Continued on page 76*

### A LETTER TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH

by Bruce Hutchison

As the royal tour of Elizabeth and Philip begins, a distinguished writer and commentator on the Canadian scene (author of *The Unknown Country*) writes an open letter to our future queen about "the sheer myth" that is Canada — "the real and hidden Canada behind the crowds, celebrations, applause, smiles and tears that greet you here..."

in October *Chatelaine*

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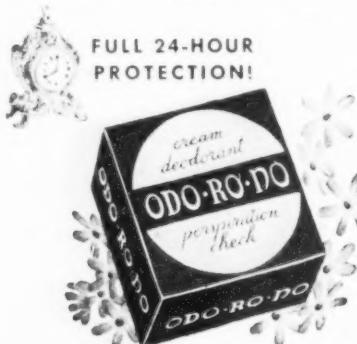
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in the currents of the Seine, was sighted by alert M. Dassonville who went out in a rowboat after her, brought her home, named her Grisette, and they have lived happily ever after, familiars on the Island of Saint Louis, in the heart of Paris.

I was feeling amused and rested, despite the long night when I got back to the Hotel du Quai Voltaire. There Madame Marie Louise, the concierge, stern of visage and kind of heart, accosted me sternly. "No sleep!" she said. "I will send you some rum in hot tea, to your bed."

"No," I said, "but if you pressed me I'd have some orange juice and a boiled egg."

"Impossible! Completely American!" she said, ". . . but it shall be done. Right away." It arrived with a bunch of freshly picked daisies in a vase on the tray.

All of that, don't you see, is more Paris to me than the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, the Folies Bergères, or the Grand Opéra. And certainly everybody who knows her has his own individual Paris.

Perhaps it is the Latin Quarter. It's called that because when in 1252 Robert de Sorbon founded a theological college there, the students from many varied nations studied and conversed in Latin. Now the students of the Sorbonne—officially *Academie universitaire de Paris*—claim the district as their own and line the streets, study in the parks and sit at the cafés for hours over one small beer. Their Paris is again different, and their own.

Or perhaps it is Montmartre, and the view from one of Paris' two hills, with the lights of the city stringing together the blue night, and love and art the theme for this particular memory.

### The Folies—and Barges

Oh, I cannot tell of other people's Paris. But I do know she is as multi-many as the people who have known her. And ably sufficient unto each. How?—That's another of her secrets, and she is so old she has learned to keep them well.

Paris, in northwestern France, owes her existence to the river which she dominates. The Seine starts in the low hills of Mount Tasselot, twists and turns through the plateau of Langres and then, loath to go beyond Paris, goes into convulsive squiggles in the city, west, south, north, south, until finally it has to leave for the sea. The Seine has become a secondary name to Paris, but up this easy flow and down it came the early traders, and the island of Lutetia was a handy place to park. Commerce got so brisk that the settlement spread to both banks. When you look at succeeding maps of Paris throughout the centuries it's fascinating to see how she grew in a circling movement about the island in the river. That's why the *arrondissements*, the districts of the city, are so oddly numbered, 14 next to six, one next to eight. They do not go from left to right but around and around in a spiral—Louvre, Bourse, Temple, Hôtel de Ville, Panthéon, Luxembourg, Palais Bourbon and so on.

Even now, besides having such attractions as the Folies Bergères, Paris is one of the bigger seaports of France. Heavy barges go up and down the

Seine, carting coal, scrap iron, wine, oil. Right this very minute there is a self-important tiny tug, chug-chugging upstream towing three barges (*péniches*, they're called) each trailing a rowboat, all strung together on a thin string of rope, and making a procession that reaches under three bridges.

There must be a Paris to the barge captains that's entirely beautiful, too. I'd like to go with them one day to see Paris from the water, and leave them when they hoist their brown sails for wide-water voyage from the shallow Seine delta by the sea.

Paris is easy to reach. Now there is a direct T.C.A. service from Montreal to Paris. Gets you into Orly, in 15½ hours. Or you can land by any of France's seaports and turn up at the Saint-Lazare Station if you land at Le Havre or Cherbourg; or at the Gare du Nord if you cross the Channel into a northeastern port from England.

It seems to me that you always arrive in Paris in the early morning or late night. The first time for me it was to Orly, after speeding the new day from Gander east. The air was that peculiar clear, cool, still air of Paris before she is really awake. The sun shone and up and down the long Avenue d'Italie, morning market was in full swing, with everything from old shoes to just-picked vegetables from the country in the stalls. Black-clad women haggled with raucousness that competed with the taxi horns, all out of tune. A small, monkey-like man led a somnolent line of donkeys, a weary goat trailing them, toward some park. And then the bus was through with the narrow busy streets, and the handsome boulevards and the great buildings of Paris struck their first blow at your heart.

If you arrive by night Paris holds a guiding beacon out to welcome you. Even from the distant suburb of Neuilly you can sight the Arc de Triomphe electric lighted into brilliant magnificence, the tiny eternal flame burning unnoticed below. From the Arc great avenues spread out like rays from a child-drawn sun. From here, with the aid of a map or memory you can find your way into the rest of Paris.

### Nudes in Place Pigalle

Paris of the night is entirely a different city from the Paris of morning markets, opening shutters and air of industry. Even the people seem to belong to another race. In Montparnasse foreign students parade decked out as American Indians. Across from the good *éclairs* restaurant of Beaux Arts, the famous Beaux Arts Ball is beginning in a closed courtyard guarded by many gendarmes. Soon it will overflow to the streets and the costumed and frock-coated guests will mingle in dance with the crowd. Paris sends her policemen to see that nothing happens, but she doesn't stop the event merely because it stops traffic.

At L'Agile Lapin on the Montmartre 200 people crowd into a tiny low-beamed room just to sing and eat branched cherries. It's the Paris version of a Timagami camp-fire and popcorn or a Vancouver beach party. On the Boulevard St. Germain American Negress Inez Cavanagh has bought the last starving student his first good meal for days and is ready to set out to her job of entertaining at the Ringside on the Rue Marignan, off the Champs Elysées.



## Heals As It Cleanses!

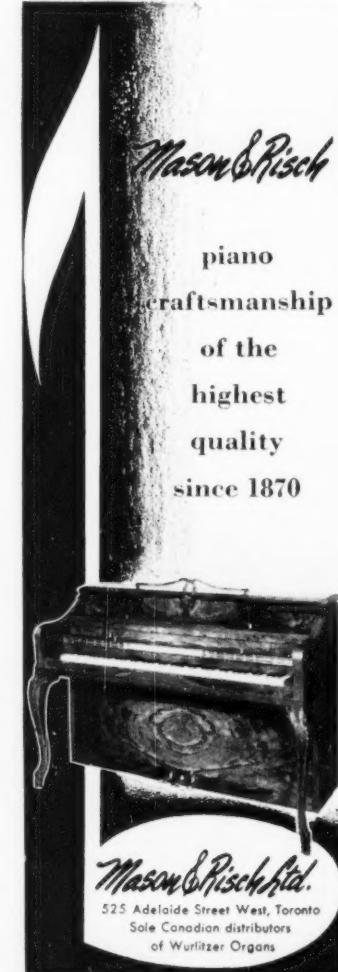
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She's quite ready to go home to "... Brooklyn and Harlem, and how are they now?..."

But Dick Edwards, who owns the Ringside, says, "I'll never go back. I love Paris because I'm free here. Nobody turns to stare. Nobody stops me from doing anything. I'm not a Negro here, I'm just a man—just another man."

At Nouvelle Eve, on the Place Pigalle, the lovely ladies of the chorus, nude from the waist up, step gravely through a serious song. At Folies Bergères the Petersen sisters stun the unwary tourist with their vast weight.

In the narrow, climbing streets of Montmartre the *petits poulobots* (the ragamuffins of the district are called *poulobots* after an artist named François Poulobot who drew such excellent sketches of them over a century ago) tag strolling lovers until, like brash younger brothers, they are bribed away with a few sous. *Les clochards* stir under the bridges of the Seine, each touching his fishing line

#### INSOMNIA

By D. M. REID

The bat wings brush against my cheek.  
The bat claws tangle in my hair.  
And on my brow I wear the trace  
of furrows grooved by ghostly care.  
Why must one in the darkness bear  
More grievous burdens than the day,  
The mind a hostage to despair  
Which only dawn may drive away?  
O lucky they who cannot know  
The bitter hours of sleepless night,  
Who thankful lay them down and go  
To quiet vales of dreaming light.

and wine bottle to assure himself his worldly possessions are safe.

In the gardens of the Tuilleries and the Louvre (empty now of the straight-backed nurses and well-kept, hoop-rolling, pony riding, gently mannered children) the ghosts of Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan stalk behind the arches and the gateways, rapiers drawn to adventure long past. The fountains play. And perhaps in one of the caves not open to tourists there is still an echo of François Villon's ballad, as he mourns for the snows of yesteryear. In Paris at night time anything is possible.

Of course there is also Paris of the daytime with the swift rain pacing the sunlit hours, the traffic rising to incredible Shostakovich-like raucousness, the policemen directing it with their white batons like irascible, temperamental orchestra leaders. This daytime bustle begins when the breakfast of coffee and hot milk is past and time for the first glass of red wine has come.

In ordinary bistro (one to every 20 houses in Paris, someone once counted) the worker and the cab driver, the civil servant and servant girl out on an errand, call for "*Un coup de rouge*" or "*Un coup de blanc*." Literally translated it would mean "a blow of red"—a glass of good, cheap, ordinary wine. People with heavier pocketbooks—and few of them are very heavy these days—will stop to read their newspapers over a glass of port, the minty tasting green stuff, or other aperitifs like Ricard, Dubonnet, Byrrh, or one of the many variants of vermouth. The Alsations in Paris drink beer, the Normans, cider; everyone tries for a wine of their own district.

#### "Elegant Anarchist"

Later still the sacred hour of lunch arrives and shops close, homes open and even the simplest table serves some sort of an hors d'œuvre: sardines with butter, eggs in mayonnaise, a slice of salty salami, olives or pâté, before the main course. Wine is an essential. This is the big meal of the day. Beware of interrupting a Frenchman at lunch.

By three p.m. the countess, ruined by the war, emerges in her calèche pulled by high-stepping horses to drive tourists for a fee, around the points of interest. The couturiers swing into fashion openings, paying as polite attention to the impecunious ex-grand duchess of Russia in wooden stockings and a hat from the early hours of this century as to the dollar-lined Americans. The luxury shops on the Rue de la Paix, the Place Vendôme, the Rivoli, patronize the customer with a lifted eyebrow at exclamations at fabulous prices. The cafés on the Champs Elysées overflow to the sunny sidewalks. At the Longchamps race course Lady Ashley Cooper of London rubs soigné elbows with the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne of the Château de Grosbois from Boissy St. Léger. The Civic Guard on their shiny horses, plumes flying, capes swinging, trot down the quaysides to change guard at the Hôtel de Ville. Distinguished, white-haired General Vanier holds audience at the Canadian Embassy. Michel the barman at the Grand Hôtel du Louvre seizes a quiet moment to send news of Paris to one of his far-flung customers, on a postcard. And on and on, the barges toil up the Seine and slip down again with the tide.

*C'est ça, Paris*—two thousand years of her.

"The elegant anarchist," Cocteau calls her. But who can reveal the secret of her. Balzac, Baudelaire, Montaigne, Maurois—thousands have tried. She is what she is to you. She is the age you were when you met her, the things you thought about, the way you felt. She is the things you knew and didn't understand, and the things you learned to understand a little. She is the mistakes and the trials and errors, and she is gentle with them. She is also the sudden vision, the momentary wisdom, the brief bright comprehension. She is love and loneliness too and laughter and despair and learning and gaiety. She is something you search for and never find, and yet know exists. Somehow, in these man-built stones of one city there is all of this.

So all of us, in our own way, try to sing her songs of love. +

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BAND OF SATIN SMOOTH  
GENUINE IMPORTED CORK.

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# To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of *Liberty* said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



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Although only 18, I had the thrill of seeing my first story in print after only three months of N.I.A. training. It appeared in the *Telegraph Journal*, the *Montreal Standard*, and was used in the *Montreal Star* as well. Since then there have been other articles. The cheques received encouraged me and swelled my appreciation for N.I.A. — Eileen Flanders, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada

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## DOIN' THE



## CAN-CAN

By Freda Woodhouse

For the last thirty years I have been exposed to the thrifty art of home canning in five Canadian provinces: Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, and finally British Columbia. My mother and her friends, my mother-in-law and her friends put down jars of this and that with apparently no great effort. I can't ever remember having to go without my lunch as a schoolgirl because my mother was up to her pompadour in pickles. That was on the prairies and in Ontario.

Then I moved to the Okanagan Valley in B.C., where my picture of unhurried canning time has changed so drastically that I have been brought to my knees crying for mercy. It isn't enough that almost every Okanagan family grows acres of fruits and vegetables which they eat at for weeks and weeks practically for free. Said families must have a couple of carloads of stuff "put down" for winter. Somewhere along the line a strain of the provident squirrel must have crept into the Valley.

The average Canadian housewife makes some chili sauce, maybe a little strawberry jam and orange marmalade. If she is really daring, a case of peaches will be preserved. Small lots of pears and apricots fit neatly into her regular routine.

Not so in the sunny Okanagan. Here, home canning is so important it has a Season. Activities are spoken of as "before the canning season," or "during the season," or "after it." What to me had once been a pleasant change in everyday routine has reached the proportion of a nightmare as fruits and vegetables tumble pell-mell into my minuscule kitchen until I fight my way up from under to scream "HELP!" Of course no help comes, for every last woman in the district is busy doing her share to fill the feathered nest with tinned and glass-jarred produce.

### But the Rules Change

I keep telling myself it is my lack of experience in canning that gets me into a man-sized shemozzle known as a gefuffle. But when I wearily climb into bed at night without enough energy left to pin-curl my hair or take the vegetable stains off my hands, I am inclined to agree with my more honest

*The Okanagan is a luxuriant valley in B.C. where housewives can cukes by the carload and apricots by the lug. Pity poor Freda, who gets nervous just reading a recipe*

the number of canning methods available for you to choose from.

I feel if there were definite rules written down for me to follow, I wouldn't do too badly. There are rules in canning, of course—thousands of them—but they're all different.

I start with one set of pointers from my canning manual. Then I clip a coupon and send twenty-five cents away for another recipe book. This is the wrong move, for the variance in rules for sterilization, processing and preparation of fruits is utterly confusing. A neighbor has another book and she swears by it, so I borrow it. Then another neighbor who learned canning at her grandmother's knee gives me a few more tips. So few of the rules coincide that before long I am completely unnerved—with fruits and vegetables still crowding my kitchen.

It seems there is no hard and fast way to can—individual recipe books to the contrary. Count your friends and acquaintances and you will have a comparatively accurate accounting of

I haven't been able to distinguish which is the cold pack and which isn't, but one cosy system particularly appeals to me. You tuck the filled jars into a boiler or tub of hot water, wrap boiler in a blanket and put it to bed for the night. In the morning, by some mysterious means, the fruit is ready to be stored.

The equipment deemed necessary for  
*Continued on page 80*

*The author in her Okanagan canning factory, with house attached and small son Mike thrown in as a counter-irritant. Freda's coming secret is to use only the finest recipes, no two of which agree.*



Photo by E. O. Kemp

# Good Luck's flavour is sweeter, fresher!



## That's because Good Luck is sweet-churned daily!



No other spread can match the wholesome, spring-sweet flavour of Good Luck Margarine . . . that special flavour only Good Luck's exclusive sweet-churning can give.

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WHEN A GIRL doesn't want to leave class—and have to make *embarrassing* explanations—it's Paradol she asks for. For Paradol means *quick relief* from suffering caused by periodic pains—headache, too—without disagreeable after-effects. Ask your druggist for Paradol, scientifically compounded from 4 ingredients. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.

**DR. CHASE'S  
PARADOL**

Quick Relief from Pain

*Continued from page 78*  
successful canning would break the average budget and take a warehouse to store it. One book prettily points out that a good workman demands good tools. If he can't buy what he needs, he makes the best of what he has, and makes what he hasn't. Nice mumbo jumbo. Probably one of my main troubles in canning is that I could afford only about one tenth of the tools required, and wasn't very smart at making those I hadn't—like a cullender (which different books spell different ways), a food chopper, lifting tongs, wide-mouthed funnel (I bought the funnel but it was so wide it would only fit into my gallon jars).

#### "Put Down"—or "Put Up"?

My father is one of those men who waxes enthusiastic at jars of food trimly displayed on cellar shelves. He sought to lighten my burden of canning over a wood stove by sending me an electric oven. My doctor heard I was going to can in the oven (even on professional visits to his office I talk little else than canning) and positively forbade this procedure. "Do you want to have the whole works blow up in your face?" he yelled.

A radio program the next day carried terrible accounts of women scalded and cut by exploding jars. One canning book says, "The oven method is unsafe, therefore those who do oven canning should be prepared to accept full responsibility in the event of food spoilage or injury to property or person." I like the order there. Food spoilage comes first! My next-door neighbor goes blithely on canning in the oven despite these warnings, so I am brushing up on my first aid in readiness to pick out chunks of shattered glass from her lacerated face.

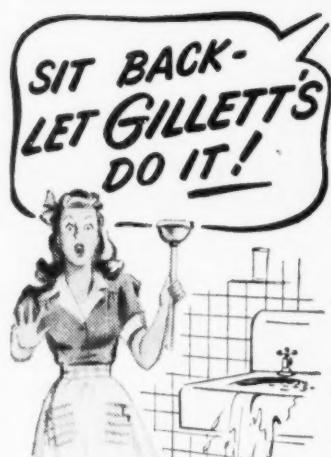
With my oven out of the picture I invested in a galvanized boiler and rack. Kind friends told me I should have spent more money for a copper boiler. They deflated me with, "Those tin things don't last anytime." Anyway I had spent nearly five dollars on the boiler so it is here to stay, until the bottom falls out, which I am expecting any day.

I had fine plans to "put down" or "put up," depending on how you look at it, all the vegetables we would need for the winter. On my list were beets, peas, beans, pumpkin, carrots, tomatoes and corn. My husband, listening to my frenzied calculations as to how many jars and how many hands I would need, pointed out that our family doesn't eat beets, peas, beans, pumpkin or carrots in the can. So why didn't I concentrate on the corn and tomatoes. How practical of him. We have corn and tomatoes in the cellar. The rest of the vegetables can go hang.

#### Are You Pro- or Anti-Pectin?

Corning, which is my own term for the painful process of getting corn from the stalks to the jars seemed to me to take too much time with four hours of processing, during which I would have to stoke the fire and replace loss of water in the boiler. It didn't seem to make it pay to can corn. There is something about women I have never been able to understand. They do *not* count their labor as an expense in counting up the

*Continued on page 82*



Wishing won't make it flow—and nor will that old fashioned plunger! Just pour in 3 tablespoons of full-strength Gillett's. It cuts that clogging, greasy mess right out of your sink drain, frees the blockage in a hurry! Gillett's is also a grand cleanser and deodorizer. Digs out grimed-in dirt; removes toilet stains in a jiffy; leaves everything you use it on fresh-smelling and sanitary. Get Gillett's to lighten your housework!



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Absolutely pure MINERAL OIL  
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**Nujol** for constipation

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CHATELAINE—SEPTEMBER 1951



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stag - handle  
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Forged fork with guard.  
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Beautiful three piece FLINT block carving set of 9" roast slicer, two tine fork and magnetic sharpening and honing steel.

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## THREE'S NOT A CROWD!

WHEN ONE'S A

*Gurney*

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M-517

cost of homemaking tasks. They claim they can make an evening dress for \$11.95 or knit a pair of socks for 69¢. These figures lie in the teeth if they pay themselves even a measly ten cents an hour. I thought if I could find a shorter method, it would make it worth while. Besides it was 100 in the shade and I couldn't face the stove for a whole afternoon. I had to get my corn ready for the jars.

This in itself was a half-day job. I picked the corn, husked it, and removed the silk—the latter operation painstakingly performed with my eyebrow tweezers. According to standard recipes for canning corn it should be put in jars, salt added, then processed the four hours. But in an obscure corner of a back page in one recipe book I found a quick method. Sugar and salt are added to the corn. Left overnight, it forms its own brine. In the morning you seal it in clean jars. A cinch!

I was inordinately proud of my short-cut method, but my neighbors are aghast. I just can't do vegetables without processing them from three to four hours. I will poison my whole family! Brave in the teeth of public opinion, I went ahead anyway. Around Christmastime, when I open my first jar of corn, I'll know who is right. Privately I'm betting on my neighbors' opinion.

If anything, making jelly is even more controversial than canning fruit. There are two schools of thought: those who add fruit pectin and those who don't. I find that when I use pectin it takes less time, I use more sugar, I get more jelly. But the important point is that I do get jelly.

With the best intentions, using the no-pectin method, my jelly either sets too hard, or it doesn't set at all, it's cloudy or it's sugary. And the most terrifying of all jelly fates has been mine, too—my jelly weeps!

Jam making is comparatively simple, even for me. Of course there is a little trouble with floating fruit, but if my fruit floats, then the first guy into the jar gets the fruit.

### Cuke Harvest

Pickles can become so fascinating in the making that all else goes by the board. Even a three-year-old son who needs some assistance with his drawers can be ignored with impunity.

It seems you can make almost anything that grows into pickles, even rose "hips" which are those waxy red berries found on wild rose bushes. One third of a teaspoon of dried rose hips contains enough Vitamin C for an adult for one

day. Wonderful what knowledge you pick up canning.

But my most interesting foray was with cucumbers. It seems cukes grow in the Okanagan like mustard weed does on the prairies. Everyone plants more than they need and of course there is always a crop "much bigger than last year."

I wanted to make some mixed mustard pickles (cauliflower, onions and cucumbers). I asked my husband to buy me eight medium-size cukes from the fruit-packing plant where he works. At noon he arrived with an apple box full! "After all, they are cheap," he apologized.

A friend heard I wanted some cukes so she arrived with another apple box full, and another kind friend sent over two water pails full. By four o'clock the next morning I had jars full of Quick Cucumber Pickles, Ripe Cucumber Pickles, Crisp Cucumber Pickles, Small Cucumber Pickles, Sour Pickles, French Pickles, Dutch Relish and Delicious Uncooked Pickles. I never did make the Mixed Mustard Pickles. Forgot to get the cauliflower!

It seems that I am at fault, though, in allowing myself to be inundated with produce. One friend explained, "Use just what you want to, then give away or throw out the rest. Don't kill yourself trying to put up everything that is laid at your doorstep." Thinking over that angle, it didn't give me any relief. Anyone I might give the excess to already had more than she could use. As for throwing away cucumbers, for which I might be paying fifteen cents a pound if I still lived on the prairies, I'd as soon give my son up to child labor!

### Order a Couple of Lugs

I was told that even I could make dill pickles with ease. It took me fifty-five minutes to do one jar. I didn't have enough small cukes for my sterile quart sealer, and when I sterilized a 16-ounce one I had too many cukes. A 24-ounce jar finally did the trick so I added my dill, garlic, salt and sugar, filled the jar with cold water and capped it with a flourish. Then in cleaning up the incredible mess I had made over one jar of pickles, I came across two more cucumbers—the best of the lot. Swearing quietly so my child wouldn't repeat my invectives at the luncheon table, I re-sterilized the quart jar, repacked it with the now complete crop of cukes, slammed on the top and hid it in the farthest corner of my cupboard.

For the novice there is a great hazard in ordering fruits and vegetables for

### SINGING CINDERELLA

The story of June Kowalechuk, the shoemaker's daughter from Regina who has become one of the most sought-after concert singers in Canada at 24—and the story of every young student who sets out on the long hard road to musical success.

### A Chatelaine Career Story . . . in the October issue

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canning. The old-timers know how much they can use, how many jars to prepare and how much syrup to make. I always have eleven jars left over and three gallons of syrup to feed the pup.

When apricots were "running" (a Valley term for when they are ready for the packing houses, and has nothing to do with their juiciness) I ordered two cases. I was informed that we call them "lugs." Two "lugs" would give me a dozen pints of preserves and maybe a few jars of jam. Have you any idea how many apricots are in two lugs? About three million, eight hundred and forty-seven. I ended up with apricot preserves, jam, jelly, pickles and conserve, with enough left over for a friend to start her canning.

Notwithstanding all the work and worry canning entails to someone of my inexperience and intelligence, I am enthralled with it. It is almost like a disease—particularly here in the Okanagan—and my husband threatens to have me inoculated for it before another "season" is upon us. I can't hear of any new pickles or jam, but what I must try them. To date I have an unusual collection of pickles which includes tomato jam (which didn't set), pepper relish (which did), corn chowder, carrot chutney and horseradish catsup.

#### In the Deep Freeze

After my weeks of canning I am familiar with botulinous, flat sour, enzymes, low acid and head space. I call apricots, "cots," cantaloupe, "cants" and I can tell a Wagner from a Melintosh. I have learned though not to

brag about my canning accomplishments.

A newcomer to the Valley last year tells me she labored cautiously and strenuously to can ten quarts of tomatoes in one morning. Bedraggled and worn, she was nonetheless triumphant in her initial effort. Pushing a damp lock of hair out of her eyes, she called across to her neighbor, "There, that's a good morning's work; I just finished ten quarts of tomatoes."

The neighbor looked her up and down, a trifle piteously. "Humph," she answered, "this morning I did 250!"

However, I am proud and happy about the 500 jars I have put down—except that I have no place to store them except in a dugout under our cabin. A dugout which will freeze tight by December. If I manage to surmount that obstacle, I'll expect an Order of Merit—but not from my husband.

The other day he suggested I figure out how much it cost me to make a 24-ounce jar of strawberry jam, the kind I buy at the store for fifty-five cents.

"Why I can make it for twenty-three cents," I told him after some figuring. "Did you count your pectin in that?" he asked.

"No," I admitted.

"How about your jar?"

"That doesn't count."

"Of course it counts. It won't next year, but you did have to buy it this year. And did you take into account that when you buy a jar of jam, you get the jar too?"

By that time my strawberry jam had cost me fifty-eight cents, not counting my labor. Home canning—PHOOEY!

## FINGERS WERE MADE BEFORE FORKS!

People generally ate their food with their fingers or with knives until the end of the 16th Century—though forks were known and first used in Italy before this. Pictured is the earliest English silver fork, bearing the London hall-mark of 1632. These clumsy two-pronged forks were later followed by three-pronged and finally the four-pronged design of to-day. Even after the general introduction of forks—until well into the 18th Century—it was still customary for guests to provide their own eating tools wherever they dined.

Compare the two-tined awkwardness of this early fork with the functional grace of the Wm. Rogers & Son "Exquisite" design. Lovely lasting silverplate by Wm. Rogers & Son means extra enjoyment at festive or family meals. Guests will compliment your taste in choosing any one of the three gracious patterns—April, Gardenia or Exquisite. Complete services from \$38.50. See them at your silverware dealer to-day.



Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is a product of The International Silver Company of Canada, Limited.

## How to make heavenly Peach Salad

Looking for a new main dish? A "different" dessert? This delightful salad serves for either one! It's pretty as a picture . . . luscious and cool. The mayonnaise, too, is a treat. Made by Kraft, it's *true* mayonnaise at its finest. Kraft Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise is made of fine salad oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and seasoning. The choice ingredients are blended in just the right proportions for luxurious richness and exquisite flavor. Do try Kraft Mayonnaise.



1. Drain a No. 2½ can of cling peach halves, setting aside ½ cup of the juice. Cut 2 of the halves into thick slices; cut the others into small pieces. If you use fresh peaches, you'll need about 4 of medium size. Soften 1 envelope gelatin in 3 tbsps. cold water. Dissolve in hot peach juice. Cool.



2. Soften one 8-oz. pkg. or two 4-oz. pkgs. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese and gradually blend in 1½ tbsps. lemon juice and ½ cup of Kraft Mayonnaise. Add ½ tsp. salt. In dishes like this, the delicacy and richness of Kraft Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise are supremely important. You need *true* mayonnaise at its finest.



3. Whip ½ cup heavy cream. Add the cut-up peaches to the cream cheese-mayonnaise mixture. Blend in the cooked gelatin mixture and fold in the whipped cream. Pour into a mold and chill until firm. Unmold on crisp leaf lettuce arranged on a platter. Garnish with maraschino cherries and the peach slices.

### Suggested Menus

#### COLD-DISH LUNCHEON

Vegetable Soup  
French Bread  
Peach Salad  
Sponge Cupcakes  
Iced tea

#### HOT-DISH SUPPER

Vegetable Juice Cocktail  
Chicken Pie  
Potato Chips  
Green Peas  
Peach Salad  
Tea  
Coffee



#### **The Cloth Coat**

On the theory that you would rather buy a really good cloth coat than an inexpensive fur, the designers have declared this a cloth coat year. To show what they mean, this cloth coat fabric is pure Vicuna from Peru—as sumptuous as any fur. Originals cuts it in a beautiful sweep: full flared back, raglan sleeves. The front fastens with giant self-button at the throat.

#### **The New Fabrics**

Fashion this season is in the feel of fabric . . . thick, shaggy, hairy. All the loop weaves are the big thing. They appear bulky but are actually light in weight. Here you see poodle cloth (there are as many varieties as there are poodles!) The cutaway jacket with its slim brown wool dress is by Paul Parnes. The shawl-collared jacket is lined with iridescent taffeta. I noted breathtakingly beautiful linings in coats, jackets,



#### **The Coat Dress**

Long a favorite due to its wearability, the coat dress has become a specialty of the season. You will wear it as you would wear a suit. Some models I saw were crisply tailored for day, others formal enough for most evening affairs. This version by Kane Weill is a double-breasted coachman style in wool tweed. The slim silhouette is softened by the rounded hipline, the notched collar.



# I NCOMING FASHIONS; the theme is elegance

By EILEEN MORRIS, Beauty and Fashion



**The Lavish Look**

Almost every costume shows elegant dressmaking, treasured handwork. Designers have used material with lavish good taste. Above, from Elizabeth Arden's collection, a pure silk red taffeta evening dress. (The long evening dress is back in favor.) The skirt is wondrously slim, with standaway fullness at the side. This fullness is a pleated drape.



**The Dress and Jacket**

I have mentioned the importance of the coat dress. Here is its companion—the dress with its own jacket. Predictions are that these two costumes will take precedence over that old standby, the suit. Anthony Blotta showed this dinner costume of grey wool trimmed with silver fox. Hidden beauty is the hunting pink wool lining the jacket. The short-sleeve dress with scooped neckline fastens with rhinestones.

*Fifteen fashion shows a day*

*for five days . . . 3,000 new*

*creations. I found the New*

*York collections utterly*

*beautiful. Shown were these*

*trends . . . changes in fashion*

*which will guide your buy-*

*ing in the months ahead.*





**Dollar for Dollar you can't beat a  
Pontiac**



*Illustrated—Chieftain "8" Deluxe 4-Door Sedan*

**The Most Beautiful Thing on Wheels**

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Dramatic right-angle profile silhouette is by Woodmere. A large rhinestone pin sparkles under the black velvet brim.

## SMALL SOPHISTICATES

Jewels, embroidery, graceful feathers—all add new richness to this season's little hats.

BY EILEEN MORRIS Beauty and Fashion



For evening—an oriental toque of silver satin by Irene is embroidered with jewel and flowers and glittering silver paillettes.



Reminiscent of the Roman goddesses' helmet is this hat of pale-grey felt by John Frederics. The veiling is dusted in silver.



Profile cap of grey felt by Joe Cohn. The right side is faced with gold felt, picking up the bright shade of the feathers.



Delicate hat of raspberry panne velvet and matching feather wings by Marion Valle. Pink velvet flowers trim the sheer veil.



A sleek bright yellow cloche from John Frederics. Its sweep-up brim is pulled down at one side. The quill is black.



An elegant turban designed by Helen Joyce. Amber ostrich feathers are worked over brown velvet in a fabric effect.



Beret-bonnet of taupe velours by Brandt. Quills of velours extend out from the softly curving brim in a dramatic line.

You'll love the smooth, gleaming-white all porcelain beauty of these brilliant Sunshine ranges; whether large or small, double oven or single oven, fully automatic or partially automatic. The giant-size, illuminated oven is a gem for uniform baking and speed broiling. Five heat closed elements give you the very newest, the very best in fast, long-life service.

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These are healthy, hardy bulbs—carefully selected from the finest planting stock of famous European gardens—already 2 1/2 to 3" in circumference. Prize selection of famous young 1st and 2nd year bulbs. Available for the first time in Canada at this amazing price because we sent our own representative to Europe and bought the stock of these European gardens when the market price was low—and now are passing the tremendous savings to you! But you must order now to take advantage of this wonderful Tulip bargain—bulbs will be shipped in time for Fall planting.

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MICHIGAN BULB CO. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. RR815, 6 Trinity Sq., Toronto 1, Ont.

*Continued from page 71*  
hard. You have moments of kindness, even—even tenderness, as I remember; but when it comes to a choice, you wouldn't let that count."

He leaned forward toward her, his eyes bright and narrowed and a little angry. "What are you trying to say, Janice? That because of a—personal feeling I have for you, I should give up on Paul Barton? Do you think my integrity is something I'd toss out the window—even for something like that?"

"No," she said, "I don't think you would. Nor should you, I suppose." She turned fully toward him once again, assailing him quietly with all that honesty and desperate seriousness could do. "Please listen to me, Stephen. I know that Paul has to be brought back. I'd be no better than a—thief myself if I didn't believe that. But give me a chance to do it if I can. It's not wrong to try to make a difficult task a little easier for someone—for someone whose weakness of character one can only pity. Give me a few days; give me—oh, just three days, say—to talk to him and try to persuade him. It isn't true that I've seen him yet, but I expect to soon, when he lets me know where to reach him. He wrote to me and asked me to come over. It's even possible he wants to give himself up."

"Did he say that in his letter?" Stephen Hemperley asked her sharply.

"No. The thing is, he didn't say anything at all. It was a very brief letter. But he asked me to come. Why else should he do that?"

"I wouldn't know," said Hemperley with an abrupt uninterested shrug. "I've never mastered the psychology of a man who would walk out with someone else's money. Forget the idea, Janice, that he's up to something good. He's got a scheme."

She waited, watching him. When he remained silent, she said, "Surely you know that I wouldn't try to help Paul get away. I'd keep in touch with you. I'd tell you where I was each day, wherever I happened to be."

He leaned toward her. He was frowning. For an instant he looked as if he were trying to put his refusal nicely, even trying to put it in the form of an apology, an entreaty. But it was a refusal. "If you're going to let this be the basis for hating me—well, the nice things between us in the past weren't worth very much. No, I won't do it your way, Janice. I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry too," she said with forlorn composure. She got up.

She walked quickly toward the elevators. But she was not quicker than he was. He had got to his feet and was beside her now, keeping easy pace with her. "Look here, we haven't finished talking."

"Yes, we've finished," she said tonelessly. "I've finished."

An elevator was waiting, and she stepped inside. Almost indifferently she watched him step in beside her.

"This is what you meant then long ago," he said softly, with real contempt, "when you told me you felt concerned about Paul Barton. From the beginning you wanted him to get away."

She spoke out the number of her floor to the operator, then stared down at the carpet, murmuring barely aloud, "Don't willfully misunderstand the things I've said. You opened your mind once to what I tried to say honestly. You knew the complicated emotion I felt."

Hemperley said, "Then recognize where that emotion should begin and end. Even if you were in love with him, you'd have to draw the line somewhere. But you're not in love with him; you haven't even claimed to be. And right now is the time that you can help me."

"You don't need help," she murmured dully. "You'll find him . . ."

The elevator reached her floor. She stepped out into the broad carpeted corridor, and as he followed her out, she turned and added, "However careful I am when I got to meet him, I won't elude you. I'm not a match for your experience and training."

She stood there looking up into his face for a moment, trying without real hope to see some fleeting warmth in those intent, aware blue eyes, trying to see some flicker of fellow-kindness—and seeing none. "And when you find him," she said, "you'll feel very good about it. All at once that's clear to me."

She turned and went down the long corridor. As she stood at her door, fitting the key in the lock, she heard him call to her peremptorily, without more change in the expression of his voice than a sudden and unimportant afterthought would give to it. She waited as he came down the long path of scrolled carpet to her side.

"Yes, I'll find him," he said, with calm harsh certainty. "You're quite right, Janice, about that."

He stood looking at her with an expression of inexorable finality, then suddenly reached out and took hold of her shoulders. "I've always wanted to do this," he said, less clearly, less deliberately, his voice blurring off into a rough undertone. "And now it seems I have my last chance, not as I would have chosen it, but as I have to take it."

She heard the phone ringing in her room, but she was against him, held with an angry tenderness that made the ringing of a phone seem a weak and useless tinkle outside a wall. He was ruthlessly skilful with her face that she tried to keep apart from his, and ruthlessly skilful with her mouth. In the soundless captive seconds a *femme de chambre* babbled discreetly, indulgent or perhaps merely benignly indifferent in the presence of passion.

"Dear. My dear. My dear," he said once, in a voice not his own.

After a little time he dropped his arms and stood away from her. He said, almost loudly, stridently. "Take the three days. Take them. I give them to you." His look was not a look she'd ever seen, nor wanted to see now, showing too much anger, shamed pride, and the deeper things inside him that were hurting to her to see, the longing and helplessness and pain . . . The telephone was ringing over and over. She pushed her hand forward toward the door handle and stumbled into her room.

(To be concluded)

### M. G. M. TO FILM "THE MILLIONTH MAN"

Watch for "The Millionth Man" in the movies. This mystery thriller will appear as one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's major productions this winter.

# little D lumbing ideas that pay big dividends



What makes a better bathroom? Thoughtful planning, of course, is the first essential. Equally important are quality fixtures. They must be durable and efficient as well as attractive. Both in planning and in selecting it always pays to consult your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor. They can show you how you can use space to best advantage and advise you on the choice of fixtures that best meet your requirements.

In the preferred CRANE line are new and beautiful bathroom fixtures to suit every taste and pocketbook—matched groups, and individual wash basins, bathtubs and toilets.

**WASH BASINS**—In looking over the complete Crane line of wash basins, for example, you'll note that there's a whole new world of possibilities opened up for planning more efficient bathrooms and powder rooms due to the variety of types available for countertop installation. These Crane fixtures, in gleaming vitreous china, may be installed on pedestal, on chrome legs or wall hung—they can be built-in counter-top style, with tile or alternative modern fabricated materials—or, if desired, on cabinet base.

Be sure to see the new classical "Criterion"—which recently received the Fashion Academy award as representing "a great advance in functional plumbing design".

**STYLE**—Such an award indicates how Crane, while developing many new plumbing fixtures, has also paid consistent attention to styling. Now groups of fixtures may be obtained, with the same basic style characteristics, to produce a most attractive ensemble.

Harmony in styling is enhanced, too, by spacing "Dial-Esc" trim (faucets, for example, that close with the pressure, operate with finger-tip control)—and by the choice of many attractive colours in which Crane fixtures are now available. You'll want also to give some thought to the selection of such bathroom accessories as grab rails, paper holders, soap holders, robe hooks and towel bars in vitreous china or Lifetime "Gerity" Chrome—to complete the ensemble and "dress up" the bathroom or powder room.

**DOWNSTAIRS**—A powder room or "Half-Bathroom" (toilet and wash basin) on the main floor is an invaluable addition to the bathroom facilities of any home. It's well worth considering. It's a wonderful convenience for your guests.

**SHOWERS**—In addition to the modern shower and bathtub which make the ideal combination for bathing, you may wish to have extra facilities in the

basement or elsewhere, provided by a shower stall. If you wish a shower in the bathroom away from the tub, it can be installed in one of the many attractive enclosures—ranging from a plain white duck circular canvas curtain, through a variety of colourful plastic ones, to elaborate glass-paned compartments.

Several types of shower heads are available to give you the kind of shower you desire. In addition to the regular line, Crane can also supply special-purpose heads.



In selecting bathtub and showers you'll want to get a "Deviator" spout, with its ingenious pull-up knob that eliminates all chance of a surprise dousing.

Your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor will be glad to tell you about it. Ask, too, about the advantages of such other items as: the Combination Spout Faucet which supplies water at the desired temperature from one spout; the clever new Crane Thermostatic Valve which controls the temperature of the water supply at the bathtub; Local Stops (shut-off valves) at each fixture, enabling repairs to be made without turning off the complete water system.

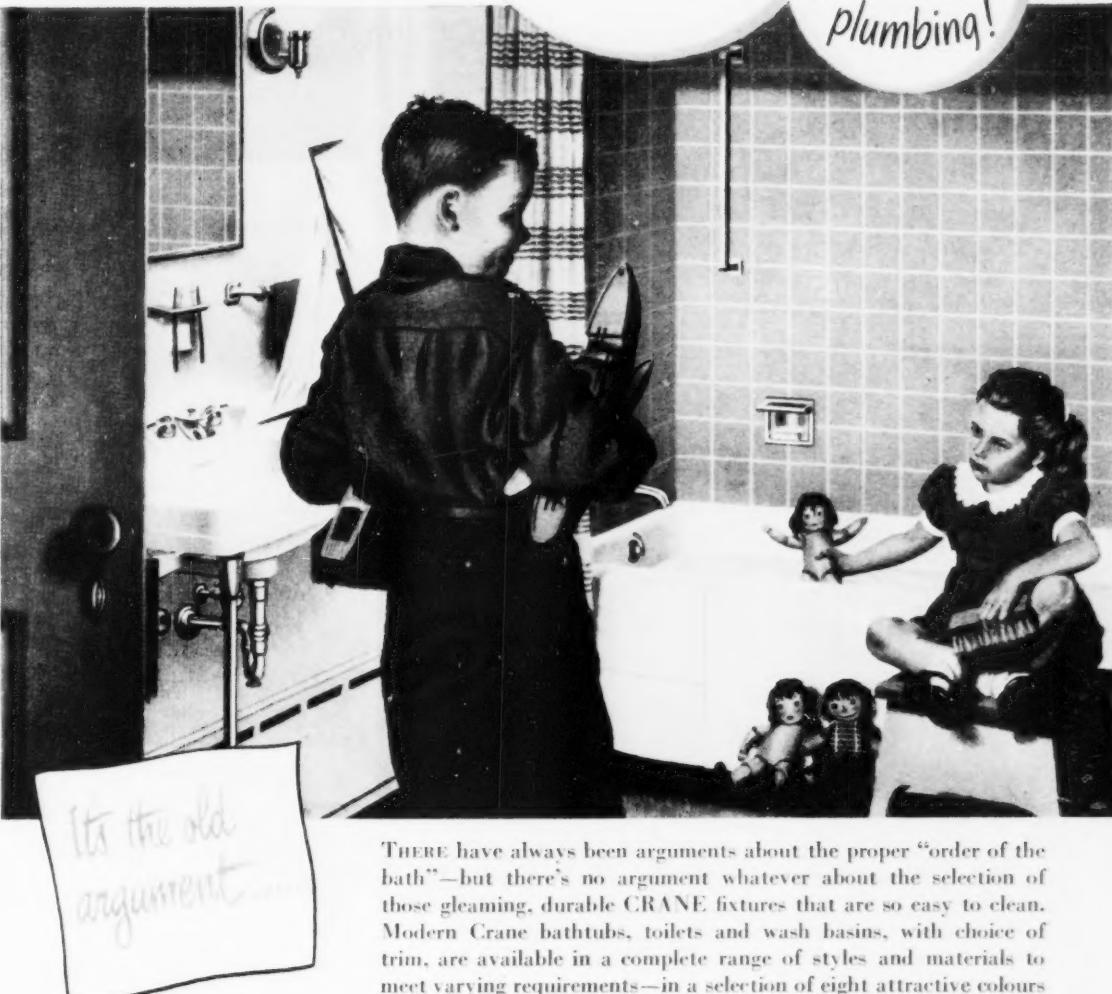
**TO HELP YOU PLAN**—Many informative booklets and folders on home plumbing have been published. One of the most recent and most comprehensive is the 48-page booklet, in full colour, "A guide to Practical Planning of the Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry". It is a valuable source of authoritative information on the various aspects of home plumbing, is full of helpful suggestions to help you plan, presents basic layouts, colour schemes, etc. You can obtain a copy from your Plumbing and Heating Contractor—from any Crane Branch—or by writing to the Crane General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

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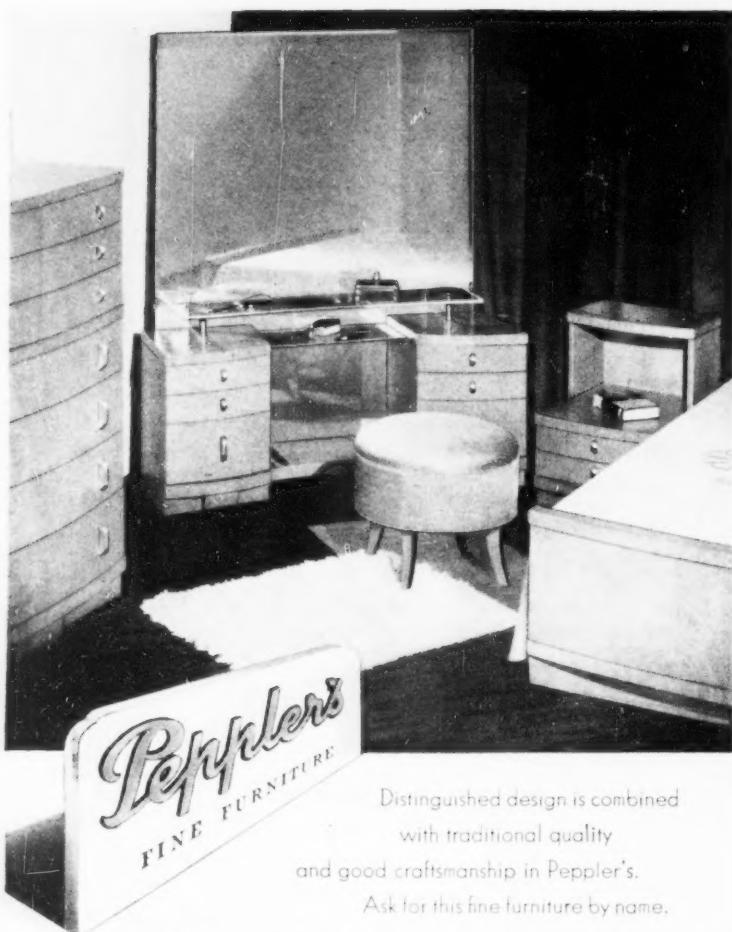
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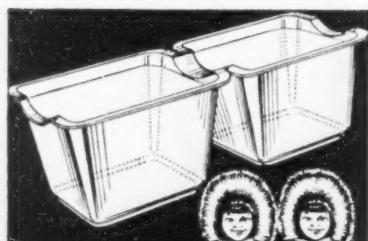


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No more "stuck" trays.  
cups lift out easily.



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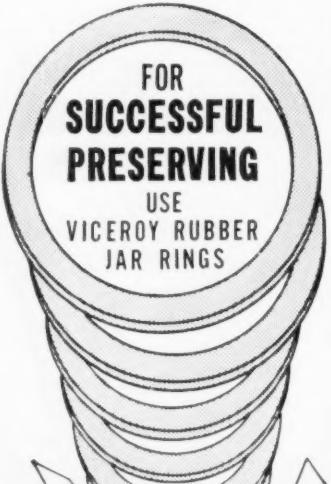


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ideal for desserts,  
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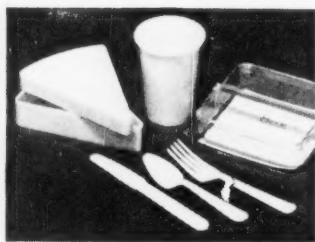
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VICEROY RUBBER JAR RINGS  
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USE NEW  
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# SHOPPING WITH

Send for Shopping with Chatelaine leaflet to learn where these items may be purchased. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope; do not send orders for merchandise to Chatelaine.



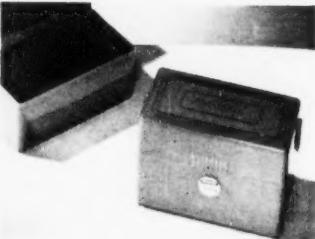
**Pack a Lunch.** The easy way to pack a wholesome lunch that will stay fresh and tasty. In various colored plastic you can get a sandwich box for 25c; pie container 25c; soup or salad cup with seal-fast cover top 25c; set of cutlery 15c. Half-pint individual vacuum bottle costs 85c, or thermos \$1.85.



**Lunch Kits.** Two zippered handbag styles to make lunch taking convenient, inconspicuous. One (with pocket outside) contains thermos bottle and tin box for packaged lunch. Costs \$4.45. The grained plastic bag with adjustable straps has vacuum bottle, room for lunch and change purse items. \$4.35.



**Sporting Life.** The fisherman's delight, an unsinkable, floating, sportsman's knife. Heavy cork sides keep it afloat when dropped in the water. An imported gadget, it has stainless steel blade (very sharp) and a brass ring at one end for fastening to keys, belt. Makes nice gift for him. About \$3.75.



**Culinary Aid.** A plastic recipe box in which to card index and file your favorites; or equally useful, your hints on cleaning, so easy to forget. Cards are readily available in all stationery departments at about 20c a package. Box to hold them, size 5" x 2 3/4" x 3 1/2" deep, in colors, is around 50c.

by Wilma Tait

## CHATELAINE

**Wee Packets.** Ten little herbs for the pot: sage, thyme, marjoram, basil, rosemary and other savories to lend delicate flavor to ragouts, casseroles, roast dressings. Neatly packaged on a card that indicates their various uses. This is something to include in a kitchen shower a bride will love. About \$1.



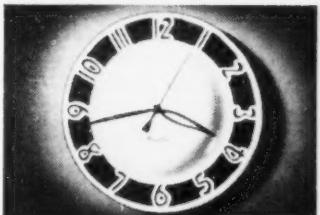
**Party Pick-ups.** Dainty white paper napkins with limerick illustrations, each limerick different and hilariously funny. A clever touch for informal entertaining they give guests a laugh and change of conversation, refreshment time. Make a nice paper shower gift. Attractively boxed in 50's for \$1.50.



**Play Fire-safe.** Have a fire extinguisher close at hand in garage, car, motorboat, wherever there's possibility of a blaze. This can of fluid, easy and simple to operate, sprays on all types of incipient fires—grease, oil, gasoline, wood, paper, textile, electrical—to control them. About \$1.50.



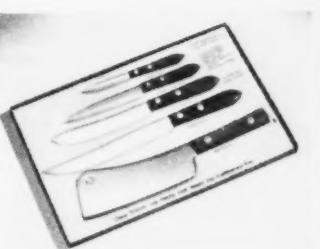
**Pretty Melody.** New electric clock has removable (and reversible) case ring rimming the numerals. Ring reversed is in any of eight colors. Clock minus case ring becomes as one with the wall. Cord is concealed in clock's recessed back or can be extended if less convenient to wall socket. \$10.00.



**Autumn Salads.** Well-turned-out wooden salad sets by Canadian craftsmen from Canadian lumber—the works with which to toss and serve salad greens. The 11" footed bowl holds enough salad for six people and with six 6" bowls for individual serving plus the salad servers costs about \$13.00.



**Chef's Delight.** Any household from country cottage to city estate isn't completely equipped without a barbecue set; a knife for every purpose to make the most of food. There's a meat cleaver, slicing knife, butcher knife, French chef and paring knife. Stainless steel with rosewood handle. Boxed, \$7.



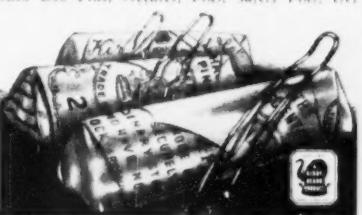
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A/S Deodorant — always safe, always sure — teams nicely with the fine fragrance of April Showers Tale, another favorite in the Cheramy line.

So next time you shop, ask for this delightful Cheramy twosome: the A/S stick deodorant to keep you always safe, always sure — the April Showers tale for day-long flower freshness.



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## THE LOOK OF YOUR LEGS

BY EILEEN MORRIS, Beauty and Fashion

### If Your Legs are Thin

SHOP FOR SHOES with moderately open toes, slightly square fronts. Bows which sweep upward flatter your leg. Dress up thin ankles with banded one-straps, anklets or swirl straps which sweep round the leg just above the ankle bones. You can wear shoes of more than one texture, or in two-tone effects.

Do not wear severely plain shoes, pointed toes or any styles which tend to swamp your legs. Spikes draw the eye to spindly legs, make prominent bones seem more so.

CHOOSE NYLONS in the lighter, golden shades, and in heavier weights. Shop for perfect-fitting stockings that do not wrinkle on your legs.

PRACTICE GOOD POSTURE. Feel that a pencil has been hooked to your spine, and sky write as you walk. Such a notion helps square your shoulders, lift your diaphragm—and add new poise to your legs.

EXERCISE REGULARLY, and you will coax the thinnest limbs into Dietrich proportions. Bowling and golf, bike riding and swimming are wonderful leg-filler-outerers. You can get the good of the bike-riding without the bicycle by lying on the floor and bracing your hips with your hands. Push imaginary pedals with your legs.

Lie down on your right side, right arm tucked under your head, left hand on the floor in front. Raise the top or left leg in the air and hold it there. Slowly lift your under leg to meet it, keeping your stomach pulled in. Hold this position to the count of 10, then slowly lower your legs to the floor.

Sit on the floor, knees bent, feet on the floor. Knees, calves, heels and toes should touch. Brace yourself with your hands on the floor behind you. With weight on the outside edge of your feet, slide them down on the floor, keeping the calves pressed together. With your legs straight out and calves touching, stretch your toes toward the floor and hold for a minute. Slide your legs back to the original position.

### If Your Legs are Plump

SHOP FOR SHOES with care, realizing that fit is all-important. Too-short or too-narrow shoes cause ankles to thicken. As to style, consider such foot-the-eye helps as dark-toned shoes, those which are feminine and classic in design. Simple, trim pumps with a mid-heel are most becoming.

Do not wear shoes in high colors or contrasting textures. Ankle straps and fancy T straps only call attention to thick ankles. Flats or mannish styles accent a heavy leg. Keep away from exaggerated platform soles and wedgies.

CHOOSE NYLONS in those darker tones which harmonize with your costume colors. A dark narrow heel panel (tailored rather than the frankly fancy type) and fine, dark seams make your ankles appear slender and more graceful. A soft easy hemline is a more flattering frame for your legs than a severely tailored skirt.

WALK WITH GRACE. Point toes straight ahead. Toeing out thickens your ankles. Walk from the hips, making the back foot propel you forward, giving a little push with it each step. If you constantly pull your body forward with the front foot, lean on it, then drag the back foot, you encourage thick ankles. To make your legs appear pretty when standing, take a tip from the models. Shift all your weight to one foot. Place the other foot a little in front of it, with the knee bent slightly.

EXERCISE REGULARLY and turn poster legs picket-thin. Sit on the floor, weight on your hands behind your body. Pull knees up to your chest, feet flat on the floor. Now, slide the right leg on floor with a slap. Snap leg back into knee-up position. Repeat exercise with left leg as you pull right leg to chest. Do this rapidly, so the calf of the leg gets a good whack as it hits the floor.

Lie on your back on the floor and bend your knees to your chest. Encircle your left ankle with both hands. Twist your hands back and forth as though wringing out a sheet. Continue this twisting movement as you work up the leg. \*

Whatever the pattern...or piece...

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Acts Below "Razor Line"  
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The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with **Neet** Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply **Neet** like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

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**3-IN-ONE**  
OIL

**SEPTEMBER 1951**

**Heinz Condensed TOMATO SOUP**

For further information concerning these good-grooming aids, write to our Beauty Editor.

## BEAUTY BRIEFS

We know you approve the plastic squeeze bottles in which so many of today's cosmetics are being packaged. A brand-new product is making its bow in one of these light-as-air containers. It is a liquid emulsion cream for special deep-pore cleansing of all types of skin. The cream whisks away dirt and old make-up, leaves your skin feeling softer, smoother. And it contains an ingredient which destroys bacteria.

There is a children's home permanent on the market, specially designed to curl your Merridy's baby-line, "difficult" hair. The waving lotion works faster and takes less time than other home-permanent solutions. If your own hair is hard to handle, could be this is the solution—in more ways than one.

Ever dreamed of a complexion powder you could tote in your handbag without muss... a powder which would be easy to use? Now mist-line powder has been gently pressed into a cake and here's the unique part—it still clouds onto your puff as lightly as loose powder. Available in six flattering shades, in a handsome golden metal case or refill box.

To slip into Purse or pocket a long-lasting solid stick of a famous blend-of-flowers French perfume. A magic wand of fragrance to stroke across your harried brow.

Created and packaged in France, a truly fine face powder is being introduced in Canada. Subtly perfumed with a renowned fragrance, this powder comes in tones to compliment your complexion—whether that complexion is summer-tan or autumn-pale at the moment.

As the new fall fashions appear, you are sure to hear more and more of Mimosa as a smart color family. Created to wear with these fashions is a mimosa perfume, beautiful as the flower itself yet with an underlying note of sophistication.

Announcing one of the greatest advances in nail care since polish was invented—a bottle of polish which is *really* spillproof. We tipped the bottle over, found the polish did not run out. Equally new is the nail-measure neck. Works this way: as you lift the brush from the bottle, the neck automatically measures out just the right amount of polish to cover one nail.

If your skin is thin and delicate—if most foundation bases seem too heavy—you will be interested in a very light cream, designed for tenderfaces like yourself. It provides a perfect covering to enhance your make-up. In nine lovely shades from palest pink to warm golden tones, it tints your skin naturally and evenly.

For further information concerning these good-grooming aids, write to our Beauty Editor.

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**Miracle  
Oven!**



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## TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK

Continued from page 19

metal, nicely styled and easy to clean. It has two large drawers under the spring in which the pillows can go by day and where you can also store extra blankets. The two bolsters at the back extend 13 inches so that your head clears the lowest bookshelf; they also reduce the width of the bed to a perfect daytime sitting comfort. This bed may be purchased with or without ends. Except for the pillows it is completely made up all the time. The daytime slip cover requires no hooks or zippers, and the foam mattress requires no pouffing.

### Carpentry Cost — \$134

To pull the room together and get rid of the uneven lines at the top of doors and closets, we ran an eight-inch valance around the top of the entire room. This valance is five inches out from the wall everywhere excepting over the bookshelves where it juts out 10 inches. We made sure the wood was well dried. Using it in such long pieces, green wood would have buckled in a week. Indirect lighting was put under the valance board where we thought it was needed.

We moved a radiator from the end of the room to the side to give the room greater length and covered all the radiators with a solid top and grilles front, leaving a three-inch space at the bottom for circulation of heat.

Our original room had a wall of cupboards which went to the ceiling. These we modernized with shelves—which we use in lieu of a bureau—and lots of hanging space. This wall is not shown in pictures.

Sleeping units and carpentry settled (carpentry at a cost of about \$134), our next consideration was the curtains. The largest curtains had to cover the veranda doors and windows at the end of the room. We chose the material you see in the pictures because we liked its original design and coloring, and because the price was right for us, \$4.25 a yard. Although there is a lot of design in this Canadian-made material, it is so well done it achieves an effect of dignity and restfulness, even when used as we used it, in large quantities. It is, we discovered, equally decorative on short windows and, as you will see in the pictures, as a back panel for our folding bed, when it is pulled out for sleeping.

### Curtains Decide Color Scheme

If you are curtaining from ceiling to floor, beware of patterns that feature large single blooms about the size of a large pie. That kind of design will drive you from, rather than into, a room.

Our valance-to-floor curtains hang over glass curtains, both on sliding runners so that the veranda doors and windows may be opened easily. To prevent the hooks on the two sets of curtains from tangling, the glass curtain runner should be attached to the wall and the patterned curtain runner to the valance.

The use of color in our room was dictated by the use of it in the curtains. Dark pine green predominated, red next, then grey and yellow in smaller amounts,

all on a background of white. White, consequently, was our decision for the walls. As white paint in shiny finishes is apt to remind you of a bathroom, we chose a flat paint with a filler and one that was washable. This particular paint gives a beautifully soft finish. Going back to the colors in our curtains, we made our largest piece of furniture, the sofa, dark green; the next pieces of furniture in size, red, using grey on the floors and yellow for accent in small chairs, lampshades and accessories.

### Avoid Whipped-Cream Shades

In choosing our lamp and coffee tables and chairs we looked for simple lines and decided on a black instead of a light-colored finish. When you choose furniture keep away from whipped-cream shades and gewgaws. This simply designed solid Canadian furniture is made to last a lifetime.

As I needed a dressing table and we wanted a desk, we selected a combination desk-dressing table. We decided on a dark green marbelized finish because we both like marbelizing. Slim and elegant, it has one end made into bookshelves and deep drawers that slide in and out on rubber wheels. The top, over the kneehole, lifts up at night disclosing a large mirror and dressing table space. This piece of furniture is finished to resist harm from nail polish remover, ink and iodine.

We removed the wax from the hard-wood floor with floor cleaner and steel wool and stained it a dark walnut. The stain was given a light coat of shellac to set it. The finishing of floors and painting of walls cost approximately \$100.

### Lamps Like Jewelry

For floor covering we chose the soft cotton tumbler twist rugs you see in the pictures. They are luxurious, both to see and to touch; are impervious to moths and can be washed at home. In

shopping for these rugs you will find a large color range. To prevent skidding and rattling put them over same size inexpensive grip-proof rubber netting.

Lamps, to me, are like jewelry. They add that touch to your room which either makes or breaks it. Few of us can afford art objects in our homes, but you can choose lamps that serve an aesthetic as well as a functional purpose. The two Chinese figures on the lamps on the black tables are casts of pottery figures of the Tang dynasty, and are made in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. They are thoughtful and clever copies and they cost only \$3.50 each. The white lamp on the desk is simple and could go anywhere with charm. The little brass lamps on the top of the folding bed are old incense burners. Four of the five lamp shades are yellow, which ties them all together.

### Cheaper Than Television

The painting over the green bed-sofa is an original William Winter. We are amused when people who own television sets think we have been extravagant in buying an expensive original painting.

Our master bed living room delights the master more than any other room in the house. We love it and gradually we intend to make this the rule for all our bedrooms, instead of the exception. It's the answer for parents who have to go out or go to bed when their children entertain; for a grand-parent living with a married son or daughter who would like to entertain a table of bridge without disrupting the rest of the household; for children who need play space for rainy days.

We have said to our two children, "If you're good and save your pennies and if you behave, we'll do a twice-around-the-clock room for you." The other day we heard from a neighbor that our young son told his friends that he is going to have a room with 12 beds in it so everyone could come and stay.

### Twice - Around - the - Clock Room

This all-Canadian room has been created through the co-operation of the following firms:

- ★ Fold-away bed and wall unit combination: Bedaway (Canada) Ltd., Toronto.
- ★ Bed sofa, combination desk, dressing table: Dominion Metalwares, Toronto.
- ★ Chairs and occasional tables: Snyders Ltd., Waterloo, Ont.
- ★ Washable cotton string rugs: Empire Rug Mills Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.
- ★ Dunlopillo mattresses: Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co. Ltd., Toronto.
- ★ Bolsters and cushions and special mattress: Dunlop Material—fabricated and supplied by Latex Foam Products Co. Ltd., Toronto.
- ★ Bohkara screen print for curtains, glass curtains and sliding curtain track: George H. Hees Son & Co. Ltd., Toronto.
- ★ Chinese figures for lamps: Ontario Museum, Mounting: Charles Lucas Ltd., Toronto.
- ★ White lamp and shade: Cruden Ltd., Toronto.
- ★ Bowls, coffee decanter, tray, mugs, etc.: Canadian Handicraft Guild, Toronto.
- ★ Painting and floor staining: Cloke Construction Co., Toronto.

Note: This room will be reproduced in Eaton's College Street, Toronto, opening for inspection about September 15.



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LOOK FOR THE MAGIC INSET

# SPRING A SURPRISE WITH NEW BULBS

BY HELEN O'REILLY

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN NORRIS

Snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, tulips—they all look so heavenly after the long grey winter that nobody feels a bit choosy about them on the first warm sunny day! But I believe you will get an even greater thrill out of them next spring if you pick yourself something just a bit different this fall—tuck away a surprise for yourself, as it were—particularly as it is no harder to grow unusual bulbs than the old standbys. I am not suggesting the very newest ones, of course, for that way bankrupt lies, but here is a budget-conscious plan for a continuous pageant of exquisite flowers-with-a-difference.

### A Host of Daffodils

Instead of snowdrops, for instance, start with spring snowflakes, *leucojum vernum*, little white, green-dotted, bell-shaped flowers hung on seven-inch stems; these are bigger flowers than snowdrops and harder, so plant them three inches down in a well-drained spot and they will herald spring after spring. So early that they are called Glory of the Snow are *chiodoxas*, tiny clusters of starlike flowers that stand just three inches high; if you plant out (two inches down, three inches apart) a dozen of the delicate pink ones, *luciliae rosea*, you will soon have a glorious drift of them for they multiply quickly if left undisturbed. So will the crocuses I want you to try, *crocus tomasinianus*, that come in pale lilac or reddish purple, one of the smaller species and very hardy.

"A host of lovely daffodils" you must have, of course, and nothing could be easier because, given the room, they increase and multiply in the most satisfactory way. Plant them anywhere, in the border or under the trees, and they will grow and spread, but for prize blooms dig down 12 or more inches when you are daffodil planting and mix a few spadefuls of humus and a dusting of superphosphate into the soil. Then set the bulbs six inches deep and don't give them another thought!

As you probably know, daffodils, jonquils, poetaz are all technically narcissi, and just last year the Royal Horticultural Society approved a new

and simplified classification of narcissi according to the relative proportions of perianth (the flat halo of petals) and corona (the trumpet or cup). But even more important, to my mind, is the division in early, midseason, and late varieties which gives the clue to planning for a succession of bloom. Looking at daffodils from this viewpoint, the bravest of them all is February Gold, small and perky in clear yellow with a golden trumpet, the very first to flower. To follow it I would choose Golden Harvest, a huge trumpet daffodil in deep yellow, even bigger than King Alfred.

These will bloom until the midseason beauties open and of them I suggest Duke of Windsor which has clear white petals and a large, glowing cup in orange-red. It is a John Evelyn type and very handsome. At the same time the Beershebas bloom and they are glorious trumpets that come out a pale yellow and turn to pure white. In the late group comes the beautiful pink daffodil called Mrs. R. O. Backhouse with its white perianth and long trumpet of shell pink, and also the short-cupped poetaz types that you and I call narcissus. I think my favorite among them is Geranium Poetaz because it carries three to five flowers one a sturdy stem (white with bright scarlet cups) and because it blooms so long and spreads

It's just as easy to grow unusual bulbs as your favorite standbys. So, along with the tulips and the daffodils, why not tuck a few surprises away in your garden this fall?

without losing its strength and beauty.

And here's a beauty hint to daffodil fans—cut the colored-cup varieties just as the buds start to unfold and let them open indoors in water because the strong sun will burn their edges. As to the ones you cannot bear to take in from the garden, be sure to pick off the seed pods when the flowers are done to save their energy for next year's flowering.

Among tulips, too, there are early, medium-early, and late-flowering varieties with many a "season-bridger" in between, and you can control your own tulip display by planting your bulbs at different depths, for tulips planted only three inches deep will bloom two weeks before those buried seven inches down! The ideal depth, I maintain, is about eight inches because it places bulbs out of reach of such marauders as squirrels, moles and mice, and it means that two or three weeks after the flowers are done the foliage can be removed simply with a sharp twist and a pull, leaving the bulbs in the safest storage possible.

If, however, you plant your tulips at only three inches, with an eye to early bloom and planning to lift them each year, dig them up two or three weeks after their bloom is over, cut off the stems and leaves, set them to "cure" on a dry shaded floor for a week, then

*Continued on page 100*





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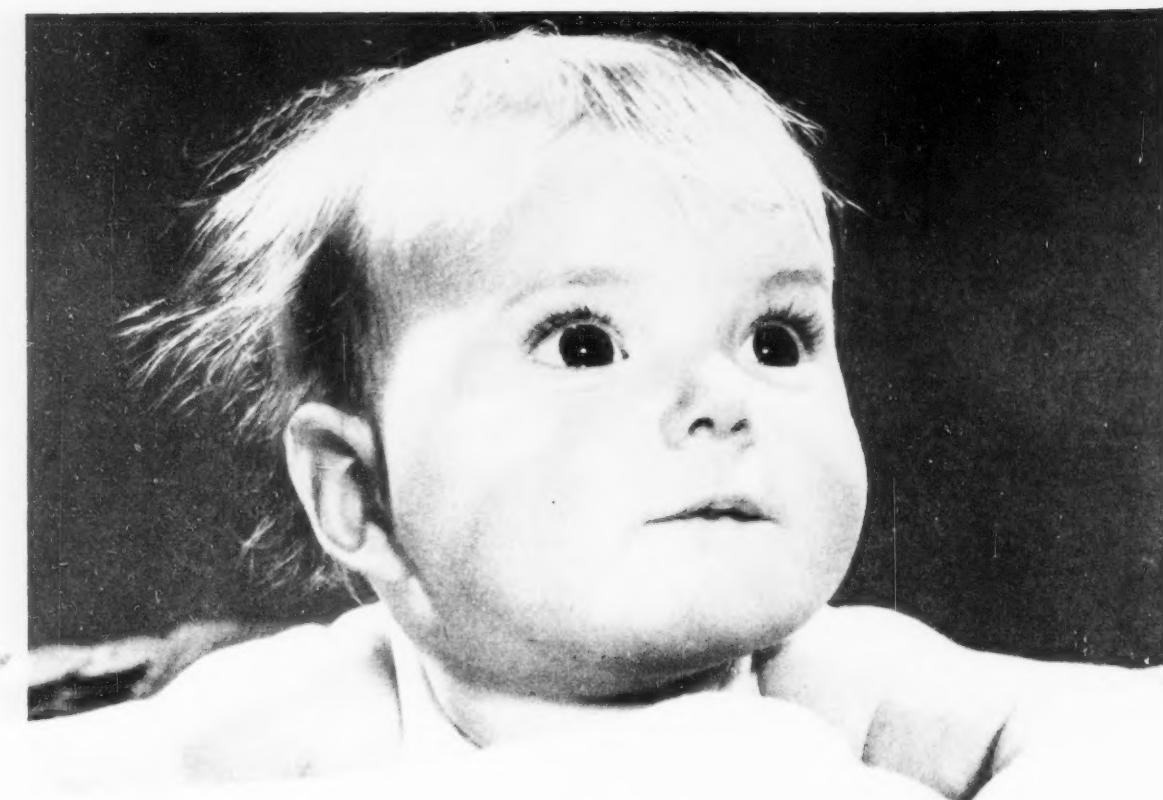
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## How to Wake Up a Sleepy Appetite

Watch those eyes open wide with wonder when you surprise your tot with Gerber's Strained Peas.

That bright green colour and fresh garden flavour come from young, sweet, tender peas, grown from special varieties and picked and processed at the very peak of goodness.

It's peas like these that Gerber's strain to the *puree-like smoothness* babies need for good eating and good digestion. Gerber's Peas are not only true-colour and true-flavour, but also brimming with nourishment! They are cooked by steam

pressure to help retain the precious vitamins and minerals that mean so much to your baby's health and vitality.

Next time you shop, buy a few cans of Gerber's Strained Peas and Gerber's other good Vegetables, Fruits, Meat Soups, Cereals and Desserts. They will convince you that only with Gerber's can you give your baby so much nourishing variety . . . so many high-quality foods day in and day out. For remember, Gerber's make only baby foods, nothing else. All made in Canada.

**Babies are our business . . . our only business!**



**Gerber's**  
BABY FOODS



Have you noticed how children pattern themselves after their parents? I know a father who loves the way his twin boys (age 2) imitate him. One day one of them knocked down a house of blocks. He looked up at his father, and holding his head in his hands said, "Oh, have I got trouble!"



**ANOTHER BABY** had a doctor puzzled for a short while by the way he coughed now and then. The doctor soon realized the baby was imitating his father!

★ ★ ★  
**DELIGHTFUL — AND EMBARRASSING MOMENTS.** Lots of them happen when children start repeating what you say or do. We just want to warn you.



★ ★ ★  
**SOME DO'S AND DON'TS ON EATING HABITS.** When appetites falter, tots can make life miserable for mothers. Some suggestions:

1. Don't let your little shaver know you are in the least concerned if he does not eat. Don't force, nag, beg or bribe.
2. Do serve foods that look and taste good. Here's where it's good to know that even foods prepared at home could not have more natural flavour (or nourishment) than Gerber's Strained Fruits, Meat Soups, Vegetables, Cereals and Desserts. Just heat and serve!

★ ★ ★  
**FISH TREAT.** Next time Daddy goes fishing, try this. Use some of Baby's Gerber Cereals for breadings. Then fry your fish. Good — and nourishing.

★ ★ ★  
**LESS LEFTOVERS DEPT.** Baby-size portions encourage tots to clean their plates and call for more. Never overload baby's dish.

★ ★ ★  
**GIFT OFFER.** When baby's ready for those first spoon-feedings, ask your doctor which of Gerber's four Cereals you should give baby first. A little later he'll probably tell you to rotate Gerber's Rice Cereal, Oatmeal Cereal, Barley Cereal and Cereal Food for the variety that builds up baby's appetite. For generous samples of all four write to me, Mrs. Dan Gerber, Box A-9, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.

## YOUNG PARENTS



### HOW CHILDREN GROW

By and large the growth patterns of all children are similar, but as you are well aware, individual children vary a great deal. If you know, even in a general way, what to expect it will save you a lot of unnecessary worry.

#### Growth Varies

The speed at which growth takes place varies greatly at different ages. Just before birth the child is growing very quickly, which is the reason why the expectant mother needs extra generous amounts of the most nutritious foods during the last half of her pregnancy. After a short interruption following birth a healthy baby continues to grow rapidly during the first six months. After this age his growth gradually begins to slacken.

*Continued on next page*

#### The Pre-school Period

From the age of two to four years the child increases in weight quite slowly although he is lengthening out fairly rapidly. Consequently the fat roly-poly baby becomes a relatively slender pre-school child. Besides, these youngsters are extremely active, which does not favor the laying down of fat. They run off a tremendous amount of energy and unless they have a sleep or rest in the middle of the day they are tired and cross by suppertime. As they are growing slowly, you would not expect their appetites to be big. Consequently their servings should be small and you should never coax or force them to eat. Besides "no" is one of their favorite words and they are grow-

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X-rays of child's foot showing proper development at left, distortion caused by faulty foot wear at right.



## RESEARCH Shoes by Savage

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ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

# Mothers! Doctors know about swabs!



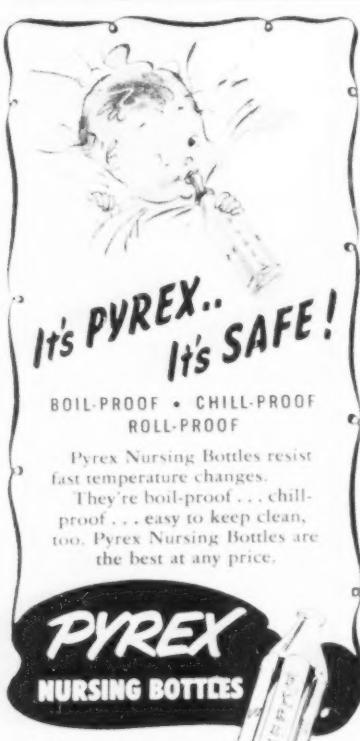
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M-10

ing in independence. Youngsters of this age enjoy free play outside and this helps to develop their growing muscles and whets their appetites.

## Early School Years

Growth proceeds at a moderate, fairly even rate from 5 to 10 years of age. During these years they grow about 5 pounds in weight and 2 inches in height each year. Muscle development is better in the boys than the girls, probably because the boys are more active. Physical fitness tests rate the boys higher than the girls. Probably we should encourage our daughters to play more active games and provide better opportunities for them to do so. Later on in high school posture defects are common in girls and their poorer muscular development and poorer choice of meals are likely the cause of this.

## Growth in Adolescence

Soon after 10 years of age some of the girls begin to grow much more quickly. These early growing girls may be almost adults in size by 11 or 12 years. They also mature early. However, some of their classmates may still be quite small and slender at 11 or 12 and not infrequently they are worried about their smallness and their slow development. Such children should be examined by a physician and if they are healthy, as is usually the case, they can be reassured that all is as it should be. As a matter of fact they will likely be taller eventually, than their fast-growing, early-maturing friends. A few girls grow quickly early, a few grow quickly late, but the majority have their sudden spurt of growth at 12 or 13 years of age. The onset of menstruation and the changes in body proportions associated with this occur within a year of this period of rapid growth.

On the average, boys are about two years older than the girls when they start to grow quickly. So that at 13 years of age the average girl is taller than the average boy. This sometimes worries the boys, but as a matter of

fact they soon catch up on the girls and then surpass them.

During these periods of rapid growth it is important to provide plenty of the foods that are rich in calcium, such as milk (and incidentally skim milk is just as valuable for this purpose as whole milk) and cheese and those providing excellent proteins such as milk, cheese, eggs, fish and meat. A rapidly growing teen-age boy should eat more than his father, unless the latter has a very heavy job. Their enormous appetites are quite justified and in order to build healthy bodies, extra generous amounts of the foods we have mentioned plus vegetables, citrus and other fruits and the better types of bread and cereals, such as whole wheat and rolled oats, are needed. These fast growing children do better if they get plenty of sleep and it may require considerable tact and ingenuity to arrange this. Setting them a good example helps a good deal.

## Our Children Are Bigger

School age children are taller and heavier now than they were 50 years ago. Better feeding is probably one of the reasons for this. Better medical care and the prevention of many serious diseases, such as diphtheria and whooping cough is probably another. If possible you should have your child checked regularly by your private or clinic physician. During the first year a baby grows so quickly that fairly frequent examinations are needed. At some of these, immunization injections that will protect your child against diphtheria, whooping cough, lockjaw and smallpox are given. From two years on, usually two medical check-ups per year are all that a healthy child needs. Later on these examinations are often spaced a year apart. Such well-planned medical care enables your physician to detect defects early when they are usually easy to correct and before they have seriously affected your child's health.

Children vary a great deal in their body builds. Some have broad shoulders and hips, some are slender and some are average. A slender child should not

weigh as much as a broad child of the same height or even as much as an average child. You can't make a slender child broad or vice versa. A child inherits his body build and it remains fairly constant as he grows. For this reason it isn't fair to compare the weights of a slender and a broad child. If your physician says your child is healthy and if he is growing at a reasonable rate for his age (which may be quite slow at some stages) don't worry about his weight. A great many studies have been made and are now being made on the growth and development of normal children. The aim in many of these studies has been to find more accurate ways of following their growth.

## Body Proportions Change

A baby looks quite different from an adult because his body proportions are quite different. For example, his head makes up about one quarter of his total height. An adult's head is far smaller proportionately — its length is only about one eighth of his total height. The early Italian artists apparently did not use babies as models when they painted pictures of the Madonna and the Infant Jesus, as in most of these you will notice that the Infant's head is much too small.

A baby also has much shorter arms and legs in proportion to his trunk than an adult. Most of our growth in height takes place in our legs and our arms also grow considerably. Not only is the calcium and phosphorus in milk needed for perfect bone growth but vitamin D is required as well. This vitamin is most easily obtained in fish liver oil and 400 units each day is the recommended amount during the whole of the growing period. Provided the child is exposed to plenty of sunshine during the three summer months the vitamin D can be stopped at this time. If your child is getting enough sunshine he will be tanned, as the ultra-violet rays that cause tanning are also the ones that produce vitamin D in our skins. \*

## SPRING A SURPRISE

Continued from page 96

store them in a dry airy place secure from insects, mice, and human carelessness, to be replanted after mid-September. Most tulips produce their best blooms from bulbs that measure at least four and three-quarter inches around their bulkiest part. They need no special soil, except that it must not be soggy, and manure is positively bad for them, it makes their root growth too heavy and only attracts root bogs and blight!

Out of the gorgeous and bewildering choice of tulips, I suggest you try these (and they flower in this order): Kaufmanniana, the Water Lily tulip in cream marked with carmine, that blooms with the crocus; Fosteriana Red Emperor, the largest and most brilliant of all scarlet tulips; Tulipa Tarda, low clusters of yellow flowers with white tips; Tulipa Praestans Fusilier that has three and four scarlet-orange flowers to a stem; Tulipa Clusiana, small and gaily candy-striped in white and red; Blue Parrot,

tall and strong-stemmed with a huge fringed heliotrope-blue flower; and Martha, a lily-flowered tulip whose pink color turns to a deep red as the bloom opens and that lasts until the end of tulip time.

Can you wait for spring? If not, "forcing" is your answer, that is, growing bulbs indoors in earth or water during the winter. For tulips and most daffodils you need good garden soil but February Golds (see above) and Paperwhites will flourish on water alone, while hyacinths will grow in either earth or water.

The earthbound ones require a cool (not freezing), dark, damp cellar and this is the routine: take a bulb bowl or an old flowerpot (new flowerpots must be soaked for 24 hours before use), put pebbles or broken pottery on the bottom for drainage, fill it with soil to within half an inch of the top, plant the bulb with its "nose" barely covered, water it well, put it in the cellar covered with newspaper to keep out all light and check once a week to make sure the soil remains damp; when the shoots are an inch and a half high move the pot into the daylight gradually, not putting

it into full sunlight until the shoots have turned green. Try "forcing" Triandus Thalia and Indian Chief among the narcissi; Scarlet Cardinal, an early double tulip, and L'Innocence, a huge white hyacinth.

The water-growing bulbs need a cool, dark place such as an unheated, little-used cupboard and there is a special hyacinth glass that holds the bulb above the water (for water must not touch the hyacinth bulb) but lets the roots reach down for the liquid nourishment on which the flower thrives. The narcissi, however, should stand one third in water with pebbles or vermiculite to hold them in place. Shoots of water-grown bulbs should be four to five inches high before they are brought gradually into the light and they should never be set in strong sunlight. The familiar Paperwhite has a lovely yellow counterpart called Grand Soleil d'Or which will bring sunshine indoors on the foreshortened days of our long Canadian winter and, with February Gold and sweet-scented hyacinths, will keep color in your life until the "snowflakes" raise their tiny valiant heads. \*

# How to cut down scrubbing — yet have the cleanest floors in town!

If keeping your kitchen floor clean is Private Headache No. 1 in your life . . . relax and read on.

The Glo-Coat method of floor care postpones scrubbing for days on end . . . yet keeps floors sparkling clean with a minimum of attention!

Glo-Coat is an improved kind of floor wax. It requires no polishing to make it shine and the shine it gives is unbelievably water-repellent.

When you wipe up splashed water you don't remove the wax. When you whisk up spilled food you don't leave tell-tale blotches. You can quickly mop your floor time after time with a damp mop and still have a bright protective film of wax left behind.

Glo-Coat care adds years to the life of linoleum, asphalt and mastic tile floors!



This sparkling kitchen floor is waxed the easy way with Johnson's Glo-Coat every four weeks. Between waxings, a once-over with a broom or a swish-over with a damp mop quickly removes all dirt. Floor looks just-polished always!



Begin by waxing clean floor with Glo-Coat. Takes about 5 minutes in average kitchen. Just spread Glo-Coat on. It shines as it dries.

A daily brooming quickly sweeps away dust and dry dirt. Takes about 2 minutes because dirt doesn't grind into a wax finish.

When you splash water or spill food on floor, soil wipes up in a jiffy. Liquids can't soak into the wax—don't leave ugly blemishes.

Once or twice a week, whisk over floor with mop dampened in clear water. Stains wash off. Glo-Coat stays on with a just-polished look!

**Kneel no more!** Wax floors with the long-handled Glo-Coater! This new applicator holds a fluffy chenille pad that smooths on Glo-Coat the easy stand-up way. Pad slides out for jiffy washing—can be used again and again. You can now buy the Glo-Coater—regular \$1.29 value—at a special bargain price at your wax dealer's. Just 69¢ (complete with 2 pads) when you buy a pint or quart can of Johnson's Glo-Coat at the same time!

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There are so many ways you can use plastic materials in your home. TOWER plastics, products made of KOROSEAL Vinyl Resin, are colourful, easy to handle, inexpensive and so easy to keep clean. Here are a few suggestions for TOWER plastic materials to enhance the beauty of your home.



### VAL-DRAPE

These beautiful but inexpensive TOWER drapes will add new life and gaiety to any room. Flame resistant, fade and tear resistant, easily washed with mild soap and warm water. Available in a variety of new 1951 decorative colours—81" wide x 84" deep.



### TABLECLOTHS

For convenience, appearance, pleasing design and economy, there's nothing like a gaily coloured TOWER plastic table-cloth. Ten smart patterns to choose from. Two sizes, 54" x 54" or 54" x 72". Washable and long lasting.



### APRONS

The most practical and attractive apron you can wear is a colourful, dainty and frilly TOWER plastic apron. When washed in warm suds and rinsed in clear water they always look so fresh and neat.



### BABY WARE

TOWER Baby Ware includes Baby Pants, bibs, aprons, diaper bags, high chair pads, crib bumper pads and a host of other baby needs. These plastic baby needs are so wonderful for mother—they are long lasting, easy to wash and inexpensive.

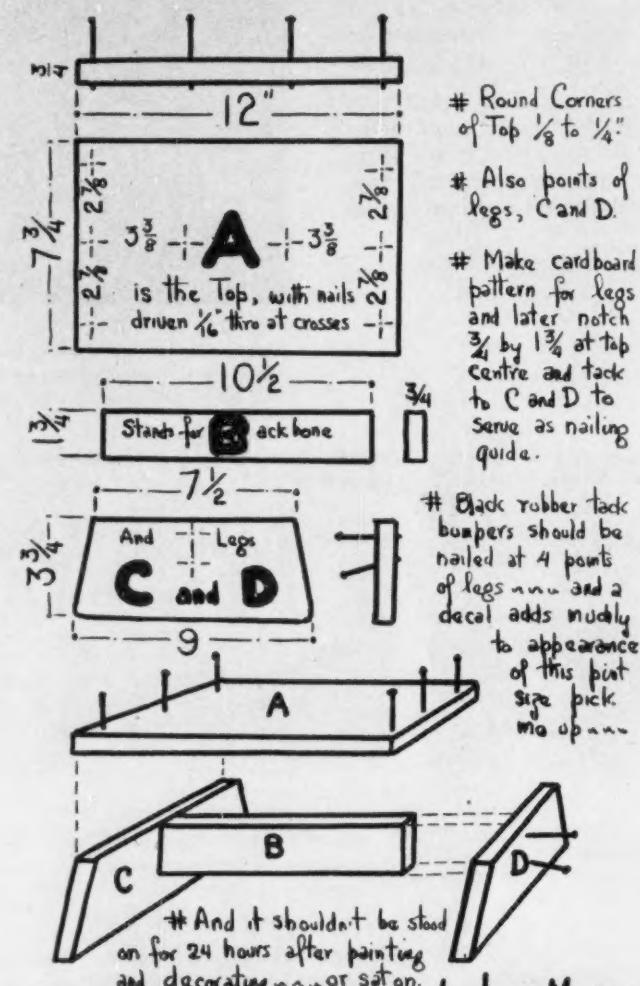
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CANADIAN GENERAL TOWER LIMITED  
GALT, ONTARIO



## HOW TO MAKE A TAD STOOL

Pint-size pick-me-up by a well-known Canadian designer can be easily made by the handyman of the household



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## "OK" for all Septic tank systems

She knows—scientific tests proved it to her—that Sani-Flush can't harm any septic tank system. So she happily uses Sani-Flush to clean the toilet bowl—no messy scrubbing. Sani-Flush cleans and disinfects, removes invisible film where germs lurk. Quick, easy, sanitary. Follow directions on can.

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## Sani-Flush



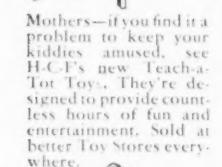
At all grocers—in the familiar yellow can



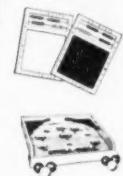
## KEEP YOUR KIDDIES OUT OF MISCHIEF WITH TEACH-A-TOT TOYS



KIDDIES' TABLE  
A miniature kindergarten for pre-school children. Comes complete with folding chair, blackboard, crayon board, crayons, chalk and brush.



Mothers—if you find it a problem to keep your kiddies amused, see H-C-F's new Teach-a-Tot Toy. They're designed to provide countless hours of fun and entertainment. Sold at better Toy Stores everywhere.



ALLEY BOARD  
Manufactured and sold in Canada by  
**HILL-CLARK-FRANCIS**  
New Liskeard LIMITED Ontario  
Also Canadian Manufacturers of famous Holgate Toys



## How to give QUICK REST to tired eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Put two drops of gentle, safe Murine in each eye. Then feel that refreshing, soothing sensation that comes instantly. You get—



QUICK RELIEF from the discomfort of tired eyes. Murine's seven important ingredients are scientifically blended to cleanse and refresh overworked, tired eyes. Use Murine morning and night and whenever your eyes tell you to.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES



A fine English product



Imported by

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## Corns

CALLOUSES • BUNIONS • SORE TOES

NOW!  
Fastest  
Relief  
Ever!



PUT ONE ON  
—THE PAIN IS GONE!

NO OTHER METHOD DOES ALL  
THESE THINGS FOR YOU!

- 1 Instantly Stops Painful Shoe Friction\*, Lifts Pressure On Sensitive Spot
- 2 Quickest Corn and Callous-Removing Medication Known to Medical Science
- 3 The Proved Method That Stops Corns and Callouses Before They Can Develop

Your every need is met in famous Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The pads alone instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure; ease new or tight shoes; prevent corns, sore toes, callouses, blisters. Used with the separate Medications included, Zino-pads give you the quickest corn, callous loosening and removing action known to medical science. Insist on Dr. Scholl's—world's largest selling foot reliefs.



**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

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old man...  
naturally!



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think of wrapping me in anything  
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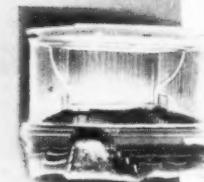
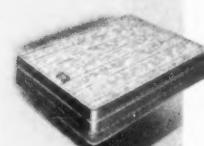
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THE WORLD REST  
AND RELAX ON**

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PARIS BRAND MEAT PÂTÉ

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Rubber HEELS & Soles  
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(See Cover)

A jewel for back to school—that's Chatelaine's GLADCAP. And here's the secret: our GLADCAP is a lad's cap, filched from the boys' furnishing department, no less. We think it's terrific teamed with blouses, sweaters 'n skirts or station wagon coat. Shown here, top to bottom: bright plaid, neat grey flannel, navy with insignia, good-looking corduroy. Photos taken in Eaton's.



And  
boys'  
with  
up to  
ood-



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